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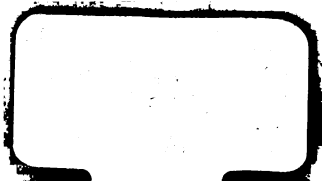
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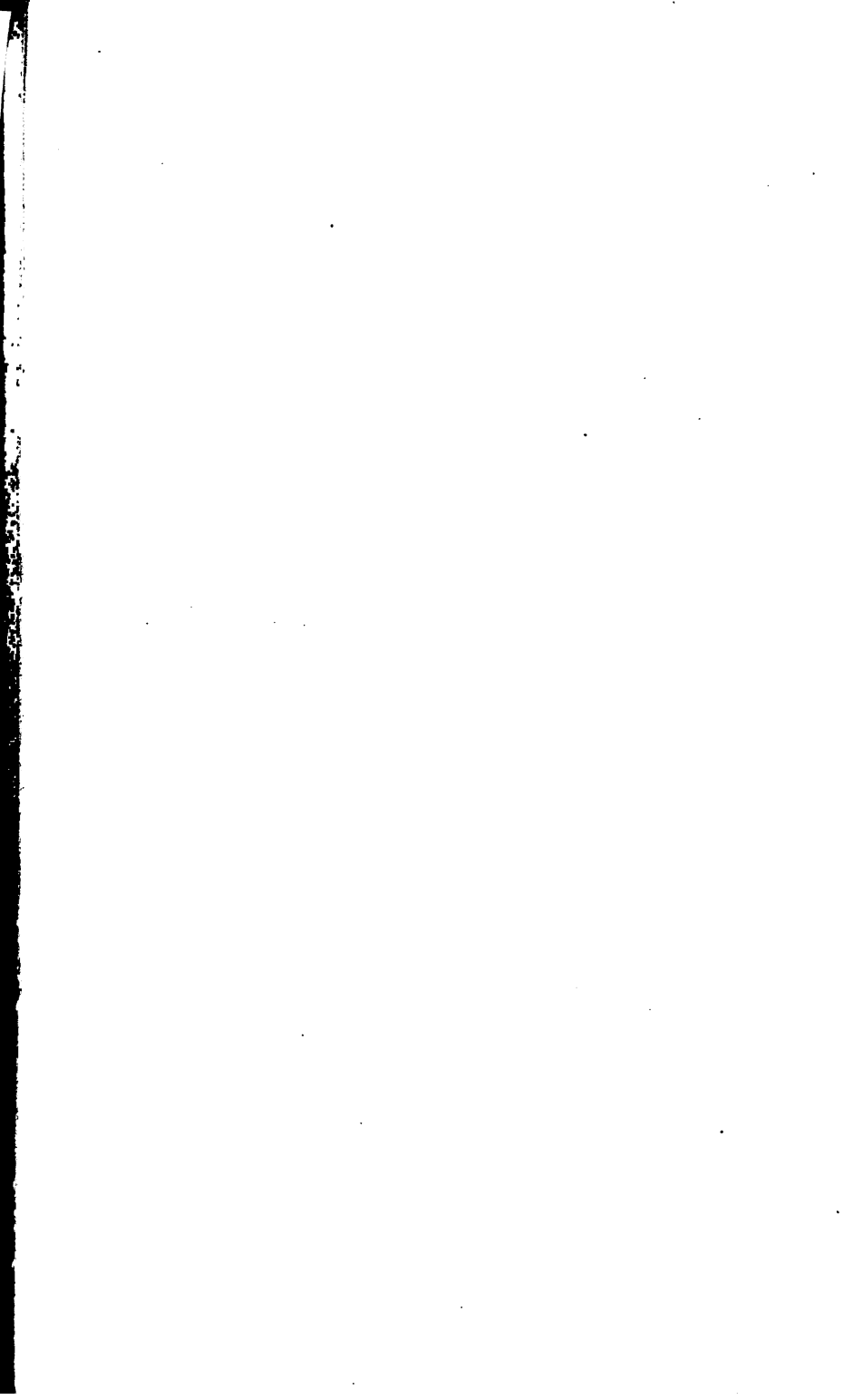
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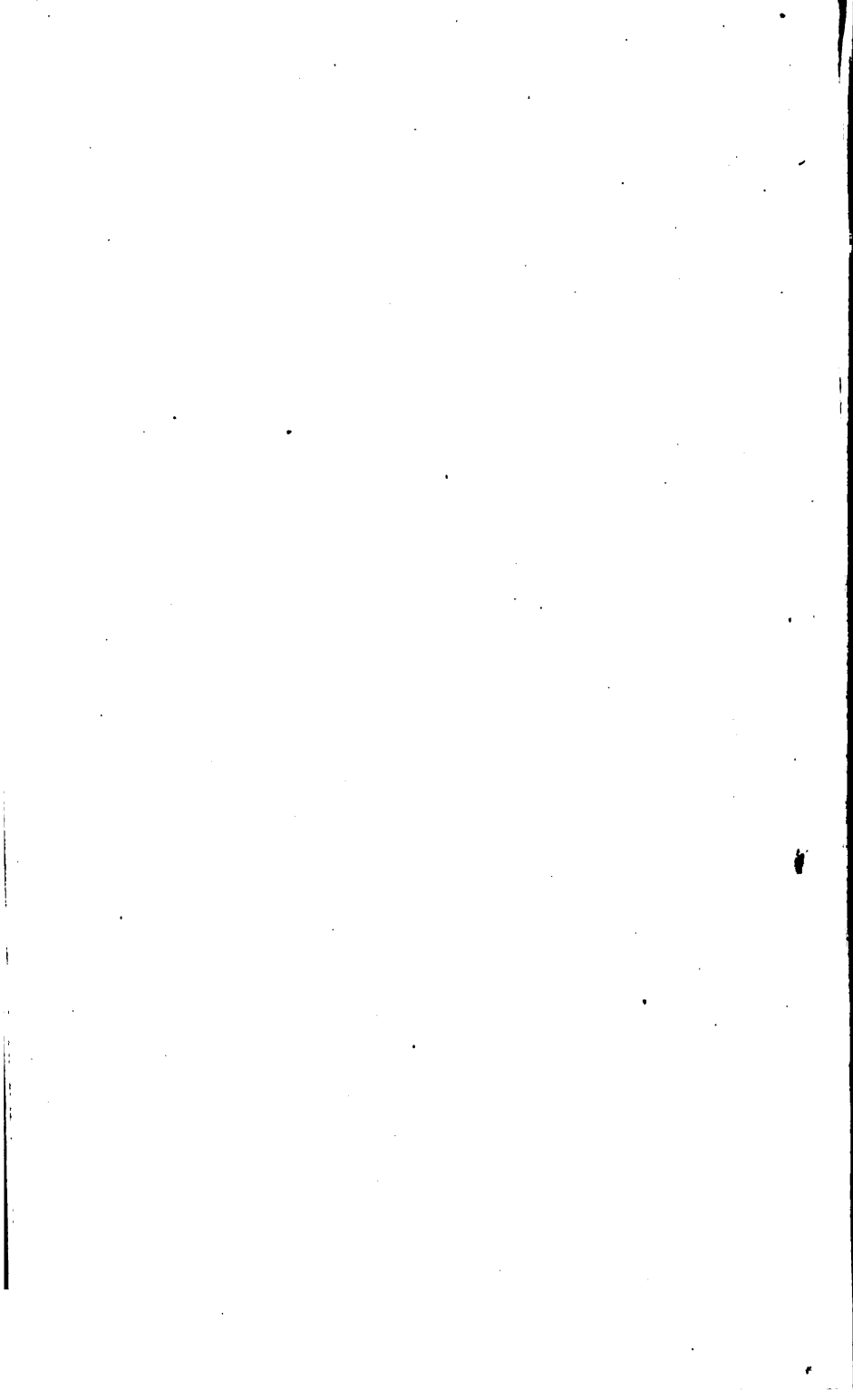
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THE STUDENT,

AND

FAMILY MISCELLANY.

DEVOTED TO

The Diffusion of Useful Knowledge

AND

HOME INSTRUCTION;

EMBRACING THE SCIENCES, NATURAL HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELS
POETRY, ETC.; ALSO DESIGNED AS

A MONTHLY READER FOR SCHOOLS.

~~~~~  
EDITED BY N. A. CALKINS.  
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"Scatter diligently, in susceptible minds,
The germs of the good and beautiful;
They will develop there to trees, bud, bloom,
And bear the golden fruit of Paradise."

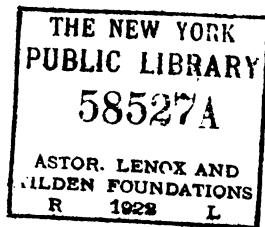
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THE STUDENT,

AND

FAMILY MISCELLANY.

INTRODUCTORY.

EACH new volume of *THE STUDENT* introduces it into new circles, and among those who know comparatively little concerning its objects; hence the necessity of repeating what may already be familiar to many of our older friends and patrons.

Our endeavor is to so devote this magazine to the Diffusion of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, that it shall be eminently adapted to Home Instruction in the Family, and the Self-Improvement of Youth; and at the same time to make it the most interesting and instructive reading-book for the school-room. The idea of a Monthly-Reader for schools was first successfully carried out in the publication of *THE STUDENT*; it has constantly increased in popularity and influence, and now the plan is no longer one of experiment; its practicability has been established by years of experience among the best and most successful teachers. It has been adopted by Boards of Education, highly commended by School Superintendents, and is now used from Maine to Texas; and in every State of the Union this magazine is read monthly in schools.

THE STUDENT bears simple lessons for the little learner, interesting instruction and words of encouragement for youth, and riper truths for older minds. Its aims are *Excelsior*, awakening noble aspirations in the minds of youth, and ever pointing them to something higher and better. It goes forth, not merely to beguile the passing hour, but with a higher object—to instruct.

To the student it is an important instructor, furnishing a fresher and wider range of subjects than the common school-reader. Its *Museum* affords a rich collection of the amusing, curious, and useful in literature and art, unattainable to those who can not consult extensive libraries. Besides, it will, unlike the usual class-books, be read during vacations as well as in school months.

Reader, whoever you may be, whether teacher, pupil, parent, boy, or girl, you have an interest in this work; for he that has a heart and keeps it, a mind that hungers and supplies it, who seeks a useful and not a worthless life, will find encouragement and assistance here.

VOL. XI.—NO. 1.—MAY, 1855.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA.*

BY M. F. MAURY, LL.D., LIEUT. U. S. N.

CREATION is all harmony. Neither earth, air, nor sea is ever out of tune; their adaptations are perfect and exquisitely sublime. Let us consider the evidences of design and unity of thought in creation afforded by one of the minutest animals of the sea—the little coralline. This insect is the architect of islands. It builds up from the bottom of the ocean the most stupendous works of solid masonry. The greatest structures ever erected by the hand of man are but the works of pigmies in comparison. It is without the power of locomotion, yet the obedient currents of the sea are its hod-carriers; the winds wait upon it, the rains and the dews cater for it on the land. They collect its food from the mountain, the soil, and the rock; they deliver it to the rivers which run into the sea, there to be put into the channels of oceanic circulation, that this piece of organism, almost too low in the scale to come within the domains of the animal kingdom, may receive its meat in due season.

As this little insect secretes from sea-water solid matter for the formation of the coral islands, the specific gravity of the drop which yields up its salts for this structure is altered, and the equilibrium of the whole ocean is thereby disturbed. Forthwith that exhausted drop rises to the surface and commences to flow off, charged with tropical heat, to temper hyperborean climates through which it may pass in its eternal round; and thus the whole ocean is set in motion that the wants of one single insect of the sea may be supplied.

As this emptied drop rises to the surface, the winds take it up in streams of invisible vapor, and bear it away on their wings to the mountain. Here it is precipitated as rain or dew, to dissolve the lime from the rock or the magnesia from the soil, and return to the sea with another hodful of mortar for the little mason in the great deep. Thus the Mississippi supplies carbonate of lime for the insects of the sea; the Amazon with coloring matter from Potosi for their cells; the Nile with metals for cement, and all the fresh-water rivers with salts of some sort.

Very curious are the offices of the insects of the sea, and marvelous are the contrivances by which the physical agents of the uni-

* This is the title of a very interesting work by Lieut. Maury, recently published by Harper and Brothers, New York.

verse are enabled to bring about those results which make the face of the world precisely as we see it. Let us follow up the operations of these animate and inanimate agents of the sea a little farther, and see how they are dovetailed, fitted, and adapted to each other.

When we consider the state of the sea in one point of view, we see the winds and the marine animals operating upon the waters, and, in certain parts of the ocean, deriving from the solid parts of the same those very principles of antagonistic forces which hold the earth in its orbit and preserve the harmonies of the universe.

The sea-breeze and the sea-shell, in performing their appointed offices, act in such a way as to give rise to a reciprocating motion in the waters; thus they impart to the ocean dynamical forces for its circulation.

The sea-breeze plays upon its surface; it converts only fresh water into vapor, and leaves the solid matter behind. The surface-water thus becomes specifically heavier and sinks. On the other hand, the little marine architect below, as he works upon his coral edifice at the bottom, abstracts from the water there a portion of its solid contents; it therefore becomes specifically lighter, and up it goes, ascending to the top with increasing velocity, to take the place of the descending column, which, by the action of the winds, has been so loaded down with fresh food and materials for the busy little mason in the depths below.

Seeing, then, that the inhabitants of the sea, with their powers of secretion, are competent to exercise at least some degree of influence in disturbing equilibrium, are not these creatures entitled to be regarded as agents which have their offices to perform in the system of oceanic circulation, and do they not belong to its physical geography? It is immaterial how great or how small that influence may be supposed to be, for, be it great or small, we may rest assured it is not a chance influence, but it is an influence exercised, if exercised at all, by design, and according to the command of Him whose "voice the winds and the sea obey." Thus God speaks through sea-shells to the ocean.

It may therefore be supposed that the arrangements in the economy of nature are such as to require that the various kinds of marine animals, whose secretions are calculated to alter the specific gravity of sea-water, to destroy its equilibrium, to beget currents in the ocean, and to control its circulation, should be distributed according to order.

Upon this supposition, the like of which nature warrants through-

out her whole domain, we may conceive how the marine animals of which we have been speaking may impress other features upon the physical relations of the sea, by assisting also to regulate climates and to adjust the temperature of certain latitudes.

For instance, let us suppose the waters in a certain part of the torrid zone to be 70 deg., but by reason of the fresh water which has been taken from them in a state of vapor, and consequently, by reason of the proportionate increase of salts, these waters are heavier than waters that may be cooler but not so salt. This being the case, the tendency would be for this warm but salt and heavy water to flow off as an under-current toward the Polar or some other regions of lighter water.

Now, if the sea were not salt, there would be no coral islands to beautify its landscape and give variety to its features; sea-shells and marine insects could not operate upon the specific gravity of its waters, nor give variety to its climates; neither could evaporation give dynamical force to its circulation, and they ceasing to contract as their temperature falls below 40 deg., would give but little impulse to its currents, and thus its circulation would be torpid and its bosom lack animation.

The makers of nice astronomical instruments, when they have put the different parts of their machinery together and set it to work, find, as in the chronometer, for instance, that it is subjected in its performance to many irregularities and imperfections; that in one state of things there is expansion, and in another state contraction among cogs, springs, and wheels, with an increase or diminution of rate. This defect the makers have sought to overcome; and with a beautiful display of ingenuity they have attached to the works of the instrument a contrivance which has had the effect of correcting these irregularities by counteracting the tendency of the instrument to change its performance with the changing influences of temperature.

This contrivance is called a compensation; and a chronometer that is well regulated and properly compensated will perform its office with certainty, and preserve its rate under all the vicissitudes of heat and cold to which it may be exposed.

In the clock-work of the ocean, and the machinery of the universe, order and regularity are maintained by a system of compensations. A celestial body, as it revolves around its sun, flies off under the influence of centrifugal force; but immediately the forces of compensation begin to act, the planet is brought back to its elliptical path,

and held in the orbit for which its mass, its motions, and its distance are adjusted. Its compensation is perfect.

So, too, with the salts and the shells of the sea in the machinery of the ocean; from them are derived principles of compensation the most perfect; through their agency the undue effects of heat and cold, of storm and rain, in disturbing the equilibrium and producing thereby currents in the sea, are compensated, regulated, and controlled.

The dews, the rains, and the rivers are continually dissolving certain minerals of the earth and carrying them off to the sea. This is an accumulating process; and if it were not compensated, the sea would finally become as the Dead Sea is, saturated with salt, and therefore unsuitable for the habitation of many fish of the sea.

The sea-shells and marine insects afford the required compensation. They are the conservators of the ocean. As the salts are emptied into the sea, these creatures secrete them again and pile them up in solid masses, to serve as the bases of islands and continents, to be in the process of ages upheaved into dry land, and then again dissolved by the dews and rains, and washed by the rivers away into the sea.

Thus, from studying the works of the physical agents of the universe, we are led to perceive that the inhabitants of the ocean are as much the creatures of climate as are those of the dry land; for the same Almighty hand which decked the lily, and cares for the sparrow, fashioned also the pearl, and feeds the great whale. Whether of the land or of the sea, they are all his creatures, subjects of his laws, and agents in his economy. The sea, therefore, we infer, has its offices and duties to perform; so, may we infer, have its currents, and so, too, its inhabitants; consequently he who undertakes to study its phenomena, must cease to regard it as a waste of waters. He must look upon it as a part of the exquisite machinery by which the harmonies of nature are preserved, and then he will begin to perceive the developments of order and the evidence of design, which make it a most beautiful and interesting subject for contemplation

"THE LITTLE CHIPS."—A plain and unschooled man, who had received his education principally beneath the open sky, in the field and the forest, and who had wielded the axe more than the pen, while speaking of children, remarked, with true and beautiful simplicity, "*The little chips are nearest the heart.*"

NIGHT.

NIGHT.

Now sinks the light of day;
 From hill and vale the sunset splendor dies,
 From every cloud the glory fades away;
 And now the stars look forth with gentle eyes,
 And beam upon the earth with smiles of love
 From their blue homes above.

To thy fond heart, O Night,
 Thou foldest safe the weary bird to rest;
 Thy gentle fingers close the blossoms bright,
 The wandering bird thou biddest seek its nest;
 The dew-gemmed leaves hang low, and all things sleep
 In silence calm and deep.

Come not to me with rest,—
 Bear thou that gift unto the sad and lone;—
 Bring me high thoughts and holy—visions blest
 Of wondrous glory 'round God's radiant throne.
 Seem not bright angels from that home of light
 To hover near at night?

Yes, in the silent room
 They seem to gather—loved ones long since dead;
 They brighten all the midnight's chill and gloom.
 I dream I see their pinions gleam o'erhead,
 As with the lingering glory of their home,
 To earth, to me, they come.

Speak, angel-guests, O speak!
 Make known some glorious, sinless thought to me.
 Tell me of heaven, the blessed land I seek;
 Or echo here celestial harmony!
 'Tis vain! ye know, we feel, that ye are near,
 Your voice we may not hear.

But still ye shed a calm
 Upon the weary heart; your presence seems
 To bring the troubled spirit heavenly balm;
 And sweeter thoughts pervade our very dreams,
 Because we think that with us all the night
 Lingers your presence bright.

Now, as returns each star,
 Come back the earnest thoughts dispelled by day,
 Earth's many cares seem trivial as they are,
 And thoughts of endless life the spirit sway.
 Eternity! thy solemn mornings roll
 Like billows o'er the soul.

Oh! better would it be
 If that full tide of thought might ebb no more,
 But bear us on o'er life's tempestuous sea,
 And land use safely on the heavenly shore.
 But it will cease—that high and holy flow—
 As all things change below.

But let us try to keep
 The truer estimate we make at night
 Of things immortal, lest our spirits sleep,
 Forgetting higher sources of delight
 Than e'er are found on earth—that noble joy
 Which should our souls employ.

Blessed be God for night!
 The time of quiet rest, the hour for prayer,
 The angel's watch-time, hour of calm delight,
 When earthly things grow dim, and heaven more fair.
 Oh! in night's holy hours may strength be given
 To raise our hearts to heaven!

BROOKLYN, 1855.

M. E. A.

HUMANE ACTS LONG REMEMBERED.

MANKIND love to remember and honor kind and humane acts. Incidents of true humanity, though as simple in themselves as the giving of a glass of cold water to one suffering from thirst, are often longer remembered than deeds of daring, power, and cruelty.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth of England, she sent a small army into Holland, to aid the Dutch in defending themselves against anticipated dangers. In that campaign was engaged Sir Philip Sidney, a good writer and a noble man. One day he was wounded by a musket-ball in the thigh, while mounting a fresh horse, after having had his own killed from under him. He had to ride back wounded a long distance, and was very faint with fatigue and loss of blood, when some water for which he had eagerly asked was handed to him. But he was so good and gentle even then, that, seeing a poor, badly wounded common soldier, lying on the ground, looking at the water with longing eyes, he said, "Thy necessity is greater than mine," and gave it up to him.

This touching action of a noble heart has been treasured up with as much care as any incident in history, and through a period of three hundred years it comes to us as a sacred monument to deeds of true humanity.



LOUIS AGASSIZ, M. D., LL. D.

THERE are few names more widely known, or more frequently heard in the scientific world, than that of Louis Agassiz. But as a naturalist he has won the widest reputation; and by his extensive discoveries in that department of science, he has contributed most largely to the fund of general knowledge.

He was born on the 28th of May, 1807, in the village of Mottier, Canton of Freiburg, Switzerland. His father was a clergyman, a

profession to which his ancestors, for five generations, had been devoted. In early childhood Louis manifested a deep love of learning, and eagerly listened to the instructive conversation of his father, and read such books as would best satisfy his hunger for knowledge. As he grew up, he exhibited a passion for natural history, and often spent whole days among the crags and ravines of his wild mountain home, seeking out the curious manifestations of the natural world. He was transported with joy whenever a new plant, or flower, or rock, or fossil rewarded his untiring zeal. At the age of eleven he was sent to the gymnasium at Bienne, where he passed several years, principally in studying the ancient languages. His vacations were chiefly spent at home in making collections in natural history. Such was the proficiency which he made in his studies there, that he was promoted to the Academy at Lausanne. His father having removed to a parish on the Lake of Neufchatel, he made fishes an object of especial study during his leisure hours and his vacations. He went with the fishermen on their excursions, and often, with a line in his hand, passed whole days on the lake. He soon discovered how defective natural history was in this department, and resolved to make good the deficiency.

Having completed his studies at school, his father desired him to become a clergyman, but his mind was so much absorbed with natural history and the sciences that he could not be prevailed upon to relinquish their pursuit. Accordingly, with their permission, he entered the University at Zürich, and commenced the study of medicine. He afterward studied anatomy, medicine, chemistry, and the kindred sciences, at Heidelberg and at Munich. At the latter place he spent four years as an associate in the private studies of the professors of the university. He also collected around him a knot of young men of kindred spirit with himself, for the discussion of scientific subjects, and into this assembly even the professors were drawn.

During all this period Louis had devoted all the time he could spare from his course to the study of the natural history of fishes. One of the professors at Munich was at this time occupied in preparing his great work on the natural history of Brazil. Such was the reputation young Agassiz had already attained on this subject that to him was confided the department of ichthyology, which alone formed a folio volume. This work at once established the reputation of the young naturalist.

His parents, who had long been dissatisfied with the devotion of

their son to natural history, which withdrew him almost wholly from his medical studies, now cut off the allowance on which he had depended for a living. In this emergency he fell back upon his own resources. Having previously collected materials preparatory to a work upon fresh-water fishes, he now exhibited them to a bookseller, Cotta, and obtained from him the means of completing that work, which was published in 1839. At the same time he returned to the study of medicine, to regain the favor of his parents, and with so much success that he shortly afterward obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Subsequently he passed another examination, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Having been restored to his former relations with his parents, he received from them permission to visit Vienna, in order to complete his medical studies. He did not, however, neglect his favorite pursuits, but, as before, occupied a great part of his time with ichthyology, and especially with the department of fossils. On his return home, he obtained from a clergyman, near his father's parish, the means of visiting Paris. There he became intimate with Cuvier, who even resigned to him a work on fishes, which he had long designed, and for which he had made extensive preparations. This event showed at once how high was the estimate which Cuvier placed upon the gifts and learning of young Agassiz. He remained in Paris until the death of Cuvier, in 1832, when he returned to Switzerland, and became professor of natural history in the college of Neufchatel, (Neu-shä-tél').

Before he had passed the age of thirty-four, Louis Agassiz had been made a member of every scientific academy in Europe. Many universities invited him to become one among their professors; and the cities of Edinburgh and Dublin, in both of which he received the degree of LL. D., enrolled him as one of their citizens. His personal influence induced several persons of distinction to engage in the study of natural history.

While occupied on his work on fossil fishes, a friend sent him a scale which he had exhumed from the chalk formations near the city of Paris. On this slender foundation he undertook to draw a portrait of the fish, long extinct, to which it had once belonged, giving a description of its habits, fixing its place in the piscatory family, etc., and sent his paper to the Academy of Arts and Sciences in Paris, where it was published in their scientific journal. Five years after this, that same friend had the good fortune to discover a perfect fossil of the same fish; and so perfect had been his

drawing of the 'same, that there was no necessity of altering a single line.

The reputation and influence of Agassiz have rendered the little town of Neufchatel a nursery of science, which is resorted to from all parts of Europe; and on his recommendation a young pupil of his, Dr. Tschudi, who has since become known by his work on Peru, was dispatched on a voyage around the world, to collect objects of natural history.

In order to confirm the Glacial Theory, which has made his name so famous, Agassiz, after having visited in succession most of the glaciers, fixed his head-quarters at the Glacier of the Aar, whither he went with his friends to pass his summer vacations for eight years consecutively; at first, with no shelter except a large boulder lying on the middle of the glacier. Here he prosecuted the long series of researches which have since obtained so much celebrity in the scientific world. His views upon the changes of the earth's surface, ascribable to the agency of these glaciers, have not been universally admitted, yet they have been received with marked respect by the most eminent geologists.

The king of Prussia commissioned Agassiz to make a scientific exploration of America, and in 1847 he came to this country, where he has since remained, actively engaged in the pursuit of his favorite science. He was, soon after his arrival here, invited to the Professorship of Natural History in Harvard College, which he accepted on being released from his engagement with the king of Prussia. He has since become a naturalized citizen, and been appointed Professor of Comparative Anatomy in the University at Charleston, South Carolina.

Professor Agassiz is a man of commanding and prepossessing appearance. He is tall, stoutly formed, has a florid complexion, and dark hair. His urbanity of manner and cordial whole-heartedness have won the respect and esteem of all who know him, and his unremitting labors have contributed valuable mines of wealth to the scientific arcana of America, through his numerous communications to the American Association for the Advancement of Science.



A FIRM faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

LITERARY PLANK WALKS.

BY JULIA WEST.

THERE is no use in dreaming, physiologists say ; and that time spent thus is only wasted, as it neither refreshes the body nor improves the mind. It is much better to get up when you have slept enough, and enjoy the morning, that most glorious part of the day. It is a fine thing to rise before the sun, and watch him as he comes peeping up over the hills, and smiling with such affectionate warmth right in the blushing face of Nature.

But, once upon a time, I overslept myself, and then I dreamed, of course. I imagined myself somewhere in this wilderness world. Unlike the most of my dreaming predecessors, however, I had no guide. No reverend sage directed my vagrant steps. I wandered along, thoughtless and aimless, till I came in sight of a great hill. It was very rough, in some places steep and rocky, and in others covered with deep, tangled forests. On its topmost height were two beautiful buildings, which I recognized as the temples of Fame and Knowledge. Then I knew that this mountain was the Hill of Science. I had seen the picture in Webster's old spelling-book many years before ; and though these temples seemed much larger, yet I recognized the same general appearance.

On approaching the hill, I saw that in many places the trees had been cut down, the rocks dug up, and beautiful paths laid out. Many people were at work, exploring places almost inaccessible, cutting out new roads, and paving them with stone or plank.

Many were traversing these pleasant walks, the most of them pressing eagerly upward, while others acted as guides. I was immediately seized with a great desire to walk there also ; but as I approached the hill, I saw that its base was almost entirely surrounded by a substantial wall. In this wall were very many gates, all bearing different inscriptions. On one, squarely built in solid masonry, I read, *U, B, C, D*. Another was of noble dimensions, and in the richly carved English oak stood out the characters, *A, B, C, D*. A third, in elegant Attic style, displayed *A, B, Γ, Δ* ; while, in the antique form of one of the oldest, I could just distinguish, *א, ב, ג, ד*.

Numberless little urchins were continually entering some of these gates. I was quite surprised at the alacrity and delight with which they did so, as I observed the ground was strewn with beech and birchen rods that had evidently seen hard service. But when

I observed the gentle demeanor of those who kept these gates, I was convinced that the rods were only the fossil remains of former times, when, probably, the little innocents were driven in like so many sheep to the slaughter.

Now the porters smiled kindly upon the little ones. They talked to them, sang to them, and played with them. I saw parents leading in their children, elder brothers and sisters enticing those younger to enter, and now and then a pleasant lady or gentleman led in a little troop *en masse*. Such a clapping of little hands, such a pattering of little feet, and such bursts of childish glee might turn even the gloomy heart of the misanthrope toward his kind again.

I looked in anxiously after them. I thought the hill would be steep and rugged for their tender feet, but I saw them rapidly ascending on fine pavements of Sanders', Parker's, and the Student's Readers. On the ends of the beams supporting this pavement I read the names of Walker and Webster. Farther on were Kirkham, Brown, Bullion, Pinneo, and Clarke; while Worcester, McGuffy, Wells, and many others, had contrived to slip in a few beams and planks. The sides of the road were literally piled up with blocks that had once formed a part of the pavement, now thrown aside, and their places filled by others.

There were more persons at work here, and more disputes occurring among the workmen about the fitness of the different beams and planks for their places, than I saw anywhere else on the hill. All who passed would stop and offer their assistance here. If they were very able in defense of their work, it might last so long as they stood by it. I found that the works of Johnson, Walker, Murray, and Kirkham, so much admired in their day, were mostly torn up, and the beams and planks bearing their names thrown aside. Even the everlasting beams of English oak, recently finished by Webster, had been ruthlessly displaced in a few instances by Worcester. All this tearing up and putting down again annoyed some sadly; not the children so much, for if they happened to stub a toe and tumble down, they soon were up again, and ran on as cheerily as ever; but if the older people or the guides caught a fall, they did not forget it so readily.

From this main road many others branched off, and the first that I noticed opened with a spherical gate. This was a very old road. Some of the trees blazed by the ancient Latins were yet standing, though it must be confessed that few of them stood near the present route. I believe that Morse was the surveyor and projector of the

road as I found it. He certainly laid many of the beams. The planks bore the names of Peter Parley, Olney, Mitchell, and Smith, while new ones had been laid by Monteith and Cornell.

The farther end of this route opened into one that bore strong marks of newness. The path, in some places quite narrow, wound among huge piles of rocks, stratified and unstratified, organic remains, and vast heaps of coal, scattered about in wild confusion. But the labors of Lyell, Hitchcock, St. John, and Dana were fast leveling and shaping these incongruous masses.

A new road, though laid out long since, has recently been opened and paved with planks by Comstock, Draper, and Silliman, but rendered popular and deeply interesting by Youmans and Johnston, who have shown us the great importance of becoming acquainted with the route, as the safest and shortest way to attain health and many of the most important ends of life. On the same road were planks by Cutter, Lambert, and Hooker.

Another road, opening from the first, attracted much attention, on account of the mathematical precision with which it was formed. The squares, cubes, triangles, polygons, circles, parallels, horizontals, and proportionals of which the pavement was composed fitted each other with scarcely one gaping seam throughout the whole extent. This also had recently been undergoing vast improvements, though it was an ancient road. The blocks, brought in centuries since by Euclid, had been cut up and removed by Legendre, Day, Davies, Perkins, Whitlock, and Dodds. A portion of the road, built some time since by Daboll, Pike, and Adams, had been torn up and rebuilt by Colburn, Emerson, Thompson, Davies, and Stoddard.

Besides these, and other roads branching from the main routes, there were also many laid out to connect these thoroughfares with each other. From time immemorial these connecting roads had been considered the roughest and most difficult of all literary walks. The work performed on them by Adams, Bolmar, Zumpt, and Anthon was rendering them quite passable, when Ollendorff and Woodbridge came in as extensive contractors in this job. They cut up the beams and planks already laid, and used them to construct walks which render the way more attractive and pleasant.

While wandering over this hill, I was so occupied with the beauty of the walks, and the business of leading others in them, that I forgot to think of the temple of Fame above me, until unexpectedly I found myself within its portals, and there, in the midst of my dream, I awoke.

LOVE-LIGHT OF HOME.

BY ANNA DARLING.

Through sunlight and moonlight,
Wherever we roam,
No light gleams with bright dreams
Like the love-light of home.
We may glide o'er life's billow,
May roam where we will,
But the home-shading willow,
We pine for it still.

The home-blooming roses
Seem richest in hue,
And the sky o'er our oot
Of the most beautiful blue—
The birds in the roof-trees
With sweetest notes sing,
And our village church chimes
Most melodiously ring.

And greener the turf
That our willing feet press,
Where the elm waves its arms,
Home's loved scenes to caress—

The fountain is fairer,
The rivulet's flow
Is fleetier and sweeter
Than others can know.

The sad heart rejoices,
Go where'er we will,
To think that home voices
Are echoing still ;
That loved ones are bending
At morn and at even—
For us are ascending
Petitions to Heaven.

Oh, be glad in the love-light
Of home while ye may ;
When life's duties call thee ;
Thou, too, must away.
Through all earth's gay seeming,
Wherever ye roam,
Ye will find no light gleaming
Like the love-light of home.

GEOLOGICAL INVESTIGATIONS.

DID organic life ever exist in the series of rocks below the Silurian? In other words, were the lowest rocks deposited before the appearance of animal life? On this subject Dr. Daubeny has been trying to throw light by experiments. If animal life did then exist, the rock should exhibit traces of phosphoric acid under chemical analysis, but none has yet been discovered. Not satisfied with this experiment, the doctor has made an indirect attempt to arrive at a conclusion on this subject, by sowing barley in tubs containing various rocks, pulverized, then watching their growth, and testing the crop when ripe. Thus far, both series of experiments lead to the inference, that animals did not exist at the time when the rocks in question were deposited.

YOUTH changes its inclinations through heat of blood ; old age perseveres in it through habit.

Youth's Department.

THE NETTLE IN THE GARDEN.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

JANE STEVENS came from the garden into the house, one morning, crying bitterly. She had not learned to bear pain very heroically, and she had been badly nettled.

"What is the matter, Jane?" said her mother.

"I've got nettled."

"Nettled! How?"

"I was picking currants, and there was a great, ugly nettle by the currant-bushes, and so I got stung with it."

"You should have been more careful."

"Well, I didn't see it; besides, it had no business to be there. It was no place for a nettle."

"That is very true," replied her mother, smiling. "It is no place for it, and Tom should have seen that it was removed. But come here, and I will put something on your hand which will make it feel better."

Jane's hand was soon relieved, and she thought no more about the matter that morning.

In the afternoon her cousin Lucy came to see her. "I've come to spend the afternoon; mother has given me leave," said Lucy.

"Oh, I am so glad!" said Jane; and away the two girls skipped to their play.

In an hour, however, Jane came into the house, looking quite out of sorts, and Lucy was not with her.

"Where is Lucy?" asked Jane's mother.

"She has gone home."

"Gone home! What does that mean? I thought she had come to spend the afternoon."

"She didn't want to stay any longer," said Jane, hurrying away from her mother, as if she wished to avoid being asked any more questions.

Her mother saw that something was wrong; but she saw, also, that Jane did not wish to be questioned; and as Lucy was already gone, she thought she would say no more to her at that time.

Jane went straight to her own room, and there she remained until she was called down to tea. When she came to the tea-table her mother saw that she had been crying. After tea she called her to her own room, and said, gently but firmly—

“Now, Jane, you must tell me what happened between you and Lucy, this afternoon. I heard her say, when she came, that her mother had given her permission to spend the afternoon. It is not often that little girls decline to avail themselves of such a permission. Now I wish you to tell me frankly, just as it is, why your cousin Lucy went home.”

“I will tell you, mother,” said Jane; “for I have been very unhappy about it ever since. While we were playing in the garden, I asked Lucy to go with me into the meadow, and gather some wild flowers. But she did not wish to go, because she wanted to come into the house and play with my great doll. She said that she had asked her mother to let her come on purpose to play with it. I was vexed with her, because she would not go into the meadow, and declared I would not bring out the doll that afternoon. Then she got angry, and said, ‘If I were going to be so ugly she would not stay with me—she would go home.’ ‘You don’t mean to go home, I know,’ I said. ‘Aunt Lucy said you might stay until night, and I guess you will be glad enough to stay.’ ‘No, I shan’t stay,’ she said; ‘I shall go home;’ and she turned to go out of the garden. I thought she was only trying to frighten me, and make me bring out my doll; but the first thing I knew she was out of the garden and the yard, and running toward home as fast as she could. When I saw that she was really gone, I was sorry for what I had done.”

“And what have you been about all the time since Lucy went away?”

“I have been up in my room, crying.”

“I should think so, by the looks of your eyes. I think you and Lucy both have been pretty badly nettled this afternoon, and I think it is time that the great, ugly nettle was pulled up.”

Jane looked at her mother, as if not quite certain what she meant.

“You have not forgotten how you were nettled this morning, have you?”

“No, mother.”

“And don’t you remember that you said the garden was no place for the nettle?”

“Yes, mother.”

“What you said was very true. The garden was no place for it.

It should not have been suffered to grow there. Go out, my dear, and see if you can find it there now."

Jane went to the spot where the nettle was growing in the morning, but it was not there, and she came in and told her mother that it was gone.

"So I expected, my dear, for I ordered Thomas, to-day, to pull it up. Now the spirit of unkindness in your heart, my child, is like that ugly, stinging nettle. Do you think it should be suffered to grow there? Think of the mischief it has done, and the pain it has caused to-day. Lucy came here this afternoon, hoping to have a very pleasant visit, and a grand time with your doll, which, having seen but once, is quite an attraction to her. When she came, you both skipped out into the garden, as happy as lambs; but your unkindness spoiled it all. She was your guest, and you know that you should have done all you could to make her visit pleasant. But instead of doing this, you were disobliging, and positively unkind, and your unkindness, doubtless, sent her home feeling very unhappy. Don't you think it caused her more pain than the nettle did you this morning? Don't you think it worse to have the heart stung than the hands? And this same ugly nettle has stung you as well as Lucy. Is it not so? Had you not rather bear the pain of being nettled this morning, than the self-reproach which you have felt for treating her as you did?"

"Yes, mother, I am sure I had; for I have been very unhappy this afternoon."

"The nettle in the garden has been pulled up and thrown away. What shall be done with that ugly weed of unkindness and selfishness which has sprung up in your heart? Would it not be a fine plan if that could be pulled up too? So long as it remains it will be stinging some one, as it did this afternoon. Who do you suppose planted the nettle in the garden?"

"Planted the nettle, mother! I never heard of such a thing as planting a nettle. They come up of themselves quite fast enough."

"Did you ever hear of corn and potatoes coming up of themselves?"

"No, mother; I guess Thomas would like it if they would."

"So it is with our hearts, my daughter. They may be compared to a garden. The weeds of unkindness, selfishness, and pride come up of themselves. They need no cultivation. If we take no care of our hearts, these will be sure to grow rank enough. But the beautiful plants of love, gentleness, kindness, and self-denial will

not grow without culture. Again, let me ask you what shall be done with the weed of unkindness in your heart? Shall it be suffered to grow there, or will you try to pull it up?"

Jane looked at her mother, and replied, earnestly and seriously, "I will try to get rid of it, mother. I know it has done a great deal of mischief already. I don't want it to grow in my heart any longer."

"I am glad to hear you say so; but you must remember that one effort will not suffice. Do you suppose that Thomas will never have to pull up another nettle in the garden?"

"I know he will have to pull up many nettles. I know they keep growing all the time."

"Let this teach you a lesson, my dear. You must watch your heart all the time, if you will keep down the weeds. When unkind thoughts arise you must try to overcome them, while you carefully cultivate every kind and gentle emotion. If you do this faithfully, the nettles of your heart will not grow rank enough to sting your friends, as they did this afternoon; but the beautiful plants which you carefully cultivate will rejoice the hearts of all who love you. You must, however, remember, that it is only by constant watchfulness that you can subdue the ever-springing weeds of evil in your heart. You must watch, that you may be able to uproot them as soon as they appear, before they obtain a firmer hold; and you must pray, because you need help to do this. It is too great a work for you to do in your own strength; but there is One who will help you, if you will ask Him."

SPRING VOICES.

BY ANNIE PARKER

"Caw, caw!" says the crow;
 "Spring has come again, I know,
 For as sure as I am born,
 There's a farmer planting corn.
 I shall breakfast there, I trow,
 Ere his corn begins to grow."

"Quack, quack!" says the duck.
 "Was there ever such good luck?
 Spring has cleared this pond of ice
 By her magic in a trice,
 Just as Goodman Drake and I
 Wished its surface smooth to try."

TOMMY AND HIS RAVEN.

"Cluck, cluck!" says the hen;
 "Spring-time has come back again.
 Every day an egg I lay
 In the barn among the hay;
 And I scratch the field all over,
 Where the farmer sowed his clover."

"Twhit, twhit!" say the birds.
 (I can understand their words.)
 "Will you be my little love?
 Live with me in yonder grove
 O how happy we shall be,
 When our speckled eggs we see!"

Bob-o-link-link-link,
 Stopping at the brook to drink,
 Looks up at the broad, blue sky,
 Thinks upon his nest close by,
 Carols forth a joyous lay,
 Spreads his wings, and flies away.

Joy breathes in the spring,
 Forth from every living thing;
 Birdies warble, brooklets leap,
 Flowers waken from their sleep;
 Let our hearts these happy days,
 Sing in grateful songs of praise.

TOMMY AND HIS RAVEN.

A TRUE STORY.

A STORY, Aunt Mary, a story," cried the children, as they seated themselves at Aunt Mary's feet, to partake of their usual evening's enjoyment.

"I believe, my dears, you think that I have a stock of stories without end," replied their kind aunt, smiling; "but what do you wish this to be about?"

"Some pet animal, aunt," said the little boy; "I like to hear stories of them since you gave me that pretty book of Natural History."

"And I like to tell you every thing that will increase your interest in the dumb creatures that depend so much on us for their happiness. Cherishing kind feelings toward them will much improve your minds in benevolence and tenderness; and we learn from the Bible that such feelings are pleasing to God, whose tender mercies are over all his works. I therefore hope, my children, that you will

never be guilty of cruelty to the smallest insect. A good poet—and, what is far better, a good Christian—says :

“‘I would not enter on my list of friends—
Though blest with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility—the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.’”

“That is a nice verse, Aunt Mary,” said her little niece; “though I am not sure that I quite understand it.”

“And now, aunt, for the story,” cried Charles.

“You shall have it, my dear, with pleasure. I knew a little boy whose name was Tommy, and he was very fond of pets. He had a terrier, and also some pretty pigeons, which I liked to look at, because they were at liberty and happy; they could fly about, seeking food as they chose, and would perch upon Tommy’s arm or shoulder and peck grain out of his hand. But Tommy wanted more pets, and one day he was given a young raven. It was brought from a park about a mile distant, where it had been taken from its nest, with two others, by the gamekeeper, who had orders from the owner of the park to destroy all the young ravens. This poor bird’s little companions were killed, and he escaped death by being given to Tommy.

“The boy was in great delight with this present; he stroked its black, glossy plumage, and got food for it; but ‘Jack,’ as he named it, seemed uneasy and frightened, and would not eat, so Tommy put it into a basket well lined with hay. Soon after he heard a hoarse croaking noise outside, and, running into the yard, what do you think he saw there? The two old ravens, come all the way from the park looking for their young one, and sitting upon a wall, calling it; one of them had a bit of something in its bill, which no doubt was food brought for the purpose of feeding it. How they had found out where it was no one could tell.

“Tommy told his father, who seemed to pity the poor birds very much, and asked him how he would like to be himself taken away from his kind parents, and shut up without any companion. He advised him to take his new pet to the yard, and restore it to its father and mother, who would take it away, provide for it, and make it much more happy than he could by keeping it a prisoner.



"Tommy did not like the thought of giving up his pet. He said he would be very kind to it, and he had been told that he might teach it to talk almost as well as a parrot; but he still heard the sad cries of the old birds, and the right feeling at last ruled in his heart. 'It is pleasant and good,' said he, 'to make things happy; and now I have it in my power to make three things happy; so, my poor Jack, though you are a very nice bird, and I am very fond of you, I will give you back to your parents.'

"Tommy took Jack to the yard, and laid him on the ground. The moment the old birds saw him they made a great noise, flying about over him, and seeming as if they were trying to persuade him to get up on the wall where they had been seated; but Jack only fluttered his wings, and did not rise one inch from the ground. 'I am afraid something is the matter,' said Tommy's father, who had gone with him to the yard; and, taking up the young bird, he examined it. The poor little creature's pinion had been broken by the game-keeper, to prevent its ever being able to fly, so it could not go with its parents; and when they found that was the case, they came down and fed it.

"Tommy brought it to the yard at the same hour every day, and the old birds came regularly with a supply of proper food, and took care of it until it was well reared, when their visits ceased. Jack grew very fond of his little master in return for his kindness, and, I dare say, still continues as great a pet as ever."

"Thank you, Aunt Mary; that is a nice story," said Ellen. "I did not know that ravens were such sensible birds."

"Nor I," said her brother; "and I should like to have one for a pet, though I would not have a nest robbed, and the poor things made unhappy, to get one; but I will be always kind to them if they should come in my way."

"I hope so, my dear boy," replied his aunt; "and not only to them, but to birds of all kinds."—*Child's Companion*.

AN INSTRUCTIVE AMUSEMENT.

BY UNCLE GEORGE.

THE playthings of our age may be made to surpass the science of the schools of antiquity. A boy who has but a slight ingenuity can easily transcend the miracles of the wonder-workers in the temples of Egypt and Greece, and perform feats which would have

made their worker a divinity in the much lauded "good old times."

If any reasonably skillful youth, who can command a shilling for instructive amusement, will read this page attentively, he may learn a pleasant art which once would have made him a conjurer and terror to his fellows, and now will give him an hour of profitable pleasure.

To copy any engraving or drawing in a perfect *fac-simile* of the original, only that the color will be a beautiful pink, follow these directions:

Procure a box as large as the engraving to be copied, and not more than four inches deep, having a flat wooden cover, shutting down closely. Fasten the engraving very smoothly, with its back on the inside of the cover, so that it will be shut in, face down, when the box is closed. In the box place, on a bit of wood, or the bottom, if it be of wood, a sprinkling of finely powdered *iodine*, which can be procured at any druggist, and shut the picture over it, letting it stand, in the ordinary temperature of a room you live in, about one hour, when the engraving will be sufficiently charged with the vaporized iodine for use.

Have ready for immediate application the paper on which you would copy the picture, which paper must be prepared in this manner:

Select the best kind of drawing-paper, or other clear, white, and firm paper, for use. Then obtain pure white starch, in which there has been mixed no *blueing*, and make a thin solution of it, in a broad, shallow dish. In this solution soak the paper till it is completely saturated with the starch. Then spread the sheets on clean blotting-paper, and wipe them gently on both sides, with a soft cotton cloth, to remove the excess of moisture. When this is done, the sheets must be carefully dried, and may be kept in a portfolio, ready for use.

One of these sheets is placed on the face of the iodized engraving, which should still remain fast to the board, or cover. On the back of the starched paper place now four or five folds of blotting-paper, moistened with water in which a few drops of *sulphuric acid* have been mingled, enough to acidulate it slightly. Then press the whole down evenly, taking care to exclude the air from the picture. Let this stand undisturbed some three hours, during which time, by the assistance of the diluted acid, the *iodine* becomes transferred to the starched paper, carrying with it a perfect copy of the picture, formed in what is called the "iodide of starch." This compound is very

permanent, and only requires, to fix it, a little washing in cold water. The engraving, after being exposed to the air, retains no mark of the iodine—in fact, is not in the least impaired by the process. If there is any imperfection in it, the copy will preserve that as faithfully as it does the beauties.

Boys in schools might take their leisure hours, and the pennies devoted to confectionery, and produce, after a little experimenting, a very pretty collection of pictures, which would delight the mind long after the sweets of painted *bon-bons* would have changed into their bitter results to the stomach and teeth.

LATE AT SCHOOL.

BY ANNIE PARKER.

GOOD morning, Caroline ; I am so glad you have come. I left my composition at home this morning, and never once thought of it till I reached the school-room door. Miss Blake will make a pretty fuss if I appear before her without it, so there is nothing to be done but to trudge home. I am so glad you came before I started. I hated to go alone, but now we will have a nice walk together, and I have *so many* things to tell you."

"That is quite out of the question, Helen ; I can't go with you."

"*Can't* go ; why not, pray ?"

"Because we couldn't get back till after school-time, and I have resolved not to be tardy this term."

"Oh, nonsense, Caroline ! What will it signify if we are a few minutes late ? I don't think it is any great thing."

"But it is a *little* one, Helen, and you have not forgotten the lecture we heard the other evening on the importance of 'little things.'"

"No ; but really, Caroline, I don't think you need be so precise. It is a matter of no consequence to anybody whether we are in school exactly at the moment or not."

"Excuse me, dear Helen, I think it a matter of great consequence."

"To whom, pray ?"

"To ourselves. We are forming our characters now. The habits we acquire will cling to us through life. I wish to acquire the habit of punctuality and promptness, for though it seems a little thing, I know it is really of great importance. No habit can be un-

important, for however insignificant in itself, it has an influence upon us either for good or evil. Do you remember hearing Miss Blake say, that a tardy pupil could never be fully relied upon. One who is not careful to be always promptly in her place in school, rarely excels as a scholar?"

"Thank you, Miss Caroline. That is a sly hit at me, I suppose, as the occasions when I am not tardy are very rare. But I see no harm in it. I hate your precise people, every act of whose lives is measured on the dial-plate. They come to be in time as much machines as the old clock which once got tired of ticking. I wonder they don't get tired of breathing as well. But there is no use in trying to quarrel with you, Caroline. I like you, in spite of myself. Throw aside your scruples, for once, and come with me. I want so much to tell you something which you will be equally glad to hear. Come, Caroline. If we don't get back before school opens, I will tell Miss Blake we came in time, but were obliged to go away again. We shall not be marked tardy."

"We ought to be, if we are not, Helen."

"How so? We are certainly here before school-time."

"Yes, but that will make no difference if we go away again. I should like to go with you, but I can not, Helen."

"How precise and puritanical you grow, Caroline! I declare I have no patience with your old-fashioned notions;" and with the air of an ill-used person, Helen Byrd left the school-room and turned her steps homeward.

It was not unusual for Helen to be placed in similar circumstances to those in which she found herself this Monday morning. She was a beautiful and brilliant girl, so richly gifted, that but for the fault we have hinted at she might have taken the very first rank in school and in society. But this *little* fault, like the plague-spot of leprosy, spread till it sadly marred the beauty of her whole character. Her compositions, while in school, were marked by great originality and freshness of thought. She wrote with as much ease as grace. Though the rules of the school required of her but one composition in two weeks, it was rarely if ever completed when called for. If finished, it was apt to be forgotten and left at home on Monday morning, and her school duties were interrupted while she went to fetch it. She learned her lessons easily, but often failed in recitation because she neglected to study at the proper time.

From thinking it a little thing to be late at school, she came to think it of no consequence if she were late at table, and late at

church. When she left school, and took her place in society, a lack of promptness was discernible in every thing she did. Not having formed the habit in her youth of doing every thing in its proper time, she found it difficult ever to be in season for any thing. Her work always hurried her. As a wife and mother she was affectionate and loving, but confusion reigned in her household.

Her husband, a prompt, energetic business man, finding at last it was in vain to expect dinner at home at the appointed hour, formed the habit of dining at a restaurant, and his wife, to whom his presence was like the sunshine, seldom had a glimpse of him from morning till night. The servants modeled their conduct by that of their mistress, and as a consequence, a lavish expenditure of money failed to secure ordinary comfort to the family.

Great results often grow out of little causes, and the discomfort and unhappiness of this, and of many another household, may be traced to the habit of its mistress in early life, of being *late at school*.



THE CANARY BIRD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

A LITTLE maiden, named Caroline, had a canary bird which was very dear to her. The tiny creature sang from the dawn of day until the shades of evening closed around. It was very beautiful, of a golden yellow, with a dark-colored head; and Caroline fed him

with seeds, and with cooling herbs, adding now and then a small lump of sugar, and daily she supplied him with fresh, clear water.

But all of a sudden the little bird began to droop, and one morning when Caroline brought him water, he lay dead at the bottom of the cage. Then the little girl wept and lamented sorely over her favorite; so the mother of the maiden went out and bought her another bird, of still more beauteous plumage, and which sang even as sweetly as the former one, and she put it in the cage.

The maiden, however, wept only so much the more when she beheld the new bird. Her mother wondered much at this, and said, "My beloved child, wherefore dost thou still weep and mourn so bitterly? Thy tears can not recall the little bird to life, and here thou hast one which is not less beautiful than the other which thou hast lost."

Then answered the child, "Ah, dear mamma, I have not acted rightly toward the little creature, and have not done all I might have done for him."

"Beloved Caroline," answered her mother, "I thought thou didst always tend him most carefully."

"Ah, no!" replied the child; "it was only a little while before his death, that, instead of bringing him a bit of sugar, which thou gavest me for him, I ate it myself."

Thus spake the maiden with a troubled heart. The mother did not make light of Caroline's remorse, for she recognized therein the holy voice of truth which spake within the heart of her child. "Ah!" said she, "what must then be the grief of an undutiful child over the grave of its parents!"

SMALL TALK.

FUSELI, the Swiss painter, had a great dislike to that species of conversation familiarly denominated "tattle." Once, when sitting in his room for a long while, among some trifling visitors who were discussing the weather, and such like interesting subjects, after remaining for a long time without speaking, he burst forth with, "We had pork for dinner to-day!" "Dear! Mr. Fuseli," exclaimed one, "what an odd remark!" "Why," replied he, "it's as good as any you've been saying for the last hour."

STORE your mind well, for it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.

Children's Department.

Little Songs for Little Folks.—No. 3.

"CHICK-A-DEE-DEE."

BY UNCLE GEORGE.

BABY May, hear what I say!
When the snow has gone away,
In the merry, merry spring,
There's a little bird will sing
Unto thee and unto me,
"Chick-a-dee! chick-a-dee-dee-dee,
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee!"

Where the glassy waters pass,
Twinkle, twinkle, through the grass,
And the buttercups and daisies
Peep up with their pretty faces,
There the cannie bird we'll see
Singing "Chick-a-dee-dee,
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee!"

And as May runs out to play,
In the bloomy summer's day,
And these rows of lily-toes
Patter, patter as she goes,
Startled not a whit will be
Pretty Chick-a-dee-dee,
Singing "Chick-a-dee-dee!"

There will come here all the summer
Squirrel, cricket, bird, and hummer,
Some by night and some by day,
Will they work, and chirp, and play,
And as gay as they will be
Merry Chick-a-dee-dee,
Singing "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee!"

Then, when they have flown away,
And the woods are chill and gray,
When the snows come flocking down
On the roofs and meadows brown,
Through their silent flight will be
Ringling free for thee and me,
"Chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee-dee!"

Bonny May, my little fay,
Happy, happy all the day;
All the day and all the year,
In the cloud-time and the clear,
Fuller glee to me may be
Never, than I see in thee,
Merrier than our Chick-a-dee,
With his "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee!"

AFRAID OF THE WAGES.

"I WANT your boy in my shop," said a shopkeeper to a poor widow; "I have had a great deal of trouble with clerks, and now I want your Seth, because I know he's honest."

The widow was glad, for it was time for Seth to be earning something, and she thought it would be quite a lift in the world to have him go in with Mr. Train; and she knew he would suit Mr. Train, for Seth did well everywhere.

When Seth came home from school, he was almost as much pleased with his good fortune as his mother was; neither mother nor

son knew any thing about Mr. Train's store ; it was in the lower part of the town, but his family lived near the widow's, in fine style. Seth was to go the next Monday morning ; and Monday morning he was punctually at his new post.

The week passed away. When he came home to dinner or supper, his mother used to ask how he liked his situation. At first he said, " Pretty well ;" and then, " He didn't exactly know ;" then, " Not very well ;" and Saturday he told his mother plumply, that " He did not like it at all, and wasn't going to stay."

" Why,, Seth," exclaimed his mother, grieved and mortified at the change, " are you so difficult to suit as all this comes to ? Do you know how important it is to stick to your business ? What will Mr. Train say ?"

" Mother," answered the boy, " the shop is a grog-shop ; and I *can not* stay there."

The mother's mouth was stopped ; indeed, after that she had no wish to have him remain ; but she was very sorry that the case was so.

When Mr. Train paid the boy Saturday night, Seth told him he could not stay. The shopkeeper was surprised : " How's this," said he ; " hav'nt I done well by you this week ?"

" Yes, sir," answered the boy ; " I never expect to find a kinder master."

" Do you find fault with the pay ?"

" No, sir," answered Seth ; " it is good pay."

" Well, what's the difficulty, then ?"

The poor boy hesitated to give his reason. Perhaps the man guessed what it was, for he said, " Come, come, Seth, you won't leave me, I know ; I'll rise your wages."

" Oh, sir," answered the brave boy, respectfully, " you are very good to me, very good, sir ; but I can not be a dramseller. I am *afraid of the wages*, for I can not forget that the Bible says, ' The wages of sin is death. '

Seth left : the man afterward said it was the greatest sermon he ever had preached to him ; and it set him seriously to thinking about giving up the business ; but he did not, and his own family bore awful witness to the Bible declaration. A few years afterward he died the miserable death of a drunkard, and within six months his son, in a fit of intoxication, fell into the river and was drowned. Is it not dangerous to tamper with the wages of sin on *any terms* ?—*Child's Paper.*



COWS GOING TO PASTURE.

"To pasture we go; to pasture we go,"
 Cries molly and calf, with echoing low;
 "Oh, weary the time of winter and fall,
 When snugly pent up in our narrow stall.

"Great Rover no longer shall keep us guard
 In the narrow bounds of the old barn-yard,
 With nothing to do all the livelong day
 But nibble and chew our wisps of hay.
 How glad are we now! oh, what can we do,
 But shout out our gladness in 'moo-oo-oo?'"

"As we snuff the scent of the opening bud,
 We long to have taste of a fresh new cud;
 And to eat and nibble the sweet young blades
 As fast as they spring in the quiet glades,
 Beneath the pine and the beech-tree shades.

"We long to drink from the clear flowing rill
 That bubbles and gushes from under the hill;
 And when there comes on the midsummer heat,
 To stand in the pool and bathe our bare feet,
 And chew our rich cud in this cool retreat.

"To pasture we go! to pasture, away!
 How happy are we on this sunny day."
 They pricked up their ears and whisked round their tails,
 And nearly upset all the milkmaids' pails,
 So thankful were they—how else can cows do,
 But sound o'er the fields their glad "moo-oo-oo."

Child's Paper.

Editor's Table.

"THREE HOURS SCHOOL A DAY."

A WORK recently published by WM. L. CRANDALL (now deceased) advocates but three hours of school a day, as being all that can be safely and healthfully devoted to intellectual acquirements during childhood. The work is fragmentary, apparently made up of paragraphs, written at various intervals, whenever and wherever a thought was suggested, but the "one idea" throughout the whole is, "Three Hours School a Day." In support of this idea, his leading thoughts are embraced in the following extracts:

"A sound mind in a sound body is the proper end of education. But health of body and vigor of mind are both assailed and impaired by a daily confinement of six hours in the school-room.

"Even with the best ventilation, no school-room in which a score or more of persons are daily collected, can be so healthy as the open air. No pupil, therefore, should be kept in school longer than his attention can be absolutely fixed upon, and absorbed in, his lessons. And experience has proved that three hours per day is as long as such attention can unflinchingly be given.

"The first duty of every child is to grow. It is of course a primary duty of every parent to see that the amplest facilities of growth and development are secured to his children. To this end the constant, or all but constant, enjoyment of pure, fresh air, unconstrained attitudes, ample exercise, exhilarating play, etc., are indispensable.

"The mind naturally loves knowledge, seeks it, receives it with delight, and assimilates it. Each child is a natural seeker, and absorbs truth as naturally as the growing plant or tree imbibes carbon. We should so adjust our educational machinery, as to preserve this thirst for intellectual acquirement fresh and keen through life. But most children are stupefied and stultified by the mephitic dens in which they are confined through six hours in each school-day; they are overtaken and wearied, until, by reason of these abuses, the very thought of school becomes abhorrent; and having for years been driven to study what they did not comprehend, and therefore could not relish, they retain through after life the disgust and hatred of study which have thus been excited or implanted."

While we admit that our system of education has many faults, that it too frequently fails in fitting the young for the whole duties of life, and that often much injury is done to the physical natures of the pupils, by too long and constant confinement, without sufficient bodily exercise in the open air, yet we believe that we should come still farther short of a true education by adopting the three-hour system. For small children, there should be less confinement and more recesses, and they might be dismissed earlier than the older pupils, so that their whole time spent in the school-room would not exceed three hours a

day. This we know may be beneficially practiced in schools where there are children of various grades of scholarship under the same teacher.

We believe that five hours of school a day, and five days in a week, if properly spent, would be vastly better for the intellectual and physical welfare of the rising generation than the practice of continuing six, seven, and even eight hours, as many teachers do. Such a work as Mr. CRANDALL's will doubtless do good, for the boldness of the stroke at existing customs in our educational machinery may awaken the attention of parents and educators to remove some of the evils from our present modes of school education.

HINTS FOR TEACHERS.—*Recitations Without Books.*—Banish all books at every recitation, except in reading. Ask two questions not in the book for every one that is. Be sure that every scholar understands every question asked before the class is dismissed. Do not often ask questions of pupils in the order that they sit in the class, but promiscuously, so that no one will know whose turn will come next. Keep every mind attentive and active. Be enthusiastic yourself, quick, precise, and earnest, and you will inspire like traits in your pupils.

The Art of Conversation.—In a notice of a Model School, a writer says: "An hour each day is devoted to the art of conversation, and it is thus the aim of the instructors to lead the pupils in a familiar way to a knowledge of general topics, science, arts, history, commercial transactions, the amenities of social life, etc., in order that they may be able to converse intelligently, correctly, and readily on such topics in their intercourse with society." This is a thought worthy the attention of every teacher. Teach your pupils to communicate what they know, readily and correctly, by conversation.

Our Museum.

THIS department is intended to be a repository for curiosities in literature and art, gems of thought, interesting and valuable facts in science, history, and philosophy, the origin of words and sayings, scraps of antiquarian research, anecdotes, enigmas, puzzles, etc. Also a medium of inquiries and replies between our readers, on any subject that may contribute to the fund of useful knowledge. All our readers are invited to send us interesting items for this repository.

CREOLE.—What is the signification of Creole? The English apply this name to white children born in the West Indies; the French, to mixed races; and the Spanish, to blacks born in their colonies. This latter use of the word seems most in accordance with its primary meaning. *Creole*, when applied to negroes, would distinguish those born in this country from those born in Africa. In the Southern part of the United States this name is applied, also, to the French who are born in this country.

"BEGGING THE QUESTION."—"Will some of your readers inform me through the *Museum*, what is the origin and meaning of this phrase?" A. C.

CASE.—This word is derived from the French *caisse*, a money chest.

JEWS IN CHINA.—There is a colony of Jews in China, who worship God according to the belief of their forefathers. In the northern portion of Australia

the aborigines practice the rite of circumcision. Is it probable that these colonists and aborigines descended from any of the "lost tribes?" GENTILE.

MOTTO TO AN OLD BOOK.—

"May this volume continue in motion,
And its pages each day be unfurled,
Till an ant to its dregs drinks the ocean,
Or a tortoise hath crawled round the world."

LETTERS AND FIGURES AT THE END OF ADVERTISEMENTS.—What do they mean? They are the printer's abbreviations to show when the advertisements are to be inserted, and how long they are to remain. Examples: may1 tf. Inserted May 1st, to remain till forbidden. n80 4t. Insert in Number 80, and continue four times. junel2 eodds 8w. Inserted June 12, and to continue every other day outside for three weeks. jy4 isMW&S 2w. July 4, inside Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, for two weeks. All printers do not use the same symbols, but the object of all is the same.

"**CUT A DIDO.**"—It is told in history that Dido, a queen of Tyre, about eight hundred and seventy years before Christ, fled from that place on the murder of her husband, and with a colony settled on the northern coast of Africa, where she built Carthage. Being in want of land, she bargained with the natives for as much land as she could surround with a bull's hide. Having made the agreement, she cut a bull's hide into thin strings, and tying them together claimed as much land as she could surround with the long line she had thus made. The natives allowed the cunning queen to have her way, but when any body played off a sharp trick, they said she had "Cut a Dido;" and from this event the phrase, "Cut a Dido," has come down to our day.

TEACHING BY ANALOGIES.—An English village schoolmaster announced one day, to his pupils, that the inspector would soon visit the school and examine the pupils. "Now," said the teacher, "if he questions you on geography, he will probably ask, 'What is the shape of the earth?' and if you don't remember, you need only look toward me; I will show you my snuff-box, so as to remind you that it is round." It so happened that the teacher had two snuff-boxes, one round, which he used on Sunday, and the other square, which he used during the week. The dreaded day at length arrived; as the master had anticipated, the inspector asked one of the boys, "What is the shape of the earth?" The lad was a little embarrassed at first, but on turning his eyes toward the master, he saw the snuff-box in his hand, and immediately answered: "It is round on Sundays, sir, but square the rest of the week."

SPECIMEN OF SPELLING, No. 1.—The following is a literal copy of a sign over the door of a respectable-looking house near Chichester, England: "HER LIFS 1 00 QUERS A GOOS." If any of our readers will send us a translation of the above sentence, correctly spelled, without reading it more than three times, he shall be entitled to an extra copy of THE STUDENT for next month.

THE WILL OF AN IRISHMAN WHO DID NOT UNDERSTAND ARITHMETIC.—"I will and bequeath my beloved wife, Bridget, all my property, without reserve; and to my eldest son, Patrick, one half of the remainder; and to Dennis, my youngest son, the rest. If any thing is left it may go to Terrance McCarty."

MAGNETIC NEEDLE.—It is said that the polarity of any magnetic needle will be destroyed in a few minutes by thrusting it into an onion. Few scientific men know this fact, and we never have heard it alluded to in a lecture on the subject.

TO CLEAN TYPE.—"Please inform me how to clean type, after printing?" Use common lye, rubbing with a brush, and wash afterward with water.

DURATION OF A VISIT.—A lady mentioned in Lookhart's "Life of Scott," Miss Ferrier, says that "a visit should not exceed three days—the *rest*, the *dress'd*, and the *press'd*."

AN OPPONENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The following is an exact copy of the direction on a letter, mailed a few years ago, by a German living in Lancaster County, Pa. :

"Tis is fur old Mr. Willy Wot brinds de Baber in Lang Kaster ware ti gal is gist rede him assume as it cums to ti Pushtufous."

For the benefit of those who can not make out what the Dutchman means, we give the translation :

"This is for old Mr. Willy, what prints the paper in Lancaster, where the jail is. Just read him as soon as it comes to the Post-office."

The "him" inclosed beneath the above superscription, was *An Essay against Public Schools*.

ORIGIN OF "ISLAND."—It is generally believed that the word *island* is derived from the French word *isle*, and land, signifying *land-in-water*. There is, however, good reason for believing that the word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *ealand*, signifying *eye-land*. We have *head-land*, a *neck* of land, a *tongue* of land, a *brow* of a hill, a *foot* of a hill; also, a *mouth* of a river, an *arm* of the sea, and many similar examples; why not an *eye* of land, or an *iland*, which, Webster says, is the genuine English word for a spot of land standing alone in the midst of an expanse of water?

ENIGMA.

1. I who am always with my betters,
Owe much, and make owe the Republic of Letters;
But am nothing in figures, although my sphere
Extends the power of the Nine, even here;
And O I am made by the poet's pen
A sign of wonder and joy to men;
And on the lips of the trader betrayed,
Express the woe that myself have made.
"You modestly spoke of your betters, in troth,
"Can you say who they are now?"

Aye, you and I.

With a knee bent in the vocal choir,
Can tell by *letter* or *word* of mouth,
And have told already; and now I desire
That you say who I am, for like silver and Saturn,
A bride, or sound crockery, mindless the pattern,
I am known by my *ring*, and very well known,
And am stronger and purer when standing alone.

Literary Notices.

Books noticed in *THE STUDENT* will be sent, on receipt of the prices given, to any post-office in the United States, free of postage, by N. A. CALKINS, 243 Broadway, New York.

THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA. By M. F. Maury, LL.D., Lieut. U. S. Navy. Illustrated with engravings and eight charts. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Large 8vo; 275 pages; muslin. Price, by mail, \$1 50.

This treatise gives a philosophical account of the winds and currents of the ocean; of its depth and temperature, of the wonders that are hidden in its bosom, and of the phenomena that are exhibited at its surface. Whence come the salts of the sea? What causes the Gulf Stream? and other similar and equally interesting topics, are amply treated in this volume. Details are here opened which are rarely touched in the records of science. The descriptions of Lieut. Maury are singularly graphic in their style, besides containing a rich fund of curious and valuable information. It is rarely that a treatise on any branch of any physical science is so attractive or so fruitful in its instructions as this volume. Lieut. Maury has extended his observations and researches on the sea farther than any other scientific explorer, and may well be called the American Humboldt of the sea. An extract from the volume may be found in this number.

A THIRD GALLERY OF PORTRAITS. By George Gilfillan. Published by Sheldon, Lamport & Blakeman, New York. 12mo; 468 pp.; muslin. Price, by mail, \$1 30.

Gilfillan has been, and is, severely criticised for an inflated, extravagant style, and even called superficial and vain; yet there is an earnestness about his writings which causes his books to be read and admired. He expresses his views too freely and in too unqualified terms about other writers, to gain their friendship. The volume before us contains sketches, giving Mr. Gilfillan's views of the characters and merits, literary and moral, of the French Revolutionists, Sacred Authors, Poets, Modern Critics, and others, embracing Carlyle, Emerson, Burke, Poe, and Shakespeare. He does not hesitate to criticise or praise any person, however high his standing may be.

THE HISTORY OF SWITZERLAND, for the Swiss People. By Heinrich Zechokke. Continued to 1843 by Emil Zechokke. Translated by Francis G. Shaw. Published by C. S. Francis & Co., 352 Broadway, New York. 12mo; 406 pages, with a map; muslin. Price, by mail, \$1 12.

The translator says in his preface: "Having myself felt a want of information on the history

of Switzerland, I now present this translation to my fellow-citizens of the United States, in the hope that a more extended acquaintance with the history of our sister republic may teach us to shun the perils through which the Swiss people have passed at the cost of so much suffering, and may aid us to appreciate our own more favorable position as a nation." We commend this volume to those who are purchasing books for school libraries. It is written in a charming style, and is the most interesting and complete history of Switzerland which we have seen.

THE ROBERTSONIAN SYSTEM OF TEACHING FRENCH. "*The Whole French Language.*" By T. Robertson. Edited by Louis Ernst. Published by Roe Lockwood & Son, 411 Broadway, New York. 12mo; 617 pages. Price \$1 25. Key to the same, price 75 cts.

We believe the Robertsonian system of teaching the modern languages has met with general favor in Europe, and in the work before us it is applied to the French. It is a most thorough method, and with good teachers will furnish a path to the student for a complete mastery of the French language. The publishers will send, gratis, a copy of the First Lesson, which will give a general idea of the system, to any one who will apply for it.

BRADBURY'S YOUNG SHAWM. A Collection of School Music. By Wm. B. Bradbury. Published by Mason Brothers, 23 Park Row, New York. 160 pages. Price 38 cents.

Mr. Bradbury's popularity in preparing music for schools and juvenile classes is a sufficient guarantee of the character of this work. But the advantages of years of experience as a practical teacher of music, both of juvenile and adult classes, as well as author, have rendered him eminently qualified for the preparation of such a work. It contains a great variety of new pieces, and will be found an interesting and valuable addition to the collection of music for schools and families.

THE MUSICAL ALBUM. A new and complete Vocal Text Book, and Collection of New Music, for Academies, High Schools, Seminaries, etc. By Geo. F. Root. Published by Mason Brothers, New York. Price 63 cts.

This is another interesting addition to the music for the school-room. It is admirably adapted to the wants of high schools, etc., and contains many new and beautiful pieces. The music on the following page is copied from it, with the omission of the piano-forte accompaniment, from want of room.

IN OUR MERRY SCHOOL DAYS.

From Reor's "Musical Album." Words and Music by H. A. POWD.

Spiritoso.

1. In our mer-ry school, we're all so gay, From morn till set of
 sun; ... We stud-y our books and then we play, Nor
 heed how time flies on: What though it storms, and the
 blast doth blow, And the pattering rain doth fall; ...
 Lit-tle reck we, for our mirth will flow, As call re-echoes each
 call. Then give to us still Our mer-ry school days, Our
 mer-ry school-days so gay; Oh! give to us still our
 mer-ry school days, Our mer-ry school days so gay.

2.

If we live to old age, we'll surely look back,
 To scan the course we've run;
 And happy we'll be, if naught did lack,
 To make our work well done:
 For many a heart has sighed in vain,
 To recall time idled away;
 Then we'll study with zeal, and ne'er complain,
 To improve while yet we may.
 Then give to us still our merry school days, etc.

SCENERY IN SWITZERLAND.

THE Alpine scenery of Switzerland has for centuries been admired for its grandeur; and as often as the summer returns, travelers direct their steps toward the snow-crowned summits of these mountains. The High Alps are between Switzerland and Italy; here they lift their joy peaks and bared cliffs highest above the fields of men, and even above the clouds of heaven. Beyond, northward, these mountains are furrowed by narrow gorges and fertile valleys.

The Rhone flows, in a westerly course, through one of these highland valleys, known as the Vallais. Between it and the Canton of Berne is a high range of mountains, across which are but few passes. A few years since a new route was discovered over that almost impassable barrier which lies between Lauterbrunnen and the eastern portion of the Vallais, near the source of the Rhone. Few travelers in Switzerland advance far enough into the beautiful valley of Lauterbrunnen



to obtain a view of one of the finest cascades amid the Alpine scenes, and one the least known—that of the Schmadribach. Above the cascade lies the glacier of Tschingel. The passage from the valley to this glacier is by the aid of a lofty pine-tree, forming a primitive ladder, as exhibited in the accompanying engraving. It requires considerable courage and a little daring to ascend this ladder, but when the difficulty is surmounted, the tourist finds himself among some of the grandest scenery of the Oberland.

The glacier of Tschingel extends in every direction, varied by deep crevices and jutting pinnacles of ice. From this position, surrounded on all sides by the boldest and apparently inaccessible rocks, one of the finest views of the Jungfrau is obtained, and the Bumlis-Alp is here seen rising immediately and abruptly from the field of snow and ice on which the traveler stands. Passing from hence he may descend to Kandersteg, or directly to the valley of the Rhone.

NATURE IN MOTION.*

IN all nature nothing is ever at rest. The moon around the earth, the earth around the sun, that sun around another great center, and all the heavenly bodies in one unbroken circle around the throne of the Almighty. Even our own great mother earth is not at rest; the rocks which once dwelt at the very bottom of the ocean are now exposed to the snows and ice on the lofty mountains. The Arctic region is ever sending her icebergs to the warmer climes, bearing in their cold embrace the stones and rocks which fall from their native mountains in the north. Amid the glaciers of Europe, moving slowly, but constantly each year, large blocks of granite and smaller stones travel from the mountains to the valleys.

Even the mountains are not "everlasting hills." Every age has witnessed the appearance of mountains on the surface of the earth, where once a plain spread out, or the waves of the sea rolled, and every day witnesses their slow but constant migration seaward. The rocks on their tops are exposed to the varying influences of heat and cold, rain and snow, and thus crumbled into sand. Wind and weather, clouds and springs, carry this down; the little streams bear it to the rivers, and the rivers hurry it on through vale and valley, on their long journey to the sea, and deposit their burden in the bosom of the great ocean.

Almost in every portion of our globe, movement may be observed; the land is either rising or sinking, slowly to be sure, but constantly in motion. Geology teaches us that this is not a whim of our mother earth, but that for long generations the same changes, the same mysterious motion has been going on. If man could, with one vast glance, take in the whole earth; if he could look back into past ages, and with prophetic eye gaze into the future, he would see the

* This article was condensed from one in "Putnam's Monthly" for February and March.

land of our vast continents heave and sink like the storm-tossed sea; now rising in mountains, and then sinking and crumbling, to be washed back into the ocean.

The sea, too, is ever in motion. Its vast currents are constantly traversing the globe, while the winds and waves are ever moving its surface. Thus all is life and motion in the earth, on the earth, and around it. The sun bids the water of the ocean rise into the air, and its messenger, the wind, bears it over continents and islands, where it spreads across the sky in golden veils and purple hangings, or rolls into huge dark domes, from whence are poured out torrents to feed the rivers, or gentle drops distilled on the thirsty plains.

And the winds, what busy travelers are they in their own great realm, the air! Now they chase golden clouds high up in the blue ether, and now they descend to rock in merry sport gigantic oaks and northern fir-trees. As pleasant pastime, they give life to wandering shadows, wake the slumbering echo, and gather rich perfumes from the flowery meadows. To-day they bend down vast oceans of gracefully waving cornfields; to-morrow they peep under the branches of trees to look for golden fruit, or they strip them of their leaves to show to man, through their bare arms, the blue heaven above. On sultry days they cool themselves in the floods of the ocean, and carry refreshing dew back to the parched land. Passing on their manifold errands, they trace their characters in a thousand ways on the liquid plains of the sea. Some scarcely wrinkle the placid surface, others furrow it deeply with azure waves, or toss it up in raging billows, and cover their crests with white foam.

When we turn from inorganic to organic nature, we find motion still more apparent. Plants and animals, as well as man, travel. Plants, as well as man, seem to have their common home in the East, from whence they have traveled and scattered in all directions. Coffee and tea, sugar and cotton, bananas and spice, all were first known in the far East, and have gradually followed the sun westward. None of the plants have attained such a wide range as the grasses and cereal grains, of which there are about four thousand varieties; yet out of this number only about twenty kinds will produce food for man in a single summer, independent of the dry heat of the tropics.

It is stated that all plants, even our Indian corn, the potato, and tobacco, which are claimed as natives of this Western continent, are of Eastern origin; that they were known in China and other parts of Asia long before America was discovered. Weeds are said to fol-

low races of men, so that a careful observer can tell from noticing the prevailing weeds, whether Europeans or Asiatics, Negroes or Indians, have dwelt at certain places. Hence it was that the Indian tribes of this country called the common *plantain* the "white man's footsteps." The most remarkable instance of this kind is the universal dispersion of the "Jamestown weed." It came at first from India, whence gipsies carried it over the wide world.

Our finest fruits—the precious grape, the cooling cherry, the pomegranate, and the peach, with all the luscious gifts of autumn, we owe to the Orient. In Europe these fruits lingered awhile, were developed and refined by culture, and sent across the Atlantic improved in shape and quality. Here they have rapidly spread from State to State, and are even now on their way, through California, back to their original homes in the East. Strange as it may seem, Europe has never returned any similar gifts for the many rich presents it has received from the East; neither has America given to Europe any thing in return for her vegetable presents. Thus it appears to be a great law of Nature, that plants as well as man must travel toward the setting sun.

Of the earliest migration of animals, even of those which man has bound up with his own existence, we know but very little. History, which tells us nothing of man's own first journeyings, condescends not to speak of beings less noble. We guess, rather than we know, that the domestic animals, at least, left their common home in the great center of all earthly life, Upper India, together with the first migrating nations. We conclude this mainly from the fact that the races of men separated at a time when they were all shepherds. This we know from language; for in all idioms the words relating to pastoral life are cognate words, while in other respects the relationship is far more complicated and difficult to trace.

The most curious circumstance in the life of insects is their migrations. They appear in large flights from unknown regions, in places where they have never been seen before, and continue their course, which nothing can check for a moment. They fly, they jump, they even crawl, for hosts of slow, clumsy caterpillars have been met in the attempt to cross rivers. The bed-bug, that most hated, and yet most faithful companion of man in all parts of the globe, was not even known in Europe before the eleventh century, when it first appeared in Strasburg, and thence, with the beds of exiled Huguenots, was brought to London.

The far more useful silkworm will not travel beyond the reach of his beloved friend and only food, the mulberry-tree. This worm is a native of Asia, and was used in China long before any other nation knew of its existence. In the sixth century a monk brought the first eggs in his bosom to Constantinople, from whence it spread over Europe, and finally came to this country.

The bee loves the west so dearly, that it is not found east of the Ural Mountains, except where great pains have been taken to introduce it. It was unknown to America; but no sooner did it reach our shores, in 1675, than it spread with amazing rapidity all over the continent. "The white man's fly" was an abomination to the Indian, because their appearance in the forests was a sure sign of the approach of the "pale faces." Even now it leads the great movement toward the West; first is heard the humming of the bee, then the squatter's mighty axe.

Ants, also, have their well-known migrations, and aimless as they seem to be to human eye, blindly as the little insects seem to wander in the dust, still they go as little astray as the countless stars in heaven. The black ant of the East Indies, especially, becomes even useful to man. They travel in countless herds; the fields are black as far as the eye can reach, and field and forest are left bare behind them. Boldly they enter human dwellings; they sweep over roof and garret, cellar and kitchen; no corner, no crevice, ever so small, remains unexplored, and no rat or mouse, no cockroach or insect, can be found after them.

The home of the locust is in the far East, in places near the desert. They deposit their eggs in the sand, to be hatched by the heat of the sun, and when mature they rise on the first breeze and fly, under the guidance of a leader, in masses so huge and so dense that the air is darkened, and the sound of their wings like the murmur of the distant ocean. Thus they travel Westward, destroying all vegetable life.

Birds generally have a home, from which they only migrate at stated times, to find a supply of food and a temperature suitable to rearing their young. A few are perfect cosmopolites. The raven is found not only throughout Europe, but croaks mournfully on the shore of the Black and Caspian seas; he wings his somber flight to distant India, and haunts Calcutta. He forces his way with daring impudence over the guarded shore of Japan, dwells a free citizen in the United States, and braves the rigors of the Arctic regions as far as Melville Island.

Quadrupeds do not roam as much as birds, yet they change localities with the seasons, and also migrate by the agency of man. The domestic animals are nearly the same now that they ever were. The same sheep, of whom "Abel was a keeper," sleep night after night in our pastures, and the "cattle on a thousand hills" roam now on our plains.

The horse, a native of Central Asia, was not known on this continent before the arrival of the Spaniards, yet it now roams in herds from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn. Man, also, brought hither the goat that climbs our mountains, and the sheep and cattle that feed and fatten in our pastures.

Here, also, the weeds have come with the good plants. The rat, a native of the Old World, was brought in a ship from Antwerp, in 1544, to this continent. Now they are rarer in Europe than in America. It is also strange, that, like the best gifts in the vegetable world, the domestic animals are all from the East, and nothing of a similar nature has been returned.

The history of man is still more strange than that of the lower animals. His first home, Eden, is still guarded by an angel with a flaming sword. The place where his cradle stood is unknown; yet there is a strong analogy between him and plants and animals, which have invariably accompanied him in his wanderings, to support the idea that all came from the same region, the table-lands of Central Asia. The Hindoos, one of the oldest of nations, derive their origin from the "Northwest," and their traditions place their birthplace behind the Belurtag Mountains.

The Shemitic Nations of Western Asia point to the East as their common home, and the Ararat as the landmark which divides their first home from their present residence. Now, exactly between the Ararat and the Belurtag, lies the vast table-land of Asia, which most men consider the birthplace of nations. But setting aside all the mystery in the history of man, which neither revelation nor science has unfolded to us, it seems to be certain that all migration of men, as well as plants and animals, have gone from the rising to the setting sun.

Everywhere history begins with an immigration of Eastern races. The same phenomena is repeated, and new waves of new nations roll on from the East, and shake the foundations of older organized kingdoms, until Columbus opens the Western gate to a new continent. And this resistless Westward movement is yet unbroken. The same great law of nature impels man toward the setting sun,

and all his efforts to travel Eastward have been ingloriously failed. In vain did millions of brave men join the Crusades to reconquer the Holy Land. No great expedition to the East has ever been permanently successful. Man moves with the sun; the East is his cradle, the West his goal.

Easy Lessons in Geology.—No. 1.

THE ALPHABET.

WHEN we look around us and observe the mountains of rocks, and the numberless stones which compose so large a portion of the earth, and observe, too, how many different kinds there are, we are led to imagine that in the study of Geology we must encounter a formidable array of arbitrary names, difficult to learn, and still more difficult to remember. But when we become more familiar with this science we find our imagined views to be erroneous.

The entire series of rocks with which Geology makes us acquainted is composed almost entirely of only *seven* simple minerals. These may properly be termed "Geological Letters;" and surely any person can easily learn an alphabet of *seven* letters. First we will give their names, and then describe each separately, that they may readily be known wherever and whenever found. *Quartz, Feldspar, Mica, Hornblende or Augite, Carbonate of Lime, Talc, and Serpentine* are the names of the principal letters in the Geological Alphabet.

QUARTZ composes the white pebbles found in brooks, and in our walks, and is the most common and abundant mineral upon the globe. When broken, it resembles glass, which it will scratch. When crumbled into fine grains, it becomes sand. Quartz is not always white; sometimes it is purple, then it is known as *Amethyst*; if clouded, it is called *Agate*; if yellow, *Cornelian*, or perhaps *Topaz*; when of a pearly luster it is called *Opal*; and if red, *Jasper*. Frequently it is found in crystals with six sides, usually with the end terminating in a point like a six-sided pyramid.

Glass is formed by melting together *quartz* and *carbonate of soda*, or *potash*. Carbonate of soda, now chiefly made from common salt, formerly was obtained from the ashes of sea-weeds, as potash is from ashes of wood. The formation of glass was discovered by chance. A merchant ship, laden with carbonate of soda, was driven upon the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, at the mouth of the river Belus, a

small stream just north of Acre. The crew, being compelled to cook their victuals on shore, took lumps of the carbonate of soda from the vessel and placed them upon the sand to support their kettle. On removing their kettle they discovered pieces of transparent stone among the ashes. By repeating the experiment it was found that sand, or quartz, and carbonate of soda, melted together would form the transparent substance now known as common glass.

FELDSPAR is a reddish or flesh-colored mineral, less common and less beautiful than quartz. It breaks with a smooth surface, and somewhat like steps. When pulverized or decomposed, it forms common clay. It is extensively used in the manufacture of porcelain, earthenware, and pipes, and also in making brick. Pulverized quartz and pulverized feldspar are the principal ingredients of most soils.

MICA is a mineral of a shining black, brown, or silver color, made up of thin, elastic plates, or scales, which are easily separated into thin sheets, or layers. It is used in stove doors, and sometimes, though erroneously, called "isinglass." It is that portion of rocks which glistens like silver. In some places it is found in large sheets, and in portions of Russia is used in windows as a substitute for glass.

HORNBLENDE is a dark-green or black mineral, of a glassy luster, and breaks with a horny fracture, whence its name. It forms a large portion of the granitic rocks that are used for building purposes, such as the stone of the Astor House, Merchant's Exchange, also the blocks used for the *Russ Pavement* in Broadway. It is found in nearly all parts of the world. *Augite* is nearly identical with hornblende, in all its characteristics.

CARBONATE OF LIME is found of various colors and aspects, as pure marble, chalk, limestone, etc. It may easily be distinguished from other minerals that resemble it, by its effervescence when acid is applied to it. This mineral is composed of lime and carbonic acid, and when burned, the carbonic acid is thrown off by heat, and the common lime, used by masons, is obtained.

TALC is a soft, pearly-looking, greenish-white mineral, with a soapy feel, and is easily cut with a knife. It is sometimes called French Chalk. It is the principal ingredient in soapstone, so much used for lining stoves and grates.

SERPENTINE is of a green color, usually variegated, so that it somewhat resembles a serpent, hence its name. This mineral, as well as *Talc*, belongs to the magnesian formations, and they are usually in the same locality. It is common in New Jersey.

The seven minerals now described, including their several combinations, compose nineteen twentieths of all the rocks and stones on our globe. Other minerals are distributed through many of their combinations, but, though hundreds in number, they comprise only about one twentieth of the rocky formations.

We will now leave our readers to learn the letters of this Alphabet of Geology, or as many of them as can be found in the several localities where you reside; and in our next lesson we will give you a few "Words in Geology," showing how these minerals are united in the formation of rocks.

THE FLOWERS' PETITION.

We flowers and shrubs in cities pent,
 From fields and country places rent,
 Without our own or friends' consent,
 In desperate condition,
 Yet on no willful outrage bent,
 Do humbly here petition.

Whereas, against our silent wills,
 With loss of sun and purling rills,
 Cooped up in pots, on window-sills,
 In rickety old boxes—
 The city's breath our beauty kills,
 And makes us gray as foxes;

Condemned in walls of brick and lime,
 In narrow beds of clay and slime,
 To ope our buds and shed our prime—
 We need some kind defender—
 We pray, oh, let us live our time!
 And we are very tender!

Oh, cheat us not of heaven's dews,
 Nor air, however stale, refuse;
 God knows 'tis little we can use,
 So choked are all our vitals;
 Nor slightest care will we abuse,
 Nor fail in fond requitals.

We'll breathe you delicate perfumes;
 We'll glad your eyes with choicest blooms;
 But do not shut us up in rooms,

A SCHOLARLY EXCELLENCE.

Or stifling crowded places—
The sky, in clouds and light, assumes
To us far lovelier faces.

Then treat us in your gentlest ways,
And next unto the sun's own rays,
With beauty's homage, incense-praise,
We ever will careen you,
And to the ending of our days
In grateful silence bless you.

—*Household Words.*

A SCHOLARLY EXCELLENCE.

THERE is a modest and unpretending excellence sometimes to be met with in the student, and always desirable in any pursuit in life, whatever that may be. But because this virtue is modest and unpretending, it is too often neglected; and, what is vastly worse, its advantages are all lost to him who should be its possessor. Those of my youthful readers who really desire to lay up large stores of knowledge, such as all thoughtful minds are capable of acquiring, will, I doubt not, be asking at once what this virtue of the scholar is, so that they may know whether they possess it, and if not, how it is to be secured. But I am anxious to set the character of this quality in a clearer light, before naming it; and my readers may, if they choose, be guessing, while they read, what it is.

This good quality is not a *showy* one. The scholar can not well put it on outside, as he would his "holiday suit." It would not particularly shine, if he should; and many people would pass him, and look on him, without seeing that he had it on. Whether it is for this reason, or because those who have most of this virtue, prize it too much for its uses, to be anxious about showing it, I will not pretend to say. But the truth is, it is seldom seen abroad and in the glare of the busy world, being much more likely to hide away among its owner's thoughts, in the school, the shop, the counting-room, or wherever real "head-work" is to be done, and there to toil for him, contented and unseen.

It does not seek display, or desire to be known. It costs its owner nothing but carefulness and attention, and these, when he has learned its value, he is glad to give for it. Indeed, it asks no reward of him; but he often has occasion to be thankful to it for the great-

not favors. What is this excellent friend? and how may we know whether it is our friend? But let me mention a few more of its traits, before disclosing its name.

This good quality, that often succeeds so poorly in catching people's observation, has one most solid recommendation. *It wears well.* It makes people say of him who has it, after they have known him for some time, that he improves on acquaintance; and if his other qualities are worthy and correct, they never grow tired of him, but like him "better and better." They find him more and more useful, and put still more dependence on him. This modest friend he has within him, makes people say of him, "He is really all he pretends to be, and more too! He knows and can do all he claims to; and what he does is done completely and well."

My readers can readily see the effect of all this. *That man* is sought after for important places. He is called upon when something requiring more than usual care, knowledge, and foresight is to be taken in hand. And so, as he can do better than hundreds of his fellows, he makes more friends, and gets better wages than they. He goes up to some high post, that not everybody is fit for. He has the thanks and gratitude of many more people for what he does, because many more are apt to be interested in such works as he is called to do. His name and his doings are favorably talked of; and this makes what we call a good reputation, and sometimes, *fame!*

Have you guessed the name of this excellent quality—this friend of the young? It is *Thoroughness*. You know what is meant by being thorough. A scholar who does well all he aims to do, whose lessons are all perfect and clear in his mind, and who knows without mistake whatever he has turned his attention to, is a thorough scholar. The teacher who encourages his pupils to be thus perfect and accurate in whatever they undertake, and who is qualified and anxious to give them all the instruction they may need, is a thorough teacher. It is not all scholars, or all teachers, you will see, then, who deserve the praise of being thorough.

But we can get a clearer idea of what *thorough* means, by considering what the word signifies. *Thorough means through.* Suppose you set out to weed a garden. You might not do your work clear through. You might go over part only of the whole ground; or you might only partly do your work although you went over the whole. You might fail to go *through* your work, by pulling only the larger weeds, and leaving the smaller to stand. You would, thus, not go to the bottom of your business, although you

might cover its whole extent. In either way, you would fail to be thorough.

Thorough, then, implies two things. Take up your lesson, and you may go through it, to the bottom, digging up and holding to your mind's eye the deepest and most difficult thought that is to be found in it. Or, you may go through it in another direction—that is, from beginning to end, and from the center to the circumference of it, at every point, searching as widely as your subject reaches. In the first way you go to the “depth” of your subject; in the second, you take in its entire “length and breadth.” In the first way you make your knowledge *profound*; in the second, you make it *comprehensive*. And these two things make up what is properly called thoroughness.

Now, will my readers please go back to what I said of this good quality, before giving its name, and see whether the statements there made are correct. And if they are, let them ask themselves whether they would not wish to be thorough in whatever they undertake; and whether they will not give earnest care and attention to all the pursuits they may engage in, so that they may really become so, and win the great and worthy rewards that follow in the train of this virtue.

And let me now tell my young friend who is not a thorough student, and who, consequently, can never secure, in an honorable way, the rewards of which I have spoken.

The scholar who is always in a hurry, is not thorough. He hastens from one thing to another, not giving time and labor enough to any thing, and therefore he can never have the credit of doing any thing well.

The scholar who attempts to pursue five, six, or more studies, perhaps difficult ones, at a time—who takes in a single term of school, Arithmetic, Grammar, Algebra, Physiology, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Astronomy, besides attending to Reading, Writing, and Spelling, or some other equally extensive course, can not be thorough. He will be superficial in every thing, and know nothing perfectly. What a pity that pupils are encouraged to undertake an amount of labor that can not be performed; and thus cause them to worse than lose their time!

The scholar who loves play better than work, can never receive the rewards of thoroughness. No work is more laborious than hard study; but it always repays the intelligent learner, just in proportion as he faithfully performs it.

The scholar who studies his lesson only that he may *recite it*, is not likely to be thorough. Always study to *know*, not to *recite*. The teacher's business is to see how much you can learn to know; not how well you can talk on the recitation-seat, about what you found in your books.

The scholar who only studies while over his books, will not thoroughly master the branches he pursues. The best scholar is he who, after he has laid aside his books, and gone about his business or recreation, still thinks over and over again all the thoughts he found in his lessons; and who then goes still farther, and examines the subject in hand until new thoughts about it rise up in his own mind, like the stars at eventide upon the eye of him that watches, coming out one by one to shine in the blue arch of the sky. A scholar thus weighing his studies, becomes in time an "original thinker;" and men in some future day will be found looking to him for new ideas of value and importance.

The scholar who has often to say, "I don't know exactly"—"I think it was so, or so, but I don't quite know," will never be thorough, until he reads and studies upon a new plan. So long as a person "don't know exactly," you may be sure he *don't know at all*; for it is only what we *are* exactly sure about, that we really do know. All else is mere guessing; and that is far from knowledge.

Finally, the scholar who is so ambitious to be wise and great, that he spends *all his time* over his books, can not be thorough; and this, perhaps, will surprise my readers, until they recollect that by such a course health must soon be broken down and lost; and then the power to learn, to retain, and to use knowledge, would be greatly weakened. The mind can not be strong as it should be, in a weak body. So the really industrious student, who wishes to know much and well, must be particularly careful to have set and sufficient times for relaxation and out-door labor, as well as for study. Thus, he may progress rapidly and surely.

If there are any young ladies so unfortunate as to be going to school to secure a "smatteration"—not an education—in Drawing, Music, French, and so on, and if any such should by chance read this article, let them not conclude hastily that these wise and grave thoughts are intended for boys and young men alone. On the contrary, if they can tell us in which class of schools—male or female—thoroughness in acquirements is most lacking, they can also tell us in which it is most needed. For it requires real, substantial

scholarship to make a Mrs. Somerville, as much as it did to make a Newton or a Franklin.

It is a sad pity that all schools, and all scholars, and all businesses whatever, are not thorough. How it mortifies one to find that he has taken a counterfeit for a genuine bank-note; or has failed in any thing to get the worth of his money! But it is a much more serious matter to engage the services of a fellow-being in any post, and by-and-by find out we have got a "*counterfeit*" man—one who is all gloss and outside show, without real qualification and ability.

Reader! will you not resolve to be, in your school, and in whatever station you may fill in life, a living example of thoroughness and its benefits?

L. R.

SAVED BY MUSIC.

THE Ottoman emperor, Amurath IV., was notorious for his cruelty. In 1637 he laid siege to Bagdad, and recovered it from the Persians; after which he gave orders for putting thirty thousand of the prisoners to death, notwithstanding they had submitted and laid down their arms. Among the number of the victims was a musician, who entreated the officer to whom the execution of the sultan's order was intrusted, to spare him for a moment, that he might speak to the author of the dreadful decree.

The officer consented, and he was brought before Amurath, who permitted him to exhibit a specimen of his art. Like the musician in Homer, he took up a kind of psaltery which resembles a lyre, having six strings on each side, and accompanied it with his voice. He sang the capture of Bagdad, and the triumph of Amurath. The pathetic tones and exulting sounds which he drew from the instrument, joined to the alternate plaintiveness and boldness of his strains, rendered the prince unable to restrain the softer emotions of his soul. He even suffered him to proceed, until, overpowered with harmony he melted into tears of pity, and repented of his cruelty. In consideration of the musician's abilities, he not only directed his people to spare those among the prisoners who yet remained alive, but also to give them instant liberty.

THE DRUNKARD.—I am not sorry that society is taxed for the drunkard. I would it were taxed more. I would the burden of sustaining him were so heavy that we should be compelled to wake up, and ask how he may be saved from ruin.—*Channing*.

VOWEL VERSES.

In the following verses it will be observed that their respective vowels occur in every word and in every syllable. Their chief merit exists in their curiosity; and probably a similar production can not be found in our language.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

- A.—Wars harm all ranks, all arts, all crafts appell;
 At Mars' harsh blast, arch, rampart, altar, fall!
 Ah! hard as adamant, a braggart Czar
 Arms vassal-swarms and fans a fatal war!
 Rampant at that bad call, a Vandal-band
 Harass, and harm, and ransack Wallach-land!
 A Tartar phalanx Balkan's scarp hath past,
 And Allah's standard falls, alas! at last.

FALL OF EVE.

- E.—Eve, Eden's empress, needs defended be;
 The serpent greets her when she seeks the tree.
 Serene she sees the speckled tempter creep;
 Gentle he seems—perversest schemer deep—
 Yet endless pretexts, ever fresh prefers,
 Perverts her senses, revels when she errs,
 Sneers when she weeps, regrets, repents, she fell;
 Then, deep-revenged, reseek the nether hell!

APPROACH OF EVENING.

- I.—Idling I sit in this mild twilight dim,
 While birds, in wild, swift vigils, circling skim.
 Light winds in sighing sink, till, rising bright,
 Night's Virgin Pilgrim swims in vivid light.

INCONTROVERTIBLE FACTS.

- O.—No monk too good to reb, or cog, or plot,
 No fool so gross to bolt Scotch collops het.
 From donjon tops no Oroonoko rolls.
 Logwood, not lotus, floods Oporto's bowls.
 Troops of old tosspots oft to sot consort.
 Box tops, not bottoms, schoolboys flog for sport.
 To clocks of gold no dodo looks for food.
 On soft cloth footstools no old fox doth brood.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

- U.—Dull humdrum murmurs lull, but hubbub stuns.
 Lucullus snuffs up musk, mundungus shuns.
 Puss purs, buds burst, bucks butt, luck turns up trumps;
 But full cups, hurtful, spur up unjust thumps.

Yonth's Department.

DORA'S TEMPTATION.

BY ELIZA A. CHASE.

I HEAR a murmuring sound in the room. Will the girl who is making it please raise her hand?" asked the principal of a large school, one day, as the girls were assembled for dismissal. A golden head was bent down, and a little hand was raised—timidly, tremblingly raised.

"And was it you, Dora? What were you doing, to make such a noise?"

"Talking to myself," replied the child.

"I have no doubt you are a very entertaining little girl, and would make excellent company, but I would advise you to wait till after school before you hold these conversations with yourself. Will you remember this, Dora?"

"I will try," said Dora, humbly, though with rather more confidence than before.

"I wonder she told you the truth, Miss Harding," said Miss Armor, one of the teachers. "She is a bad girl, for she told me a lie yesterday."

"I hardly think she is a bad girl, Miss Armor, but, as she is in your class, you know more of her than I do."

"And more than I wish to," returned Miss Armor. "I have no confidence in her. She was eating an apple or an orange—I saw her—and when I spoke to her, she denied, though I proved it by a dozen girls. I had a will to punish her severely for her falsehood, but I thought I would report her to you."

"This is bad," returned Miss Harding. "I will speak to her about it, and I think she will tell me the truth."

"I don't think so," said Miss Armor. "I tried every way to make her confess. I questioned and threatened, but it was of no use; she persisted in her falsehood, and I will never trust her again."

Two or three days after this conversation, Miss Harding approached Dora, and quietly said, "Dora, I wish to see you in my room a moment."

Dora followed with a beating heart, for though beloved by all her

pupils, there was a mystery about Miss Harding's room that none could penetrate. A refractory girl was sent there, and, after a time, came out with a pleasant though often a tearful face, and a second visit was rarely ever necessary.

What wonderful means were applied, none but the initiated knew, and they, on being asked, smiled, but never gave an explanation. Dora, therefore, entered the mysterious room with a beating heart, and when Miss Harding seated herself in her chair and took those little hands kindly in her own, the poor child trembled like an aspen.

"I believe you are a little girl who will tell me the truth," said Miss Harding, very pleasantly. The child looked down without saying a word.

"Now look me directly in the eye, Dora," resumed Miss Harding. "I will not hurt you; I only wish to ask you a few questions. You are a little girl who will tell me strict truth, are you not?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Dora, her eyes filling with tears.

"Do you eat in school?"

"Yes, ma'am, sometimes;" and the little chest heaved. It was Dora's first visit to the dreaded room.

"Did you eat in Miss Armor's class a few days since?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Harding."

"What did you tell Miss Armor, when she asked you?"

"I told her I was not eating;" and the blue eyes overflowed.

"And so my little Dora told an untruth, did she? I am very sorry for this. Why did you do so?" continued Miss Harding, putting her arm around the little girl, and drawing her toward her.

"I don't know, Miss Harding. I tried to say, 'Yes, ma'am,' but it stuck in my throat and I could not. It seemed so much easier to say, 'No, ma'am.'"

"But why do you tell me the truth, and not Miss Armor?"

"I don't know why; but when you look at me so, I can not help telling you the truth; I do not want to lie at all."

"I hope you will never want to lie, Dora. You say when I am looking at you, you can not help telling me the truth. Now, I can not always look at you, but remember God can. He can see you at all times, and in all places. And whenever you are tempted to do wrong, and deviate from the truth, let this thought, 'Thou, God, seest me,' deter you from such a sin. Will you do this, Dora?"

"I will try, ma'am," said the really penitent Dora.

"You may go, now," returned Miss Harding; and she imprinted a kiss on the fair forehead of the child.

Dora sprang into her arms, and, bursting into tears, kissed her kind adviser with a fervor that showed how deeply she was affected.

Not many days after this, Miss Armor said in her class, "Some one has dropped papers on the floor. Can any one tell me who it is?"

Dora raised her hand. "I do not wish you to accuse your mates," said Miss Armor. "We shall hardly believe your story."

Dora was pained; but young as she was, she felt that she had laid herself liable to such imputations.

"I did not mean to accuse my schoolmates," said she, with a quivering lip. "I dropped them myself, and if you will permit me, I will take them all up at recess."

"Well, I am glad you have told the truth," said Miss Armor, in a softened voice.

Years passed; Dora was tried and tempted, yet ever that warning voice was in her ear—that solemn injunction, "Let this thought, 'Thou, God, seest me,' deter you," was ever before her, and proved a priceless blessing to her. And when she became a teacher, the memory of that forgiving kiss reminded her of her own youthful failing, and led her to treat the erring with that love which never fails to win them back to truth and keep them in its narrow way.

LESSONS FROM THE GREAT BOOK.—NO. 1.

BY ANNIE PARKER.

HENRY! Henry! have you heard the good news!"
 "What good news, Charles? Is Sebastopol taken, or Cuba annexed, or the price of flour fallen?"

"Nonsense, Henry; you know I don't know or care any thing about such things. The good news I mean concerns you and me. Have you heard it?"

"I've heard nothing the last two hours, Charles. I've been studying."

"That comes of being a book-worm; you never know what is going on around you."

"That is not of so much consequence since I have a brother who knows, and who makes no secret of his knowledge."

"Now you are laughing at me, Henry, but I don't much care; I don't see the use of going through the world with one's eyes and ears shut."

"Neither do I, my most observing little brother. I hope you don't mean to insinuate that I do so?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'insinuate,' Henry. But I do know you'd be as glad as I am if you knew what I do."

"Condescend, then, to enlighten my ignorance."

"I will make you guess, to pay you for laughing at me."

"Ah, don't, that would be too cruel."

"Yes, but I will, though, and you won't be able to guess it in a week."

"Inhuman torturer! Have you the heart to keep my curiosity on the rack seven mortal days, laughing at my suffering the while? My punishment is greater than I can bear. Have pity and tell me, Charles."

"Will you promise not to laugh at me any more?"

"Yea."

"Well, then, we are going next week, you and I, to grandfather's in the country, to stay two months. Won't it be splendid? We shall have nothing to do all day long but plow, and reap, and make hay, and hunt hens' nests, and turn somersets in the barn, and milk the cows, and ride horseback. Not a single lesson in the whole two months! Good-bye to Latin and tough old Greek roots. Oh, I am just as glad as I can be. Come, Henry, put away those musty old books and say that you're glad too."

"Indeed, I am as glad as you are, Master Charles, though for slightly different reasons. My books are my best friends, my pleasantest companions. I should not think of living two months in the country without them, though I hope they will lie many an hour untouched while you and I are studying the great book which will be spread open so invitingly before us."

"What great book do you mean, Henry? Father said I need not take my Lexicons, nor any other books, unless I wanted to. And I don't mean to take any except Robinson Crusoe and Masterman Ready. It will be nice when I am tired to lie down on the grass and read them. But I'm not going to study a word, brother Henry, I give you fair warning, so you needn't carry any great book for my benefit."

"Don't be alarmed, my dear brother. The book I speak of is the great book of nature, of which God is the author, and upon whose pages He has written truths which furnish entertainment for, and instruction to, the loftiest and to the humblest intellect."

"I have heard people talk about studying nature, but I never knew before it was a book."

"Nor is it a book, Charles, like your Latin Lexicon, but an infi-

nately more beautiful and attractive one to those who study it with 'attentive and believing faculties.' The great truths it contains are written in the sunbeams, in the flower, in the hills and trees, in the waving corn and springing grass, in the buds and bird-voices of spring, in the luxuriant beauty and abounding life of summer, in the mellow fruits and ripened grain of autumn, and in the icy frosts and drifting snows of winter. Not a blade of grass climbs to the sunlight, not a flower-bud unfolds its petals, not a leaf flutters on the breeze, not an insect lives its sunny hour of joy, not a bird sings love-songs to its mate, but the observing mind may drink in lessons of wisdom from each event, and find in each food for thought and study. You will learn many a lesson, I hope, my dear Charles, without looking into a book, or so much as once suspecting you are studying."

"Oh, well, Henry, I am perfectly willing to study if I can do so without knowing it. You half-frightened me at first with your wise talk. I like to watch the birds, and butterflies, and flowers, and grass as well as any body does, and if you call that studying, I can be as studious as you please. But I can't stop to talk any longer, I must go and finish my kite. Good-bye, my dear book-worm, you may go back to your musty old folios. The next two months I shall have the squirrels and the robin-redbreasts for my teachers."

The next week, as Charles anticipated, found the boys in the country, and two happier beings did not live on the green earth. One sunny day, at noon, they had gone into the summer-house to rest and cool themselves, when Charles, who had been quiet full five minutes, suddenly exclaimed, "Henry, Henry, only look at that bee! I saw it go into that tulip a little while ago, and now it has come out a pretty-looking object, truly. It is covered all over with dust. What did the silly creature go into that great yellow tulip for? I should have known better than to go there for honey."

"Not so fast, Master Charles, you are not so wise as the bee is, yet. It did not seek for honey, but for bee-bread, and that it found in abundance."

"Bee-bread! what kind of bread is that?"

"It is the substance with which the bees feed their offspring before they have wings to fly abroad and get food for themselves. It is made of what you call the 'dust' which covers the bee you just saw, and which is in reality the farina or pollen of flowers. The bee dives into such a flower as the tulip, and if the anther, or little case or bag that holds the pollen, has not burst, the insect bites it

open, and comes out with meal enough to make a loaf of bee-bread. With her nimble little legs she brushes the dust from her body, and works it into little pellets which she carries to the hive. Arrived there, she summons her companions by beating her wings to come and relieve her of her load. The pellets are then kneaded into paste at the bottom of the cell, and packed away for future consumption."

"How does she know what flowers to go to, to get a supply of flour for bread-making?"

"God teaches her, and she never makes a mistake. It is a singular but well-authenticated fact, that in one excursion from the hive a bee visits only one species of flower. The pollen is of various colors in different flowers. But no matter how many pellets the ambitious bee loads herself with at one time, they are all of the same color. There are probably two reasons for this—one is, that particles of the same kind of pollen cohere more perfectly than particles of different kinds, and are consequently more easily made into pellets; the other is, the pollen from one species of flower is not carried to another species, but each flower is more effectually fertilized by the unconscious aid of the bee."

"Do bees gather honey from every flower?"

"No. In many flowers they never seek for honey. The oleander and crown imperial, and many others, offer them no temptation, perhaps because they are poisonous. They like fragrant plants, and from these they make the most delicious honey. Mignonetta, sage, lemon, thyme, and the 'beautiful clover, so round and so red,' are their delight. Sometimes they extract honey from flowers that are poisonous to man but harmless to themselves. The honey made from these is poisonous."

"I hope grandfather's bees won't make any poisonous honey. How do bees carry home their honey?"

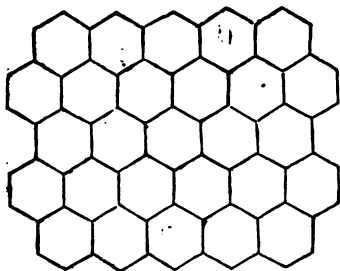
"In the crop, a receptacle made on purpose for it. In this little reservoir they collect it, and when it is full they fly home and empty it into a honey cell."

"I should like to see the bees building those cunning little cells. How do they do it?"

"Building the comb is a very delicate and arduous operation. Wild bees commonly choose the cavity of an old tree for the scene of their labors. The first thing done is to cleanse the cavity thoroughly from dust, and to gnaw off any little projection which might interfere with the construction of the comb. The formation of the

wax of which the comb is made is very curious. When we go into the house I will read you a description of it.

"When the materials for building are all prepared, the bees begin at the top of their chamber and build downward, at first making the cells irregularly and afterward more perfectly. These cells are



hexagonal, that is, they have six sides and six angles, and it is a curious fact that this form allows the cell to be larger in proportion to the amount of wax employed than any other, and to occupy the least possible space. The cells are not always of the same size. Now and then a cell or two may be observed on the edge of the

comb wider, but not as deep as the rest. These are called royal cells. But there is the dinner-bell; we must not keep our good grandmother waiting. This will answer for one lesson from the great book I told you about—whenever you please we will have another."



"Oh, I like to learn such lessons as this; I don't call this studying. I could sit and hear you talk about the bees all day. I had no idea they were such curious little creatures. Thank you,

Henry, for what you have told me. I will learn another lesson from the 'great book' as soon as you please."

EARLY RISING.

Did you but know, when bathed in dew,
How sweet the little violet grew,
Amid the thorny brake;
How fragrant blew the ambient air,
O'er beds of primroses so fair,
Your pillows you'd forsake.

Paler than the autumnal leaf,
Or the wan hue of pining grief,
The cheek of sloth shall grow;
Nor can cosmetic, wash, or ball,
Nature's own favorite tints recall,
If once you let them go.—Herrick.

Walks by the Sea Shore.—No. 1.

SEINING.

BY UNCLE GEORGE.

YOU who have grown up, thus far, in the fresh inland air, will perhaps be pleased to take a ramble now and then with your old friend, along the margin of sea, and snuff the salt air, see what may be seen of new and curious, and find some pleasure if not profit in the journey.

Do not be surprised that you snuff some other odor than salt winds, or even sweet scents from the dense orchards in their richest bloom; if you look over the fields yonder, your eyes will be as much astonished as your nose. Will you believe it? those fields, broad, level, and green, so thickly mottled with white, are literally sown with fish.

Hundreds of acres, here and there, all about you, are whitened with them; tens of thousands of barrels might have been filled by them to make food for man, for these are good for the table, as for the table-lands. They are not all lost to human need, however, for the corn harvest will be doubled by their use on the soil.

These disagreeable scents which last but a short time, and are greatly modified by the sea-air, will soon be converted into dollars. Our stout farmers smell the coming gain, and not the fish; and gentlemen may keep to the windward.

Off over the blue, bright waters, a hundred sails, white, curved, and graceful, seem like a flight of gulls that play upon the waves. These are not vessels of far-bound voyagers, but the boats of the fishermen, who are busy with their seines. Jump into a skiff and join the busy fleet, if you would like to see how the thing's done, to take a thousand barrels of fish at a single draught, as they often do here.

The seine which they stretch is in length from an eighth to a quarter of a mile, and in breadth some thirty or forty feet perhaps; a strong rope is woven through the meshes on each side; on the one side it is leaded to make it sink, on the other, it is strung with blocks of cork to make it float. When the seine is stretched, from near the shore far out into the water, the leaded line falls to the bottom, and holds this part of the seine, which is called the "leader," like a wire fence from the ground to the surface of the water. At the end

of the leader the seine turns round, and runs back a little way, forming a yard, of which the whole bottom and three sides are completely inclosed by the net, which hangs here like a great bag.

The fish, of the kind called *scup*, run in vast sculls (*school* is the common, if not universal pronunciation, but they must be very poorly conducted *schools* where such multitudes of the small fry get in *seine*), and when they come to the fishermen's leader they follow that, to their destruction; for coming to the end they find the road shut up, and before they have time to find their way back to the open mouth of the "trap," as this part of the seine is named, the ready fishermen draw up the mouth of the bag from the bottom to the surface, and thus shut the whole scull in.

At the head of each seine stands one large boat, which will hold a hundred cart-loads of fish, and toward that the men in their skiffs huddle the entrapped fishes, by continually hauling up the seine from the bottom, reaching forward, and letting it fall under the skiffs as they advance, just as you might roll marbles across the floor by taking a fold in the carpet, and moving forward, dropping the first as you take hold in advance. You see that when your marbles reach the wall, your carpet will be where it was; so the net of the seiner is already *set* when he has driven the fish into a close huddle against the large boat, to which the top of the net—the cork line—is then made fast.

The fishermen are now very active; so are the fish, as you will find if we row up too near, for their flappings will give us a drenching shower. The men are furnished with dippers, which are little nets on rings, some sixteen inches in diameter, made fast in stout short handles, say six feet long. With these they scoop up the crowded fishes, and flipping their nets dexterously over, spill them into the boat.

Nearly all of the draught are of one kind, but a few black-fish and blue-fish, which are superior kinds for eating, and a considerable number of "sea-robins," which are a kind of flying fish, and good for little, even to sow on the ground, are included in the haul. The better varieties are put in snacks, and taken to New York and other cities for the market.

Now and then a more formidable visitor intrudes upon the company—a tremendous shark, enough in himself for a cart-load. Lucky for the fisherman then if he does not have his nets torn to shreds, and a general jail delivery made of all his prisoners. If he is careful, however, to give the villain room, and yet not too much,

the great thief will drown himself, and be readily captured; for though sharks are good swimmers, they often get drowned in the coils of a net.

When the seine-boat is loaded, it is taken to the shore, as far up the sandy beach as it will safely float, and the farmers drive into the water with their carts, and get them loaded with fish. Sometimes the oxen have but their heads just out of water, while the driver is immersed to his shoulders. Yet so eager are the farmers for this rich fertilizer, that the beach is thronged with men and teams from miles around, making a very lively show, to complete the landscape, and vie with the scene on the water.

KING CHARLES DOG.

THIS is a diminutive breed of the spaniel. King Charles II., of England, selected the smallest specimens of spaniels that could be found in his kingdom, and then the smallest of their pups, and so on, until the product was the little creature known as the King Charles Dog. It became a great favorite with that "merry monarch," and accompanied him in his walks, and was even admitted to his chamber and permitted to lie on his bed.

Though such a pretty little creature, it is the most useless of all the dog family. It is nothing but a pet, and beyond its silken ears, lustrous eyes, and soft hair, has nothing to recommend it. It possesses none of the intelligent traits so peculiar to the larger representatives of its species.

We have seen little boys and girls that reminded us of the King Charles Dog. They cared for nothing but to be little pets, and were very ill-natured when not petted. Some children are, also, so proud of their "good looks" and fine clothes, that they care nothing for improving their minds by study. Such children, when they become too old to be petted, like this little dog, will possess no intelligence to recommend them to the friendship and esteem of good society.



THE BIRD'S NEST.

BY HORACE S. RUMSEY.

Two birdies built their tiny nest
 One summer in a tree.
 So low upon a branch it hung,
 That one might peep and see
 The beauteous eggs of blue and white—
 The birdies had just three.

A naughty boy the bird's nest found,
 And stole an egg away;
 The birds did not the nest forsake,
 But on the following day
 The little hen, to repair the loss,
 Another egg did lay.

For three successive days the boy
 A bird's egg took away;
 On three successive days the hen
 A tiny egg did lay;
 But on the fourth the boy was sick,
 From home no more could stray.

Instead of eggs there soon appeared
 Of birds a lovely brood,
 And thus the joyous parents sang
 While gathering their food:
 "Our God, who gave these little ones,
 Must be supremely good."

Thus perseverance overcomes
 Whatever may oppose,
 Causes the wilderness to bud
 And blossom as the rose—
 Where all is dark and drear as night,
 A light effulgent throws.

Act like the birds, my little friends,
 When gloomy are the skies,
 For whosoever says, "I c-a-n-t,"
 Will never win the prize;
 But he who says, "I'll try," "I will,"
 To eminence shall rise.

The archives of the world for him
Their treasures shall unfold—
Of knowledge, wisdom, happiness,
Yea, pearls of price untold ;
If true to Nature and to God,
All good shall be behold.

NEVER SATISFIED.

SOME people are never contented with their lot, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are over their heads alike, whether it rain or shine. To them every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity. Even when they have their own way, they like it no better than your way, and, indeed, consider their most voluntary acts as matters of compulsion.

We saw a striking illustration the other day of the infirmity we are speaking of, in the conduct of a child about three years old. He was crying because his mother had shut the parlor door.

"Poor thing," said a neighbor, compassionately, "you have shut the child out."

"It's all the same to him," said the mother; "he would cry if I called him in and shut the door. It's a peculiarity of that boy, that if he is left rather suddenly on either side of the door, he considers himself shut out, and rebels accordingly." There are older children who take the same view of things; they are never satisfied with what they now have, or are doing, but are continually wanting something else.

"ALWAYS A GOOD BOY."—When Washington arrived at Fredericksburg, Virginia, where his mother resided, on his return from Yorktown, in October, 1781, the people came in crowds to greet him; but his mother, though proud of her son, was unmoved by the honors paid to him. When the triumphal procession entered the town, she was preparing yarn for the weaver of cloth for her servants, and was thus occupied when her honored son entered the house.

"I am glad to see you, George; you have altered considerably," were her first words; and during the whole interview not a word was said by either of his glorious achievements. The next day she was visited by Lafayette, who spoke to her in glowing language of the greatness of her son. Her simple and memorable reply was, "I am not surprised, *for George was always a good boy.*"

Children's Department.

ILL NATURE.

ANONYMOUS.

ELLEN, I wish you would run up stairs and get for me the little apron which you will find upon the table."

"I shall not do any such thing. You may get it yourself. It is pretty well if I must run your errands."

This conversation took place between two sisters, the eldest of whom, named Mary, had charge of a little baby, who was creeping about the floor.

"I would get the apron myself, if I could leave the child," continued Mary, "but since you are so ill-natured it is no matter."

The mother of the children had gone out that afternoon, and had promised that on her return home she would make each of them a present, if they had been good. Now do you think that Ellen deserved a present, when she was so disobliging?

As soon as her mother entered the door, Ellen ran to her to claim the promised present.

"Have you been good, Ellen?"

"Oh, very good. I have been quiet all the time you have been gone. I haven't thrown down the chairs, nor scratched the tables, nor broken the china, nor injured any thing."

"And you have done all in your power to assist your sister, I suppose," said her mother; "you have been kind and gentle, and in a good humor all the afternoon?"

Ellen hung down her head, for she did not like to tell the truth.

"Here is the present," said her mother, handing her a beautiful little work-box. "Of course you are conscious of having deserved it, and here is another for Mary."

Ellen eagerly took the box from her mother's hand. She opened and examined its contents. It contained a pair of

scissors, a silver thimble, a needle-case, some little articles made of ivory, and a looking-glass fastened underneath the cover. It was very pretty, and it took her some time to examine it.

"How useful this will be to keep my needles and work in," said Ellen, "and how neatly it will look in my drawer! But—but have I come fairly by it? *Did* I do all in my power to assist my sister? I was ill-natured, and do not deserve the box. It is not mine."

Ellen felt too unhappy to keep the box, and at last she sorrowfully returned it, saying, "Mother, I was not good. I do not deserve the present which you have been so kind as to buy for me."

"Why, have you been doing any thing that is wrong?"

"Yes, mother, I was very ill-natured toward Mary just now, when she asked me to go up stairs."

"Well, Ellen, I will place the box on the shelf. When you think that you have overcome that habit of petulance and ill nature, you may take it for your own."

Three days after this scene Ellen entered the parlor. She looked at the box, and then placed her finger to her lips, and then reflected. "Why have I been so much happier," said she, "for these three days past than I was before? It has not been because I hoped to have the box, for I could have taken that at any time. It must have been because I have left off that ill-natured habit which is so disagreeable to others as well as to myself. Shall I take the box now? No, I think I will wait a little longer."

With great self-denial Ellen refrained from taking the box for a whole month. At the end of that time she took it down, and carrying it to her mother, said, "Here, mother, is the box which you gave me; and though it is very pretty, I do not think it has made me so happy as the victory which I have gained over my ill nature."

"You speak well, Ellen," said her mother; "the ill-natured child is, after all, a greater enemy to herself than any one else; while, on the contrary, she who studies to make those around her happy, will be happier than jewels or riches can make her."

Will my young readers take a hint from this simple but true story? Your lives are short, and you may never be happier in this world than now that you are children. Why should you embitter each other's moments by ill nature and petulance? Why should you not strive to render each other every obligation in your power, especially when such an act is a means of insuring our own happiness?

Ill-natured children will be disliked by young and old. Their selfishness will render them an object of aversion to others, while their cross and dissatisfied humor will make them a burden to themselves.

CHILDREN'S FAITH.

A BOY, six years old, having heard a clergyman preach on the ministry of angels, said to the nurse as he went to bed, "I am not afraid to go to bed now (though before he was very timid), for the minister said that angels watch over us while we sleep."

A father said to his son, who was at a Sunday school, and had attended to what he heard there, "Carry this parcel to such a place."

"It is the Sabbath," replied the boy.

"Put it in your pocket," said the father.

"God can see in my pocket," answered the child.

A little girl, when dying, was asked where she was going?

"To heaven," said the child.

"And what makes you wish to be there?" asked one.

"Because Christ is there."

"But what," said a friend, "if Christ should leave heaven?"

"Then," said the child, "I will go with him."

WHEN the heart is out of tune, the tongue seldom goes right.

Little Songs for Little Folks.—No. 3.

WITH THE BROOK.

BY UNCLE GEORGE.

WE have been to play with the brook to-day,
 The beautiful brook that lives in the meadows ;
 Oh, mother, he *sung* ! and seemed to say
 Things so merry, they made us gay,
 And some so strange they were like a shadow !
 And yet, somehow, as we came away,
 We couldn't remember the things he said, or
 Be sure there were any words in the lay.

But there were winking, and tipping, and glancing ;
 A roguish, musical laugh like Fanny's ;
 And sinking and slipping, and dripping and dancing,
 As if little fairies were dipping their hands in,
 Splashing about as the tall fisherman is,
 Or sprites, unseen, were racing and prancing
 Down the crannies of rocks, where ran his
 Frolicking waters in merry advancing.

And oh, the fun ! as we started to run—
 The shine of the sun ran along on the water !
 And then to see how the shine and we
 All stopped and danced together for glee !
 And how she ran when I would have caught her—
 As if she were fourth of our playful three—
 Our little sis, your angel daughter,
 Whose shining robes we could hardly see !

Oh, mother ! I love the brook, and look
 Far down the sky that we see there, under
 The quiet pool ; and there is no book
 That I ever took which says such things
 As the pebbly channel gayly sings,
 And the still pool *thinks*, as I sit and wonder ;
 A little nook by the brook be mine,
 When I go to dance with the dancing shine !

Editor's Table.

DON'T DISCOURAGE CHILDREN.

IT is related that a poor soldier, having received a severe fracture in his skull, was told by the attending surgeon that his brains were visible. "Do write to father and tell him of it, for he always said I had no brains," replied the young man. From childhood he had received none but discouraging words from those that should have inspired him with high and useful hopes, till he really believed himself unfit for any but the lowest position in society. Who can wonder, then, at his anxiety to have his father informed that his son did possess brains? Many fathers and mothers tell their children that they "have no brains," that they "are foolish," or "heedless," or "stupid," "good for nothing," without ever uttering encouraging words; and in many instances these remarks are so often repeated that the child begins to believe them, at least partially, and henceforth they hang upon him like an incubus, repressing his confidence and energies, thus, by preventing development, they tend to produce the very results for which he has been chided.

Let any person look back to his childhood days, and he can doubtless recall many words and expressions which exerted a discouraging or an encouraging influence upon him; affecting his whole after life. We know a young man of high promise and bright prospects whose aspirations and course of life have been so different from his youthful associates that we could but remark their contrast, and a few months since inquired of him what influences induced him to pursue the course which he had. He replied, "I owe it to the encouragement of my father, who was always holding up before me men of worth and distinction as models, and telling me that I could become as talented and distinguished as any of them if I would; and he cheerfully supplied me with all useful books that I wanted." We had marked his faithful and studious habits, years ago, while a pupil, and witnessed some of the encouragements by the father, and on hearing the above acknowledgment of a father's influence, we felt a deeper admiration for both than ever before. That noble son has abundant cause to be proud of his father, and the father has more abundant reason to be prouder of his son.

How different the case of an ambitious boy who, at the early age of ten years, had become so depressed with fault-finding and reproof, without encouraging words, that he longed for death to take him out of a world in which he began to believe he had no abilities to rise! All was darkness around him; so often had he been told of his faults and deficiencies in a discouraging manner, that he seemed to himself one of the dullest of boys. But light accidentally dawned upon him; a single word of praise and appreciation was carelessly dropped in his hearing, and such was its magic influence that it changed the whole course of his thoughts. He often said that "that word of encouragement saved him." From the very moment he thought he could do well, he resolved that he would, and he has succeeded.

Parents, these are important considerations for you. Would you have your

children honor your names and prove blessings to society? Encourage them. Hold up models for their imitation, and fill their minds with hope by encouraging words.

VALUE OF A GOOD SCHOOL TEACHER.—We earnestly commend to the attention of parents the following thoughts from Channing, on the importance of good instructors for their children :

“There is no office higher than that of a teacher of youth, for there is nothing on earth so precious as the mind, soul, and character of the child. No office should be regarded with greater respect. The first minds in a community should be encouraged to assume it. Parents should do all but impoverish themselves to induce such to become the guardians of their children. They should never have the least anxiety to accumulate property for their children, provided they can place them under influences which will awaken their faculties, inspire them to bear a manly, useful, honorable part in the world. No language can express the folly of that economy which, to leave a fortune to a child, starves his intellect and impoverishes his heart.”

Our Museum.

TEETOTAL.—This word, as applied to temperance, had its origin in Lancaster, England. It was one of the provincialisms of that town to prefix the syllable *tee* to words for the purpose of expressing emphasis, completeness. In one of the temperance meetings in that place, a speaker, named Richard Turner, wishing to express himself emphatically in favor of total abstinence, said, “We must have a *tee-total* abstinence from every kind of drink that will produce drunkenness, if we wish to get rid of drunkenness itself.” From that circumstance the word *tee-total* came into use.

“**BAD SIGNS.**”—In the Seventh Avenue, New York, the following signs were seen: “Tar For Sale Hear;” and over an entrance to a wood-shed, painted in large capitals, “Beware of a Werry Savidge Dog.” In a more rural locality was found the following, at a grocery where refreshments (?) were kept :

“Here Pize and Kakes and Bier I sell,
And Oisters stood and in the shell,
And Fride Wuns tew for them that chews,
And with despatch blacks butes and shews.”

At one of the ferries in Jersey City was found another *bad sign* of intelligence and of the schoolmaster's labors. Here it is :

“Cottage to let in North Bergen Containing six rooms with Three Fire Places and Folling Doors Brick Oven in Kitchen Large garden with Variety of Fruits Quinces Peaches Plume Creapes &c &c The Whold for \$100.”

GOBELIN TAPESTRY.—Tapestry, so-called from a celebrated house in Paris, formerly owned by famous wool-dyers, the chief of whom, Giles Gobelin, is said to have found the secret of dyeing scarlet, which was from him called the scarlet of the Gobelins.

CURFEW BELL.—A custom was introduced by the Normans into England in 1068, during the reign of William the Conqueror, for the ringing of bells at eight o'clock in the evening, at which time all fire and candles were extin-

guished. The Curfew was abolished in the year 1190, during the reign of Henry I.

CLUCK OF THE HEN.—The various clucks of the hen express anger, grief, or joy; and it is also true that most animals vary their tone by various passions.

"NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN."—This phrase originated in the following incident: In 1742 an orphan boy applied at a fashionable tailor's shop in London, in which nine journeymen were employed. His interesting appearance opened the hearts of the benevolent tailors, who immediately contributed nine shillings for the relief of the little stranger. With this capital he purchased fruit, which he retailed at profit. Time passed on, and wealth and honor smiled upon the young tradesman, so that when he set up his carriage, instead of troubling the College of Heraldry for a crest, he painted the following motto on the panel of his carriage-door: "Nine tailors made me a man."

DATES AT FINGER ENDS.—One ought to have *dates* at finger ends, since they grow upon the *palm*.

DIRECTORIES.—The first Philadelphia directories were published in the year 1785. Many of the citizens at that period did not comprehend the object of the inquiries made by those who were sent around to collect the names, occupations, and residences. Some, perhaps thinking the inquiries had a connection with taxation, withheld the desired information; others would not answer the inquiries for reasons best known to themselves. In one of these old directories of the city of Brotherly Love, the answers given by those who refused their names are put down as the names of the respondents, thus:

"I won't tell you." 8. Maiden's Lane.

"I won't tell it." 15. Sugar Alley.

"I won't tell my name." 185. St. John's Street.

"What you please." 49. Market Street.

It may seem remarkable that this class of persons are still residents in our cities, but such facts have been developed during the recent canvas for a New York city directory.

AN APPROPRIATE NAME.—Most of the marriage ceremonies at Appleton, Wis., are performed by the Rev. Mr. Yocum.

THE DRUNKARD'S ROCK.—Hood says, geologically speaking, that the rock upon which hard drinkers split is *quartz*.

BACKWARD READINGS.—Somebody has been amusing himself in constructing sentences that will read the same backward or forward. Here are two productions of that kind:

"Name no one man."

"Snug and raw was I ere I saw war and guns."

Doubtless many a poor, wounded, young recruit, toiling and suffering in the Crimea campaign, could make a personal application of this last curiosity of literature.

ENIGMAS AND PUZZLE.

The gloomy daughter of a brilliant sire,
I spurn the earth—to heaven I aspire;
Those who my father like, can ne'er love me,
And often melt to tears when me they see.

My first and second are the same,
And never meet but to complain.

Supposing eight counters or pennies to be placed in a row, and that they are to be arranged in pairs, one upon another, keeping them still in a line, and without taking any one counter over more than two at a time. How may it be done?

The solution to the enigma in our last number has been sent us by several correspondents, but only "Zeekel" has put the answer in verse.

O yes, master O, I think I know you!

A round with your fellows; and so you do O

The Republic of Letters, which owes you, too;

But in *figures* are (0) nothing, a cipher;

Your *sphere* (O) adds power to the *nine*, although

The digits, not muses; and sure it were queer meaning here

If the Poets did not make you O since you are O,

A cry of delight and of wonder. Alas!

To the trader that *owe* is O to *declare* woe.

Your betters are modestly named in this class,

A, U, and I, with an E, bent right,

In the vocal, or vowel, choir have told

Their names by *letters* and *word*, I hold.

Your *ring* is round, not to sound but sight,

And standing with others you lose yourself quite.

Several attempts have been made to translate the "Specimen of spelling, No. 1;" only some three or four succeeded, who sent us their efforts. The sign was intended to communicate the following intelligence: "Here lives one who cures agues."

Literary Notices.

BOOKS noticed in THE STUDENT will be sent, on receipt of the prices given, to any post-office in the United States, free of postage, by N. A. CALKINS, 348 Broadway, New York.

SPARKS' ANALYSIS OF THE FRENCH VERB. One of the greatest difficulties in the way of an acquisition of the French language exists in the complicated and irregular forms and terminations of the verbs. The work now before us is a chart on which a systematic and complete analysis of the conjugations of all the verbs in the French language, both regular and irregular, is presented to the eye of the learner, so that the arrangement and classification enables one not only to easily learn, but to retain them in the memory. This valuable chart is the result of many years of experience by an eminent practical teacher of the modern languages—Prof. H. O. Sparks—and is acknowledged superior to any thing ever published, to aid in acquiring a thorough knowledge of the French verb. It is highly useful for schools, academies, and colleges, and equally adapted to private use. By its assistance a person can

acquire a better and more thorough knowledge of the French verbs, in three months, than he could in three years by the ordinary methods. It may be used in connection with any French text book or grammar. Price, mounted in form to fold, \$3. On the receipt of this sum we will forward it by mail, to any address, post paid.

STAR PAPERS; Or, *Experiences of Art and Nature*. By Henry Ward Beecher. Published by J. C. Derby, New York. 12mo; 350 pages. Price \$1 25.

This is not a book of sermons, or lectures, or doctrines, or opinions, but a *living book* of nature and art; one that carries the reader wherever the author goes; whether among books and pictures, or birds and flowers, or in forest and field, along the banks of the mountain stream, or by the sea-shore, riding behind the snow-plow in mid-winter, or driving the gentle horse in summer-clad valleys, or even quietly

dreaming beneath shade trees on the hill side. Whatever the writer observes amid all these scenes, the reader sees and enjoys, and, listening the while to the out-gushing love and appreciation of the beautiful in nature and art, becomes fascinated with the flashes of humor and sparkling wit with which these Papers abound. Read the book if in the country, and it will add new pleasures to your life; read it if in the city, and in imagination you will enjoy the freedom and freshness of rural scenes.

ANALYTICAL CLASS-BOOK OF BOTANY, designed for academies and priv. te students. in two parts. Part I. Elements of Vegetable Structure and Physiology. Part II. Systematic Botany. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Quarto; 298 pages. Illustrated with about 500 engravings. Price \$1. 50.

The science of Botany as too often taught, merely showing how to analyze a few flowers and to learn their "symbolical language," is comparatively useless. The fault that such has been its teachings, is not alone that of the teachers; suitable books had not been prepared. We want to learn from Botany how plants grow, and all about their structure and uses, as well as their names, class, and order. From our examination of the work now before us, we believe it to answer the wants of teachers and pupils in this respect more completely than any other that has come under our notice. To all who desire to obtain a useful knowledge of Botany, whether by private study or in schools, we commend this work. Its illustrations are numerous and admirably classified, and the work is printed in superior style.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY is now published by Messrs. Dix & Edwards, No. 10 Park Place, New York. It has an entirely new editorial corps, and promises to extend its already wide popularity. The June number, which closes the fifth volume, contains another of the Sparrow-grass Papers—"Living in the Country"—raucy and laughter-provoking like its predecessors. A new volume begins with July. Terms, \$3 a year.

KANE'S ELEMENTS OF CRITICISM. Edited by Rev. James E. Boyd. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 12mo; 486 pages. Price \$1. 25.

We need hardly say that the object of this work is to attempt the formation of a standard of taste, by unfolding those principles that ought to govern the taste of every individual. It is lamentable that not more attention is paid to the refinement of taste in respect to the beauties of nature and art in all our schools, for even in early life taste is susceptible of culture. The work now before us is adapted to this purpose. It has been thoroughly revised, and all

objectionable extracts excluded. It is not an abridgment of Kane, but the entire work, except only those portions which every intelligent reader could but regard as blemishes, and it is most worthy the object for which it is designed. It is expressly adapted to use in schools.

THE HUNDRED DIALOGUES. By William B. Fowle, of Boston. This is a collection of new and original dialogues for reading and school exhibitions. It comprises a variety sufficient to suit all—comic, witty, wise, serious, and laughable—adapted to boys and girls as well as young men. It is just the work wanted in every school, especially before the examination and exhibition. Price only \$1 for one hundred and seventeen dialogues. Schools supplied by the dozen, at a discount. Address, N. A. Calkins, 348 Broadway, New York.

THE ROBIN RED-BREAST; A New Juvenile Singing Book. By B. A. Russell and C. W. Sanders. Published by Messrs. Ivion & Phinney, New York. 200 pages. Price 40 cents.

If all children do not learn to sing, it certainly will not be from want of juvenile singing books, and of good ones, too. "The Robin Red-Breast" is a new musical candidate for favor among boys and girls, and we trust will find a great many friends, for it contains a large collection of new, choice, and popular pieces for them to sing; arranged with one, two, three, and four voices, and many of them having piano accompaniments. It is published on excellent paper.

THE BIBLE PRAYER BOOK; For Family Worship, and for other Private and Public Occasions. By W. W. Evers. Published by Messrs. Ivion & Phinney. 12mo; 244 pages. Price 75 cents.

This work is adapted to the use of members of all evangelical denominations. It aims to foster among professing Christians the habit of private, family, and social prayer, and to aid them to draw from the inspired volume those rich forms of expression in which the desires may be properly expressed. The forms of prayer are accompanied with appropriate selections from the Scriptures, and besides a family and private use, are adapted to various important occasions, as educational, musical, and agricultural conventions, temperance meetings, etc.

PAPERS FROM THE BELFRY; Or, the Parish Sketch Book. By Rev. F. W. Shelton. Published by Charles Scribner, New York. 12mo; 294 pages. Price \$1.

This volume is composed of sketches suggested by various incidents in parochial life. The writer is a master of humor and pathos, and his descriptions abound in living pictures of life and society. It is one of the books that are worth reading.

THE FLAX; OR, THE STORY OF A LIFE.

FROM THE DANISH OF HANS C. ANDERSEN.

THE Flax stood in full bloom; its flowers were of a delicate blue, soft as the wing of a moth, but far more beautiful! The sun shone upon the Flax, and the summer rain descended on it; and this was good for the plant, even as it is for a little child to be bathed in pure water and then to receive its fond mother's kiss. The babe looks all the more lovely afterward, and thus it was also with the Flax.

"People say that I am grown so tall and so beautiful," said the Flax, "and that the finest and best linen may be woven out of me; now, am I not happy? Truly, I am the most fortunate of beings; for all is bright and well with me now, and hereafter I may hope also to be useful to others. How joyous is the sunshine, and how refreshing the rain! Oh, I am unspeakably happy, the very happiest of beings!"

"Yes, yes," replied a stout twig in the neighboring hedge, "you know nothing of the world; but we do, to our cost, when our knotted stems are cut down;" so saying, he creaked out the following old rhyme:

"Schnipp-schnapp-schnerre
Baselerre,
The song is o'er."

"Nay, it is not o'er," rejoined the Flax; "in the morning the sun shines, or else the falling rain does me good. I feel that I am growing, and that my flowers are still in bloom. Oh, I am so happy, so very happy!"

But one day there came people, who, seizing the Flax by its head, pulled it up by the roots; this was painful. Then it was laid in water that it might become soft; and then it was placed over a slow fire as if it was to be baked. Oh, it was sad work!

"One can not expect to be always prosperous," said the Flax; "one must suffer now and then, and thereby, perhaps, a little wisdom may be gained."

But matters seemed to grow worse and worse; after the Flax had been soaked and baked it was beaten and hackled; neither could it guess the meaning of all that was inflicted. At length it was placed on the spinning-wheel—whizz, whizz, whizz! It was not easy to collect one's thoughts in this position.

"I have been extremely happy," thought the patient Flax amid all its sufferings; "one ought to be contented with the good things one has already enjoyed. Contentment, contentment, oh!" The words were scarcely uttered when the well-spun thread was placed in the room. The whole of the Flax, even to the last fiber, was used in the manufacture of a single piece of fine linen.

"Well, this is really extraordinary; I never could have expected it! How favorable fortune is to me! The old thorn-stick was a sad croaker when he said:

‘Schnipp-schnapp-schernerre
Baselerre,
The song is o’er.’

For the song is by no means o’er; indeed, it seems only to be begun. It is really wonderful! What have I ever done to deserve so happy a fate? Oh, I am the most fortunate of beings! My web is so stout and so fine—so white and so smooth! This is quite another thing from being merely a plant, bearing flowers indeed, but untended by man, and watered only when the rain fell upon me from heaven. Now, I am waited on and cared for. Each morning does the neat-handed maiden turn me over; and in the evening I receive a rain-bath out of the bright green watering-pot; yes, and the pastor’s lady herself has been talking of me, and says I am the best piece in the whole parish. I could not be happier than I am."

Now, was the piece of linen carried into the house; then, submitted to the scissors; oh, how unmercifully was it nicked and cut, and stitched with needles! That was by no means agreeable; but from this single piece were cut twelve linen garments, of that sort which one does not gladly name, but which all men desire to possess. Of such garments twelve were cut out and quickly made.

"Only see, now; I have at length become really useful; and this surely was my true destiny. Oh, what a blessing is this, that I am allowed to produce something that is needful to mankind! and when one is permitted to do so, it is a source of the purest satisfaction. We are now become twelve pieces, and yet we are all one and the same. We are a dozen! What extraordinary good fortune is this!"

And years passed on—and the linen was now quite worn out.

"I shall very soon be laid aside," said each one of the garments; "I would gladly have lasted longer, but one must not desire impossibilities."

So they were torn into strips and shreds; and it seemed as if

THE FLAX; OR, THE STORY OF A LIFE.



now all was over with the worn-out linen, for it was hacked and soaked and baked, and what more it scarcely knew until it became fine white paper.

"Well, this is a surprise—a delightful surprise!" said the paper. "Now am I still finer than before, and of course I shall be written upon. Yes! Who can tell what glorious thoughts may be inscribed upon my leaves? This is indeed an unlooked-for happiness!"

And so it turned out, truly, that the most beautiful tales and poetry were written upon the paper; and some of it came into the hands of a worthy pastor; that was a peculiar happiness; for many people listened to the words he had noted down, and they were so wise and so good that they made men wiser and better than they were before. A blessing seemed to rest upon the words written on this paper.

"This is more than ever I ventured to dream of when I was a simple little blue flower growing in the field. How, indeed, could it have occurred to me that at a future time I should be the messenger of wisdom and of joy to mankind? It is almost inconceivable to me, and yet it is truly so. Our Lord God knoweth that I myself have done nothing, save after my feeble fashion, that which was needful to the very life of my being; yet He has led me on, in this wise, from one degree of happiness and honor to another. Each time when I thought within myself, Now, indeed, 'the song is o'er,' then did it speedily rise to a higher and better strain. Now, I shall doubtless go on my travels, and be sent throughout the world that all men may become acquainted with my contents. This seems most likely; how, indeed, could it be otherwise, seeing that I have now so many precious thoughts to impart, even as many as were the little blue flowers which I bore in my earlier days? Ah! I am so happy—the very happiest of beings!"

But the paper was not destined to set out on its travels, for it was sent to the printing-press; and there all its writing was printed in a book, or rather in many hundred books, so that an infinitely larger share of knowledge and amusement resulted from its circulation than if the written paper had been sent traveling round the world, when it would have been worn out before half its journey was accomplished.

"Well, this is truly a more sensible arrangement," thought the written paper; "never could such an idea have entered my imagination. Now am I left at home, and honored almost like an aged

grandfather, which in fact I am of all those new books, and they will do so much more good in the world; therefore was it that I could not be permitted to set out on my travels. I have, indeed, been kindly cared for by him who wrote the whole; and every word which flowed out of his pen has entered into my substance and become part of my very self. I am surely the very happiest of beings."

Then was the paper gathered in a bundle, and thrown into a barrel which stood in the wash-house.

"After the completion of a work it is good to repose awhile," said the paper; "it is well to collect one's thoughts now and then, and to know oneself is the truest progress. For the first time in my life I now begin to understand aright what I was intended for; and to know oneself is the truest progress. What may be about to befall me now I can not tell, but hitherto each change has been an onward step. Onward, ever onward; is my destiny. This have I learned by past experience."

And so it happened one day that the whole bundle of paper was taken out of the barrel and laid upon the hearth in order that it might be burned there, for it was thought a pity to sell it to the huckster for the purpose of wrapping up sugar and butter leaves. All the children in the house stood roundabout, they wished to see the paper burning; it blazed up magnificently, and afterward were seen countless red sparks darting hither and thither, and one after the other going out so swiftly—so swiftly. Then cried out one of the little ones, "Come and see the children out of school!" and the last spark was the schoolmaster.

It often seemed as if the last one was extinguished, but instead another spark would gleam out, and then came the cry, "There goes the schoolmaster again!" Yes, they were quite well acquainted with him; they only wished to know whither he went. Well, they shall come to know it, but they knew it not. All the old paper, the whole bundle was laid upon the fire, and quickly did it kindle. "Uh! uh!" said the burning paper, and flickered up into clear, bright flames. "Uh! uh!" It was by no means pleasant thus to consume away; but when the whole mass was lighted into one vast glowing flame it rose up so high into the air, higher far than the finest flower ever could have aspired to do, and shone as the finest white linen never could have pretended to do in its most glossy days.

All the written letters became of a scarlet hue, and the words and thoughts rose upward amid the flames. "Now am I ascending

toward the sun itself!" so thought the burning paper; and it seemed as though the words were repeated by a thousand voices in unison, while the roaring flame rushed through the chimney and soared upward into the blue vault of heaven; and, more beautiful than the flame, although invisible to human eyes, floated millions of airy atoms, countless as had been once the blue flax flowers in the field. They were far lighter than the flame which had given them birth; and as this became extinct, and nothing remained of the white paper save the dull black ashes, then these fiery atoms danced fairy-like above them, and wherever they rested a moment, there did the red sparks gleam out brightly again, and then was the cry repeated, "Here are the children out of school, and there is the schoolmaster last of all!" That was fun indeed; and the children sang beside the dark dead ashes the old-fashioned rhyme:

"Schnipp-schnapp-schernerre
Basselerre,
The song is o'er."

But the little, airy, invisible beings spoke in another strain, saying, "The song is by no means o'er, its sweetest part but just begins."

"I know it, and am, therefore, still the happiest of beings."

The children, however, could neither hear nor understand that; neither was it to be expected of them, for children are not intended to know every thing.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF FLOWERS.

NEXT to the resolving of flowers into their component parts, and determining their species, genera, etc., the most delightful of all botanical pursuits is that of Floral Geography. The inquiring mind beholds in every nook where a flower can find room to open its delicate leaves, some new tribute to the unerring providence of God. Every leaf and bud suggests new thoughts, and in viewing the wonderful structure of the vegetable kingdom, the mind begins to form an adequate idea of that Being who not only supplies man with all the necessities of life, but scatters beauty along his path, and speaks to him of hope and mercy through the fragrant cups and emerald leaves of the flowers that blossom everywhere.

There is no place, not even the icy glaciers of Switzerland, where flowers are not found. On the snow-bound coasts of Melville's Island, around which everlasting icebergs are floating, the little red

snow plant opens its tiny petals and stains the white robe of the hills with its crimson light. On the frozen summits of Sulitelma, in Norway, the beautiful blue gentian and fringed pink bend over the edges of glaciers and behold their colors in the polished ice below. The lily of the valley also shines, white and spotless, on the few spaces which the short summers of Norway and Sweden can clothe in green verdure, and the strawberry blossom peeps up along the steep sides of the ice-capped mountains.

And who shall describe the rich luxuriance of tropical growth—the magnificent Brazilian forests and the “lone and lovely islands in the far-off southern seas?” The surpassing beauty of the orange-tree, which displays on one side the golden fruit and on the other its snowy blossoms, is an example. Those who tend the pinning cactus and the drooping exotic in northern hot-houses can form no idea of the gorgeous flowers that bloom, almost perennially, in the rich tropical climes, nurtured by soft southern breezes and fervid sunshine.

Even in phlegmatic, composed Holland these beautiful objects (the alphabets of angels they have been truly called) have been fully appreciated. It seems rather ludicrous to fancy the sturdy, tobacco-smoking Dutch running mad after tulip roots; but when we come to examine the delicate fibers of the soul, and to consider the firm and unalterable links that exist between the beautiful in all its forms and the spirit of man, we cease to wonder.

The thistle of Scotland, the white and red roses of England, and the fleur-de-lis of France are immortalized in history as the emblems of their respective countries. Thus, not satisfied with their supreme dominion over the kingdoms of love, innocence, and beauty, they entwine themselves with wars and politics—no less beautiful, however, in the one case than in the other.

In Miss Mitford's very entertaining “Literary Recollections” she describes an interview with Mr. Webster in her little garden, then filled with roses, pinks, and splendid geraniums; and speaking of the indigenous plants of England and America, she expressed a great desire to see the scarlet lily of New York and the fringed gentian of Niagara, known only to her by Miss Martineau's description. Soon after Mr. Webster's arrival in America, Miss Mitford received a package of the seeds of each, directed by Mr. Webster's own hand. What more beautiful gift than this from the cultivated vales of New York and the roaring torrent of Niagara, to the castled homes and ivy-clad towers of old England could be found?

No wonder that Miss Mitford, passing half her life among the flowers, should be so truthful a delineator of nature.

Happy, then, is the person who is early taught a love of flowers. Earth may grow weary to him, life may lose its charms, but he will ever derive consolation from the thousand sources of nature. He may go forth despairing and disgusted with the deceptive charms of the world; but when he is alone in the mossy woods, with the flowers all around, and their odor rising in the hushed air, he finds that there is beauty still left in existence. His spirit roves from the beautiful flowers to their Maker and Preserver, and to the blessed coming-time when he shall wander as a white-robed angel where the roses of Paradise are blossoming along the River of Life, fadeless and beautiful, the types of a glorious immortality to the erring and wayward heart of man.—*Anonymous.*"

CUSTOMS OF THE KIRGIS

THE Kirgis are a wild nomad tribe inhabiting the far interior of Siberia, whose manners accord well with their mode of life. Time has brought with it little civilization to them, though it has softened some of their customs and abolished others. They were wont, in ancient times, to blind their captives; to drink blood out of the skulls of their enemies; and to take the skins of their dead foes and apply them to a variety of purposes. These customs have been abandoned, but others there are scarcely less barbarous, which they still habitually practice.

For instance, they have a habit of knocking Russian prisoners dexterously on the head, with a heavy instrument, in such a manner as to blunt their intellect, and render them less capable of effecting their escape. Another practice, which has been described by an eye-witness, is no less horrible. When they have caught a Russian whom they wish to retain in servitude, they cut a deep flesh wound in the sole of his foot toward the heel, and insert some horse-hair in it. This wound having healed, compels the Russian (who is habitually opposed to the habit of riding) to be constantly in the saddle, since the pain of walking is too great to endure. The maimed captive becomes, therefore, a confirmed equestrian.

This practice reminds us of another, which prevails on the banks of the Koti River, in Borneo, where the wild and warlike tribes inhabiting its banks undertake expeditions into the far interior to

catch some of the poor savages, whom they-compel to navigate their canoes for them. The prisoner's foot is cut off, and the stump inserted into a hollow piece of bamboo, filled with hot melted dammar or rosin, so that the wretched captive is incapacitated forever from any other labor save that of paddling a boat.—*Anonymous.*

Easy Lessons in Geology.—No. 2.

WORDS IN GEOLOGY.

SUPPOSING that our readers have learned the Alphabet given in our first lesson, we will now proceed to unite some of those geological letters, and form words. First, we will take the three letters first described—Quartz, Mica, Feldspar—and, uniting them in the most irregular manner, the product is GRANITE, the oldest rock known, and the highest in position on the mountains. This contains the materials out of which many other rocks have been formed. When decomposed, its quartz becomes sand, and its feldspar and mica produce clay.

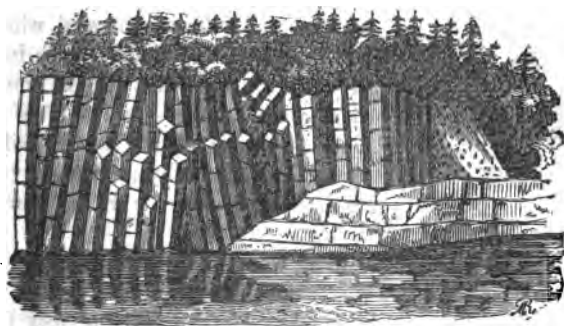
The color of this rock depends upon the color of the ingredients composing it; white and flesh-colored are the common hues. Sometimes it is *coarse-grained*, as it is termed, when the quartz, feldspar, and mica are found in masses; but when these minerals are fine and well mixed together, the granite is called *fine-grained*. This latter kind is the quality used for building purposes.

GNEISS very much resembles fine granite, though the feldspar is less abundant than in that rock. All the grains are finer than in granite, while the mica is more abundant, giving it a silvery, glistening appearance. Its name signifies to sparkle. Gneiss has been called stratified granite; and as the mica lies in a uniform direction, it may easily be split into slabs suitable for sidewalks. This is a common rock on New York Island. Distinct crystals of feldspar are sometimes found in gneiss; it is then termed *porphyritic*.

MICA SLATE is composed of mica and quartz, the former predominating. It somewhat resembles gneiss; and is also abundant on New York Island. In this rock the two minerals, mica and quartz, are so finely mixed that it is not easy to distinguish them. It is softer than the rock previously named, and its general surface is wavy, yet it splits readily, and is used for paving sidewalks and similar purposes.

SYENITE is composed of feldspar, quartz, and hornblende, the first-named mineral predominating. Its name is derived from Syene, in Upper Egypt, from whence the famous rock so much used in the ancient monuments of Egypt was obtained. Mount Sinai, in Arabia, is composed of Syenite. When the feldspar of this rock is flesh-colored, the syenite has a reddish hue, as in the famous Cleopatra's Needle, in Egypt. Syenite is abundant in Quincy, Massachusetts, and furnishes a large proportion of the granite buildings in the Northern Atlantic cities, where it is commonly known as "Quincy Granite." The Astor House and Merchant's Exchange in New York, and Bunker Hill Monument are built of this stone. Its color is dark green or gray.

BASALT is composed of augite, or hornblende and feldspar, the former comprising the principal ingredient. Its color is black, dark green, or grayish, and its texture compact. It is nearly the same as *greenstone*, so that both names are often applied to the same rock. In geological terms it would be called a "trap rock." The basalt rocks are frequently found in columns, with from three to twelve sides. The Giant's Causeway, in the north of Ireland, is one of the most regular formations of basaltic columns in the world. Others may be found in the Isle of Staffa, west of Scotland. The "Palisades" of the Hudson River, "East and West Rocks" near New Haven, Connecticut, and "Titan's Piazza," on Mount Holyoke, Massachusetts, are all composed of basaltic rocks. This rock is abund-



Basaltic Columns Lake Superior; N. Shore.

ant on the north shore of Lake Superior and along the Columbia River in Oregon, also in various other parts of the United States.

TRACHYTE is composed of feldspar, with a small proportion of

hornblende and mica. Its name is derived from a Greek word signifying rough, from its harshness to the touch. This rock often contains crystals of feldspar, hence it is sometimes called *trachytic porphyry*. A gray variety of this rock produces a clear ringing sound when struck with a hammer, and from this fact is called *clinkstone*.

HORNBLLENDE SLATE is chiefly composed of hornblende, with small proportions of feldspar, quartz, and mica.

We have now given you all the principal geological words, composed of the first three letters in our Alphabet. From this lesson it will readily be seen how simple the study of Geology becomes after the Alphabet has been learned. We hope our readers will now endeavor to master this Alphabet, that they may be ready for "More Words in Geology" in our next lesson.

SOLITUDES.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.



THERE is a wide difference between solitudes. Some are very empty, and some are very populous; some are dreary, and others most cheerful; some oppress and suffocate the soul, while others refresh it, and tempt it forth into that freedom from which it shrinks among the hard ways of life—just as birds in the deep solitudes of the woods will sing and disport themselves as they never dare to do in the open air where hawks are flying.

One ought to love society if he wishes to enjoy solitude. It is a social nature that solitude works upon with the most various power. If one is misanthropic, and betakes himself to loneliness that he may get away from hateful things, solitude is a silent emptiness to him. But as, after a bell has tolled or rung, we hear its sounds dying away in vibrations fainter and fainter, and when they have wholly ceased feel that the very silence is musical too, so is it with solitude, which is but a few bars of rest between strains of life, and

would not be what it is if we did not go *from* activity to it, and *into* activity from it.

Silence is thus a novelty ; and a sympathy with forms of nature, and with phenomena of light or twilight, is heightened by its contrast with ordinary experience. Besides, one likes to stand out alone before himself. In life he is acting and acted upon. A throng of excitements are spurring him through various rapid races. Self-consideration is almost lost. He scarcely knows what of himself is himself, and what is but the working of others upon him. It is good, now and then, to sit by one's self, as if all the world were dead, and see what is left of that which glowed and raged along the arena. What are we out of temptation, out of excitement ? In the loom we are the shuttle, beating back and forth, carrying the thread of affairs out of which grows the fabric of life. Slip the band ; stop the loom. What is the thread ? What is the fabric ?

Then there are some thoughts that will no more come upon the soul among rude sounds and harsh labors than dews will fall at mid-day. There are message-thoughts which come to us from God ; there are soul-certainties of God himself ; there are convictions of immortality far deeper than reasonings ever bring—intuitions, eye-sight, rather than deductions.

That longing which the soul feels, that there should be some *voice* of God, actual, audible, is never so great as in solitudes of beautiful scenery. Why will He not speak to us ? What need of an everlasting silence ? We speak to Him, and none answers. We pour out our heart's confession ; it dies away into the air, and none answers. We yearn and beseech for the food of life, on which the soul of man must feed ; whatever we get, we get it silently. Minds speak, trees speak, waters speak, human life with mingled myriad voices speak ; but God never ! He is the Eternal Silence. It was not always so. In olden days men heard the voice of God. It shall not always be so. That voice will be heard again. * * * *

There are times in the seclusion of the forest, or upon a sequestered lake, or upon a leafy hill-top, that one can bear to unbury their dead, behold again their pale faces, unlock old joys of love, and let the specters forth. There are some things which one can think of only once in a great while.

Our solitudes act upon affections and friendships just as death does. For death draws into the grave, not alone the dishonored body, but also all those weaknesses of the soul and imperfections which sprang from its alliance with the body ; and we then see our

friends purged from their faults, dressed in the rarest excellences, and touched with golden glory. Thus, too, is it in the separation and solitude of the wilderness. They whom we love rise up in a mellowed remembrance, as a tree stands charmed in a midsummer's moonlight, its broken branches hidden, its unequal boughs all rounded out and softened into symmetry, and the whole glowing with silver light, as if transfigured. Then we entertain thoughts of affection such as might beseem a God. We enter into its royalties, and conceive its function, and know that it is the life of the world, the breath of every holy soul, the atmosphere of the Divine Heart, and the substance of heaven. When the tranquil eye of God, looking around, traces that circle within which love wholly prevails, so that all things spring from it, and it lives in them always and perfectly, then that circle is heaven, and such are the bonds thereof.—*Star Papers.*

THE STUDENT'S WELCOME.

AN EXHIBITION SONG. AIR—"OH COME, COME AWAY!"

Oh come, come away,
Ye friends of education!
From labor's call
And pleasure's hall,
Oh come, come away!
No matter what your rank or place,
Come from the furrow or the chase,
And join in our gathering—
Oh come, come away!

Oh come, come away,
Though no Calhoun or Webster,
To *pro* or *con*
The tariff on,
Cries, "Come, come away!"
Sure we can tell you all they've said,
And yet not "sponge" the people's bread—
So come to our gathering,
Oh come, come away!

Oh come, come away,
Though here's no Patrick Henry
To bid us fight
For freeman's right—
Oh come, come away!

And we can wake the storm once more,
And bid the mimic thunders roar,
And lead to bloodless victory—
Oh come, come away!

Oh come, come away,
Our writers too are waiting,
With scroll in hand
They ready stand—
Oh come, come away!
Such compositions erst were spun
When flaxen-headed Addison
"Drove quill" in the Academy—
Oh come, come away!

Oh come, come away;
For Science here hath chosen
A calm retreat,
Her sons to greet—
Oh come, come away!
Here learning's boundless store outspread,
Expands the heart, illumines the head,
And points to deeds of noblest fame—
Oh come, come away!

Oh come, come away,
Ye friends of education!
From labor's call
And pleasure's hall,
Oh come, come away!
Come with your presence and your smile,
The scholar's toilsome way beguile,
We'll pay you with our gratitude—
Oh come, come away! L. R.

LEGEND OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

"*Hoshi Vi Oka Taki.*"

"The sun falls into the water."

THE forest bloomed, and the tall trees rustled their leaves courteously when the gentle wind passed along. The spring-time, when the snows melt away, and the fields look green, and animals are all busy again, had come, and it was irresistible.

Now it was usual with the chiefs of the Choctaw nation to assemble to discuss all matters having interest for the well-being

of the people—to allot the districts of the hunting-grounds, to make war, and to confirm treaties by the pipe of peace.

And thus it happened that in the merry spring-time, when friendship is warmest, truest, trustiest, the old men of the tribe met the young men in council, for the young men proposed changes and reforms which the old men were willing to discuss with them.

All matters having been arranged, the soothing pipe went from hand to hand, the old men thanking the Great Spirit for the pleasant times of peace, and the young men anxiously hoping for many, many years of it. "The Great Spirit," they thought, "is good and noble, mild and merciful, strong and unwearying. His beginning is like that of the sun, unknown, and his end likewise. Inscrutable both, magnificent all."

Hence arose the question: "Whither does the sun depart at the close of the day?"

Then arose the great doctor, and he spoke, but his words, like those of many great doctors, were vain and doubtful. He sat down, and the last echo of his words died in the forest. Vain were his words, but sounding.

Then arose an aged chief, renowned for eloquence, but he arose and said that he knew nothing of it. Confounded was his mind, and he sat down in silence.

Many of the chiefs arose, and many, nay, all, avowed their ignorance. Dark was the subject, but mighty.

Then it was asked: "Is there no way by which the matter might be ascertained? Could the resting-place of the weary sun be discovered by a long, long journey into the depths of the dark forest, far, far away from the haunts of the beaver; far, far beyond the tribes of the nations? Was there any warrior in the bands of the people of the Choctaws who would depart from the hunting-lodges, would leave the hunting-grounds, and peril himself among the doubtful abodes beyond the lodges of the enemy?"

Then arose the pride of the warriors, a youth in freshness and activity unsurpassed, patient as the beaver, courageous as an Indian only can be: "I will leave my people!" said he; "I will quit the haunt of the beaver, I will depart from the traces of the buffalo, I will turn away from the well-beloved lodge of my family; but I will seek the going down of the sun, I will win a name for my people; they will find me, whom they have benefited and assisted, not unmindful of their desire."

Then he bade them farewell; and "Bear me in remembrance,"

said he, "though I am indeed but weak in comparison with the task I have to perform, yet the Great Spirit shall sustain me, and he will gratify my thirst for knowledge. One day I shall return, and all will be well."

Well remembered was he of the nations, he of the unfaltering purpose; daily was their conversation of him; daily with the sun did they recollect the thing for which he had gone forth. Yet he had returned not when the great doctor died, the man of many words. The old chief died, and the great men of the nation, but the young warrior came not back. The people looked for him, the prophets prophesied of his coming, but he could not be seen. Years passed away, so long ago had it been, that he was forgotten.

Summers, autumns, winters, springs had passed and passed again, and the forest-trees bowed again before the gentle breath of the wind. Merry spring-time, the time of light hearts, had again come round.

The nations were assembled, and the pipe passed round once more. The men, the women, and the children of the tribe were there. Mirth was in each eye, gladness in each bosom. Peace and plenty were known far and wide in the land.

Then came tottering in an old man, a very, very old man, with a bent form and a head of snow; but an eye of fire beamed from the wrinkled brow. It was the eye of knowledge; he had suffered, he had toiled, he had learned. The people rose up and testified their reverence for the old man.

"Have ye forgotten me?—has the young man who sought the resting-place of the sun died out of your memory?"

Then an old man of the assembly remembered the tale which his father had told him, that such a thing had happened.

"Behold," said the traveler, "the man! I am the youthful warrior. I sought the resting-place of the sun amid the solitudes of far-distant hunting-grounds. I passed over rocks, over rivers, over prairies, through forests, and came to a great water. Standing there upon the brink of the shore, I saw the sun descend and fall into the water. I said that I would return, and the Great Spirit has guided me back to you. Bury me in the land of my fathers. My work is done. Farewell all of you!"

And the old man lay down and died, and the Choctaws preserve his memory in the expression for the setting sun: *kushi*, the sun; *ut*, into; *oka*, water; *tuli*, falls—"The sun falls into the water."—*Anonymous*.

Month's Department.

RALPH AND HIS CHICKENS.



"CAN you get me a chicken, father?" said Ralph Williams one morning, running into the house and clapping his hands. "Dear father, may I have a chicken?"

"A chicken, my son!" said his father; "what put such a notion into your head? Haven't you had your breakfast?"

"Oh, yes, father," replied Ralph, "I've had my breakfast; but it was not a cooked chicken that I meant. I want a real live chicken. Lizzie wants one, too."

"Yes, yes," chimed in Lizzie, who had now come in; "do get us a chicken."

"Why, what in the world has set you going to raise chickens?" returned Mr. Williams.

"Oh," said Ralph, "we saw some nice ones at Cousin Henry's, yesterday. He says they are all his own, and that they lay ever so many eggs."

"But your Cousin Henry has some one to take care of them, I suppose. His father keeps a hired man."

"Yes, I know that; but that don't make any difference," said Ralph, "for Henry has to do it all himself. He made the agreement with his father. And he says if you will get me some, he will come and help me make a coop for them."

"Do you know how much it takes to keep a lot of fowls?" said Mr. Williams.

"I suppose it does cost considerable," replied Ralph, hesitatingly.

"But you know how much we throw away about the house that might help to feed something."

"I am glad you think of such things, my son," added his father.

"Who is at the head of your class in school?"

"I am, father."

"I thought I heard you say so last night. Would not a parcel of fowls take away your attention from your books?"

"No, I don't think they would."

"Well," replied Mr. Williams, "I will lend you money enough to buy a pair of fowls, for which you must give me your note. Lizzie may come into the arrangement, if she likes, with you. You may use the barn, and you may have any thing about the house that the hens will eat, and that is likely to be wasted, free of charge. You must take care of your flock during your leisure, and not trespass upon your school hours or neglect your books. I shall insist upon these conditions. Do you agree to them?"

"Oh, yes, father!" said the delighted boy.

"Very well; you may now go to school, and to-night I will bring you the *chickens* you are so anxious about. To-morrow afternoon your cousin may help you build a house for them."

Ralph and his sister, after thanking their father for his kindness, set out with happy hearts to school. After school the children gave the barn a thorough examination, stimulated by an interest which they never felt before. They fixed an old barrel for a nest, putting soft hay into it, with as much care as though it was their own bed.

When the coach stopped before their door that night, upon the return of their father from town, a box containing a nice pair of fowls was lifted down and placed in the yard. Ralph ran at once for the hammer, to knock off the slats from the box and set the prisoners free. To be sure, they did not feel much at home. The cock strutted round, shaking his big bushy tail, as savage as he could be; while the hen looked shy and suspicious (as hens generally do), cackled her thanks at being liberated, and began to walk away. A good supper, which the attentive Lizzie had prepared, soon put the whole party upon amicable terms. Peace was declared, and the new-comers took up their abode in the barn.

"Now, my son," said Mr. Williams, after supper, "we will have this matter all fixed correctly, and then there will be no misunderstanding. The fowls are yours—"

"And mine," suggested Lizzie.

"What, are you going shares with Ralph? Well, all right; only we must have what business people call a *joint note*. Bring a pen and ink, Lizzie."

The writing materials were produced, and a note was drawn, which Ralph and his sister signed. It ran as follows:

"\$1 50.

W—, March 13, 1852.

"One year after date, we jointly and severally promise to pay Nathan Williams, or order, one dollar and fifty cents, for value received.

• RALPH WILLIAMS,

LIZZIE L. WILLIAMS."

"Now, my children, let me see how faithful you can be in the management of your stock. They will pay you in exact proportion as you take care of them; remember that. If you neglect them, or shut them up, expecting that they will take care of themselves, I am afraid your speculation will not amount to much. But if you should prove good masters, and exercise constant care over your fowls, they will bring it back to you with interest. I will buy any thing which they may produce, at a fair market price, of which you must keep a correct account. Your cousin will give you some good advice about the matter, and I will advise you from time to time about what needs to be done. But I want you to remember that the speculation is entirely your own, and let us see what you will make of it."

The next day, which was Saturday, their Cousin Henry came over in the afternoon, and the children went busily to work to build a house for the new-comers. Henry said that it was necessary to have a yard for them on the south side of the barn, where they could wallow in the dirt. This they constructed of slats, and from this an entrance was made into one corner of the barn, where a roosting-place was prepared. By the time the sun went down, every thing was ready, and the fowls were put into their new abode.

After supper Henry told Ralph how to manage. He said he must keep *clean, fresh* water constantly at hand for his flock, and give them some corn every day, with a variety of other food, such as they would eat. He must also have a shallow box of ashes near them, where they could wallow; give them oyster-shells, pounded fine, occasionally, and weeds and other green things from the garden, when they could be had. Ralph promised to attend to the instructions of his cousin in all respects, and so the children separated for the night.

The next day but one, on his return from school, Ralph's mother told him that there had been an "awful cackling" in his hen-coop during the forenoon. Ralph sprang like a deer for the barn, returning presently with the tidings that there was an egg in the nest. On his father's return from town at night, he had to go down and see it. Ralph offered to sell it at once, but Mr. Williams told him he

had better let it be, and let the hen sit, and increase the size of his flock.

"Yes—but, father," said Ralph, "she *don't want* to sit."

"Well, you wait," said his father, "and, above all things, keep away from her nest, and don't touch or disturb her. Do not even look into the nest. She will sit without your assistance, when she gets ready, only don't go near her."

I will not tire my readers by relating how carefully and how constantly the children took care of their fowls; how their eyes sparkled with joy to see, after some weeks, a brood of fourteen young chickens running about, all their own; or how the young ones flourished under the care and attention of their little master and mistress.

At first Mr. Williams said that he feared that Ralph and Lizzie would get tired of taking so much trouble for them, or, as he expressed it, "it would get to be an old story." But he was greatly mistaken. Ralph never relaxed his attentions in the least. With the increase of his cares he redoubled his exertions. True, he had a good copy to follow in Cousin Henry, who was quite an adept at raising fowls, and who came down almost every day to see Ralph, and to ascertain how he got along. At such times he would suggest any improvement he thought of; and Ralph, always ready to take advice from those older than himself, profited greatly by his kindness.

Let us now skip over the events of several months, and come to the *profits* of Ralph's venture; for, after all, that is the main thing to look at. I shall say nothing about the pleasure the children experienced in the business. I shall not mention the benefit derived by them in devoting their spare time to something useful, learning to depend upon themselves, and to assume the cares of business, in a small way, even in their youth—a benefit which, I trust, parents at any rate, will appreciate, without any promptings of mine—but come at once to the dollars and cents.

A whole year passed by, when, one evening after supper, Ralph told his father that his note was due the next day, and he wanted to have it paid.

"Well done, my son," said Mr. Williams, "I am glad to find that you have not forgotten it. But you are entitled to 'three days' grace,' you know."

"No matter about that," replied Ralph; "the note says *one year*. The year is out to-morrow, and I should like to settle up."

"Very well. I am glad to have you look after your promises, no

matter how closely. I trust you will never give a note, even to me, which you do not feel certain you can pay when it is due. PROMPTNESS and PUNCTUALITY will give a person a good name anywhere. Now sit down and let me see your bill against me."

"Here it is, father, all ready. Lizzie keeps the books, and she says it is right."

"What's this I see? A bill against me amounting to seventeen dollars and eleven cents, as I am alive! Why, isn't there some mistake?"

"No, mother has counted the eggs herself, and she says it is all right. We have let you have five hundred and seventeen eggs, besides nine chickens in December. We owe you for four bushels of corn, which you let us have."

"And so I am—let us see—twelve dollars and one cent in your debt; that is, charging you ninety cents a bushel for the corn. Well, here is your note, and the balance in money, with which you can do as you like."

"Oh, we wish you to keep the money until we want it," said both the children.

"Very well," replied Mr. Williams, "I will do so, and pay your interest. And so you have made twelve dollars in one year on your chickens."

"Yes," said Ralph, "and we have seventeen nice fowls left on hand from both broods. That's more gain."

"Nice fowls they certainly are," returned his father, "and they do you and your sister much credit. But, my son, you have forgotten the most valuable part of your profits. You have learned to be faithful and industrious, and you have persevered in well-doing where others older than yourselves would have failed. This is worth more to you, believe me, than all your fowls ten times over. Continue in that habit as long as you live, my children, and I shall never regret buying you 'a chicken.'—*Playmate*.

TRADES BY BIRDS, BEASTS, AND INSECTS.

PLEASE to tell me something to amuse me, uncle, will you? for I am so tired."

"But if you are so tired, Henry, what likelihood is there of your listening to me with attention?"

"Oh, I will not lose a word! I should never be tired of hearing you talk."

"Well, if I am to talk to amuse you, it must be about something entertaining. Suppose I tell you of the trades which are carried on by the lower creatures."

"Trades! Why, how can they carry on any trade? Do you mean to say that beasts, and birds, and such like carry on trade?"

"You shall hear. The fox is a dealer in poultry, and a wholesale dealer, too, as the farmers and farmers' wives know to their cost."

"That is true, certainly."

"Not satisfied with ducklings and chickens, he must needs push on his trade among the full-grown cocks and hens; and many a good fat goose is conveyed to his storehouse in the woods."

'A wily trader in his way
Is Reynard, both by night and day.'

"And what other creature carries on a trade besides the fox?"

"The otter and the heron are fishermen, though they neither make use of a line nor of a net. It is not very often that we catch sight of the otter, for he carries on his trade, for the most part, under the water; but the heron is frequently seen standing with his long, thin legs in the shallow part of the river, suddenly plunging his lengthy bill below the surface, and bringing up a fish. You can not deny that the heron and the otter are fishermen."

"No, that I can not; but never should I have thought of it if you had not told me."

"Ants are day-laborers, and very industrious too in their calling; they always seem in earnest at their work. Catch them asleep in the daytime, if you can. They set us an example of industry."

'Ants freely work, without disguise;
Their ways consider, and be wise.'

"Go on, uncle; I am not half so tired as I was."

"You seem all attention, certainly, Henry. The swallow is a fly-catcher, and the number that he catches in a day would quite astonish you. Often have you seen him skimming along the surface of the brood and the pond."

"Yes, that I have, and swallows are as busy as ants, I think."

"The beaver is a wood-cutter, a builder, and a mason, and is a good workman in all these trades. He cuts down the small trees with his teeth; and after he has built his house, he plasters it skillfully with his tail."

"Well done, beaver! He seems to outdo all the rest."

"The wasp is a paper-maker, and he makes his paper out of materials that no other paper-maker would use. If ever you should examine a wasp's nest, you will find it all made of paper."

"How many curious things there are in the world that I never thought of!"

"Singing-birds are musicians, and no other musicians can equal them in harmony. Hardly can we decide which has the advantage; the lark, the blackbird, the thrush, or the nightingale.

"On feathery wing they freely rove,
And wake with harmony the grove."

"I am afraid that you are coming to the end."

"Oh, never fear. The fire-flies are lamp-lighters."

"Yes, I have seen them. I shall not forget the lamp-lighters."

"The bee is a professor of geometry, for he constructs his cells so scientifically, that the least possible amount of material is formed into the largest spaces with the least waste of room. Not all the mathematicians of our colleges could improve the construction of his cells."

"The bee is much wiser than I thought he was."

"The caterpillar is a silk-spinner, and far before all other silk-spinners in creation. For the richest dresses that we see we are indebted to the silk-worm. With what wonderful properties has it pleased our heavenly Father to endow the lower creatures!"

"I shall be made wiser to-day, uncle, than I have ever been before."

"The mole is an engineer, and forms a tunnel quite as well as if he had been instructed by an engineer. The nautilus is a navigator, hoisting and taking in his sails as he floats along the water, and casting anchor at his pleasure."

"I should never have believed that any one could have made these things out so clearly."

"Let me finish them by observing that the jackal is a hunter, the hawk an expert bird-catcher, the leech an excellent surgeon, and the monkey the best rope-dancer in the world."

"Well done, uncle! you have amused me, indeed. I could listen an hour longer without being tired."—*Anonymous*.

Be polite, modest, and respectful to every one.

ROBIN REDBREAST IN THE FIR-TREE.

BY ANNIE PARKER.

By the low-roofed cottage window,
In a fir-tree green and fair,
Robin Redbreast and his darling
Built a nest with choicest care.

Swift they flew o'er field and meadow,
And from forests far away
Robin brought the daintiest mosses,
Wove them in with fragrant hay.

Soft and fleecy was the lining,
Just as nice as nice could be;
Far and near the little Birdies
Came this perfect nest to see.

When at last it all was finished,
Robin to his gentle bride
Sang a song of loving welcome,
As she nestled by his side.

Lula from the cottage window
Saw him bring her dainty food—
Tempting cherries from the orchard,
Or ripe berries from the wood.

Two such happy, loving Redbreasts
You will very seldom see;
Robin sang, and frisked, and capered,
With a heart brim full of glee.

And his quiet little wife,
When her Birdies burst the shell,
Half beside herself with pleasure,
Felt a joy no words can tell.

When the brood had grown to birdhood,
And their wings became quite strong,
Robin gave his parting blessing,
Sang to them a farewell song.

(Lula heard it in the cottage,
And repeated it to me,
And it was so short and simple,
I've remembered it, you see.)

Robin sang in a voice as clear as a bell
 (I pray you, dear children, remember it well)—
 “There is nothing, dear Birdlings, so blessed as love,
 A nest in a fir-tree, the good God above;
 And if *you* would be happy in field and in wood,
You must always be gentle, and loving, and good.”



FIFTEEN MINUTES TOO LATE.

BY CATHERINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

WILLIAM JONES was a boy possessing not a few desirable qualities, which procured for him many friends; but he had one very bad habit, which made himself and his friends a great deal of trouble, and that was the habit of being tardy. To give my young readers some idea of the mischief occasioned by this habit, I will first introduce William to them on a bright summer morning in June.

The father and mother of William and two sisters are at the breakfast table; but is William there? No; his seat is vacant. Where is he? As it is a beautiful summer morning, perhaps he is in the yard or garden, enjoying as children do enjoy such mornings. It may be the notes of that robin, which is pouring forth its morning song of praise from the boughs of the cherry-tree, standing half way between the house and the garden, have arrested his attention, and chained him to the spot, in half forgetfulness of the fact that there is any breakfast to be eaten this morning.

Well, even if he is there, under the cherry-tree, he is not where he should be. It would have been pleasant to have seen him there ten minutes before, his cheeks ruddy with the exercise of an early morning walk, listening to the sweet notes of that robin, while waiting for the summons of the breakfast bell; but that is not his place now, and boys never appear to advantage when out of their place. But William is out of his place, that is evident, for there stands unoccupied the chair which should be filled by him. Neither is he under the cherry-tree. The innocent robin can not be charged with being the cause of his want of punctuality. If this had been the case, we should be half inclined to forgive him, even though the excuse was insufficient to justify him; but he is not there. He has

not seen the yard or garden, or heard the notes of a bird this morning, not he.

There he is, washing his hands and face, preparatory to breakfast. How sleepy he looks! It is to be hoped that he will dash on the cold water, until he is thoroughly awake. But he will do no such thing. He knows he is belated, and after wetting the tips of his fingers and the end of his nose, he proceeds to the breakfast-table, rubbing his eyes on the way to prevent falling asleep before he reaches it.

William does not appear to very good advantage this morning, does he? There is not a bird on the trees, nor a bright flower which grows more bright in the sun's morning beams, which would not put him to the blush. Now, what is the cause of it all? Simply this, that after William awoke in the morning, and knew it was time for him to get up, he said to himself, "I will lie just a few minutes longer," and again fell asleep.

He slept so long that he was not even up in time for breakfast, to say nothing of the loss of the early morning walk, and that sweet concert in the cherry-tree to which he might have had a free ticket.

After breakfast, William goes out to take the walk he should have taken before breakfast. He does this to wake himself up enough to get his lessons in geography, before school. We look at him again as he comes in. Now that his eyes are open, they certainly look very bright, and as he fixes them upon his book, there seems to be a fair prospect that the lesson will be acquired. Indeed, he seems anxious that it should be, and applies himself to the work with great diligence. A prize has been promised by his teacher to those of the class who do not miss a question in geography during the term. William has not missed one yet, and he hopes to secure the prize. Soon the school-bell rings. He hopes he has his lesson perfectly, but he has been interrupted, and he is not quite sure of it. If he only had ten minutes more, he could put that question beyond all doubt. He goes to his class, and misses one question. If he had improved the time he had wasted in bed, in the morning, his lesson would have been perfect.

But William does not learn wisdom by experience. Instead of overcoming this habit of being tardy, the habit overcomes him more and more. His teachers complain that he is tardy at school, and his companions have to wait for him, if they wish for his company in any expedition which they have planned. He is a good-hearted

boy, and has many friends, but this fault of his is a serious annoyance to them all.

Let us now pass over a few years to the time when William is old enough to think of leaving his home to seek one among strangers, and see how this habit which he has indulged will affect him then. He had made up his mind that he wished to become a merchant. He had talked over the matter with his parents, and they, on the whole, approved of the plan. While his father was trying to find a suitable place for him, a brother of one of their neighbors, a merchant in the city not far distant, came out to spend a few days in their village. He expressed a wish to find a good, active boy, to take back with him as clerk.

When this became known, several gentlemen called on him, each of whom was desirous to secure the place for his son. Among these was the father of William, who thought it would be just the place for him, and was quite anxious to secure it. The gentleman had seen William once or twice, and, being pleased with his appearance, had almost decided in his favor. He, however, requested his father to let him come over to his brother's house, at precisely eight o'clock the next morning, and he would let him know his final decision. William's father directed him to dress himself as neatly as he could the next morning, and go over to see the merchant at the hour appointed. Knowing his tardy habit, he charged him to be punctual.

"You need have no fears, father, of my being tardy this time," said William, "for I am too much engaged about going, and too impatient to hear the gentleman's decision for that."

But William was quite too confident. He did not realize how strong is the power of a wrong habit; how it throws its chains about us so that we become its slaves, and do its bidding even when we do not intend it.

The next morning William did not commence making his preparations in such time that one or two unexpected hindrances would not prevent his being ready in season. Instead of taking the wise course, he put off getting ready until the last minute, and something occurring to delay him a little, he did not start from home until near fifteen minutes past eight.

When he reached the house, he found several lads there, who had come on the same errand as himself. As soon as he entered the room, the merchant took out his watch, and fixing his eyes steadily upon him, he said :

"It is fifteen minutes past eight. Do you know the value of fifteen minutes, my lad?"

William would have given not a little to have rolled back the wheels of time over the space of those fifteen minutes, for there was something in the gentleman's manner which convinced him that these minutes were likely to have an important bearing on the subject of his hopes.

"Now, boys," said the merchant, "I suppose you have all come here wishing to obtain the situation as clerk in my store. I am sorry that any of you must be disappointed, but as I need but one clerk, it follows, of course, that only one of you can be gratified in this wish, and I must, therefore, proceed to make my choice. As to our friend William, who has just come in, it will be of no use to ask him any questions, for he has been fifteen minutes behind the time in meeting this appointment. My clerk must be a punctual boy! My last clerk I discharged because I met with a serious loss in consequence of his want of punctuality, so there is no chance for him."

The merchant, after some conversation with the other boys, proceeded to make choice of the one he thought best qualified, to fill the vacant place in his store, and then dismissed them. He felt very sorry for William, when he saw how disappointed he looked, and taking him kindly by the hand, told him that he must let this be a lesson to him, teaching him the importance of punctuality, and if it taught him this lesson, it might be a benefit to him in the end, and he might yet become a successful merchant.—*Home Gazette*.

I WISH AND I WILL.

I WISH I could play upon the piano as well as Miss Hallet," said Ellen Rosse.

"Well, so you will when you have had as many years' practice," was the reply.

"Oh, I mean now, without waiting so long."

I wonder if wishing will make her a good player, thought I. "If wishes were efforts, most men would be great."

"I wish I knew as much as you do, Miss Emilie," said the same young lady.

"So you may, if you will study and improve your time."

"I wish I knew as much now."

"Knowledge does not come into your head of its own accord, Miss Ellen; you have to put it there by efforts of your own."

"I wish I knew my lessons."

"Sit down and study them, and you will soon have your wish."

"I do not feel in the humor of studying; I'd like to know them without."

"'I wish' must be a great help to you, you say it so often. If I could discover the magic, I would use it myself; but it must be invisible to all but yourself, for I can not see that you accomplish a great deal by it, after all."

"Now you are laughing at me. It doesn't do me any good, I suppose; but it is so easy to say it, and I do really wish what I say."

"No doubt you do, if you could get it without any trouble. 'I wish' is a lazy friend of yours; he isn't any profit to you; suppose you turn him off, and take instead, '*I will*.' My word for it, you will find he helps you more than the other. He is the very soul of industry; and he accomplishes more in an hour than 'I wish' does in a lifetime. Say, '*I will learn my lessons*,' and there will be no occasion for 'I wish I knew them.' You will cut the acquaintance of your old friend when you have tried the new one, I am sure."

Ellen laughed. "Well," she said, "I don't like to dissolve old friendships; but I will try your advice, that is, if I can remember; but 'I wish' is easier to say than 'I will' is to do."

Her resolution is good; let us all follow it. *I will* is the brave word that conquers all difficulties.—*S. S. Advocate*

REDEEMING TIME.—Dean Swift, when he claimed, at the usual time, the degree of A. B., was so deficient as to obtain it only by "special favor," a term used to denote want of merit. Of this disgrace he was so ashamed that he resolved from that time to study eight hours a day, and continued his industry for seven years, with what improvement is sufficiently known. This part of his history deserves to be remembered; it may afford useful admonition to young men, whose abilities have been made, for a time, useless by their passions or pleasures, and who, having lost one part of life in idleness, are tempted to throw away the remainder in despair

Children's Department.

THE ALMOND BLOSSOM.

DEAR mother," said a little girl, as they were walking together in the garden, "why do you have so few of those beautiful double almonds in the garden? You have hardly a bed where there is not a tuft of violets, and they are so much plainer! What *can* be the reason?"

"My dear," said the mother, "gather me a bunch of each. Then I will tell you why I prefer the humble violet."

The little girl ran off and soon returned with a fine bunch of the beautiful almond and a few violets.

"Smell them, my dear," said her mother, "and try which is the sweetest."

The child smelled again and again, and could scarcely believe herself that the lovely almond had no scent, while the plain violet had a delightful odor.

"Well, my child, which is the sweetest?"

"Oh, dear mother, *it is* the little violet!"

"Well, you know now, my child, why I prefer the plain violet to the beautiful almond. Beauty without fragrance, in flowers, is in my opinion something like beauty without gentleness and good temper in little girls.

"When any of those people who speak without reflection may say to you, 'What charming blue eyes! What beautiful curls! What a fine complexion!' without knowing whether you have any good qualities, and without thinking of your defects and failings—with some of which every body was born—remember then, my little girl, the almond blossom; and remember also, when your affectionate mother may not be there to tell you, that beauty without gentleness and good temper is worthless."—*Anonymous.*

TRY TO PLEASE.

DID you ever stop to think, my young friends, how much happier you feel when trying to please your parents, and brothers and sisters, or your playmates, than when you act selfishly? If not, just try it every day for a week, and see how happy it will make you.

I remember having read how the Feejee children, who lived on the Feejee Islands in the Pacific Ocean, tried to please Mr. Young, an English missionary, who went to live among them, that he might teach them to be good.

One day when Mr. Young was taking a walk along the sea-shore, he was followed by a great many Feejee children, who were watching him. After a while he stooped down and picked up a shell, and the children all ran to him to see what he had picked up. He showed them the shell; and they all went off to look for some more like it, because they thought Mr. Young would be pleased.

In a little while they came running back with their shells; some were very nice ones, and those Mr. Young took, and smiled kindly at the little ones who brought them, and patted them on their shoulders. Other shells were not so good, and those he refused, and shook his head. Then there was such a shout of joy from those whose shells had been accepted, and the others looked very much disappointed.

- By-and-by Mr. Young stooped down and picked up a piece of coral; up ran the little Feejeeans to see what he had got; in a minute they were all in the sea up to their waists, to look among the reefs for coral, and right glad were they when they found a piece that they thought would please the "Great Chief," as Mr. Young was called.

Now, my young friends, I wish you to imitate the example of the Feejee children, and try, by acts of willing kindness in small as well as great things, to please those about you, and I can assure you that you will feel the happier for it.

IGNORANCE.—A barren country of which all are natives, and from which all should be emigrants.

LOOK UP.

A LITTLE boy went to sea with his father to learn to be a sailor. One day his father said to him, "Come, my boy, you will never be a sailor if you don't learn to climb; let me see if you can get up the mast."

The boy, who was a nimble little fellow, soon scrambled up; but when he got to the top, and saw at what a height he was, he began to be frightened, and called out, "Oh, father! I shall fall; what am I to do?"

"Look up—look up, my boy," said his father; "if you look down you will be giddy, but if you keep looking up to the flag at the top of the mast, you will descend safely." The boy followed his father's advice, and reached the bottom with ease.

There are more senses than one in which the advice here given may be taken. To every boy and girl we say—Look up. If you would avoid the evils of bad company and unworthy companions—look up. If you would be numbered among the educated and talented—look up. If you would hold a high social position—look up.

Little Songs for Little Folks.—No. 5.

FROLIC NATURE.

BY UNCLE GEORGE.

COME Fanny and Jennie, come Johnny and Will—
There's a dance in the valley and away on the hill.
Hurrah! ha-ha-ha! how the grasses in the meadows
Are whirling with the curling of their own wind-shadows!
With a totter and a quiver is the water in the river,
Going ever to deliver its wave to the giver—
The rumbling and tumbling, the grumbling sea,
The hungry, monotonous, gluttonous sea!
The hollow winds come with a hum like a drover,
And cover the valley of clover all over
With flocks of billows, like brindled herds,
That go with a low sound moving slow;

And rocked with a motion too dreamy for words,
 Multitudinous bees swing fluting at ease,
 Or, far from their bonny homes, beating their funny drums,
 Suck from the sunny blooms stock for their honey-combs.
 Busy and buzzy, and *fussy*, if Johnny comes
 Dashing, too rash, in their irritable company,—
 Ha'penny, clap an eye there if you jump any !
 Trees of the wildwood are merry as childhood,
 Clapping their million hands all of a quiver,
 Flashing and fluid as was ever a river.
 Fluttering and twittering, glittering and tittering,
 Birds in the leaves are the voice of the wood,
 Uttering their melodies, jollities, or welladays,
 Each understood by similitude of mood,
 In the mind of the listener who hears as he should.

Tremulous with happiness, full of new sappiness,
 Rustles the foliage close overlapping us,
 Stirred with a pattering sound, like scattering
 Rain-drops over us silverly clattering.

Now for a dance with the leaves and the grasses here !
 "Pass us your glasses here ; oh, for Agassiz here !"
 Never mind a bug, boys ! skip with the lasses here.
 Out for an hour with the merry summer revelers,
 Far from the frivolous cavilers, travelers,
 Drivellers, and snivellers—drones who would baffle us,
 Combed by the trees, with the breeze to dishevel us !
 Wholly to jollity, of a pure quality,
 Give we the hour, though grimacing gravities,
 Say it is folly, too solemn to laugh at us.

BOYS AND BIRDS.—"In traveling near Franconia, in New Hampshire," says a gentleman, "I noted the bird-nests upon the trees that stood by the road-side, and felt delighted with the evidence which they gave of the good qualities of the mothers and children who live there. I noticed the nest of a bird within three feet of the front door of a dwelling." Remember, boys, to let the birds alone.

I HATE to see a scholar gape,
 And yawn upon his seat,
 Or lay his head upon his desk,
 As if almost asleep.

Editor's Table.

EDUCATIONAL MEETINGS.

THE months of July and August comprise the season for most of the prominent educational meetings in our country. County Teachers' Meetings are held, it is true, at all times, but there are no general gatherings of the friends of education from one end of the State to the other, and even from all parts of the Union, such as occur annually during these months. It is in August, however, that most of these Teachers' Conventions take place. The following are the principal ones to be held during the present season:

NEW YORK STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—The tenth annual meeting of this association will be held on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 1st, 2d, and 3d days of August, at Mechanics' Hall in Utica, N. Y. Addresses will be delivered by the President, R. D. Jones, of Rochester; D. M. B. Anderson, of Rochester; John D. Philbrick, Superintendent of Public Instruction for Connecticut; Rev. Théodore L. Cuyler, of New York; Prof. Charles Davies, of Fishkill; David B. Scott, of New York; Dr. Alexander Kelsey, of Monroe County; E. Pershine Smith, Esq., Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of New York; and J. W. Bulkley, Esq., City Superintendent of Schools for Brooklyn.

It is anticipated that this will be an unusually interesting meeting, and it is hoped a large number of teachers will be present from all parts of the State. The meeting will commence at 2 o'clock, P. M. Ladies will be entertained by the citizens of Utica, free of expense.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—This association will hold its semi-annual meeting at Pittsburg, on Tuesday, the 7th of August.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—The ninth meeting of this association will be held at Providence, R. I., commencing on Wednesday, August 15, at 10 A. M., continuing three or four days. The meeting will be held in the chapel of Manning Hall.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION will hold its annual meeting at Bath, Me., commencing August 21, and continue for three days.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EDUCATION will hold its sixth annual meeting in the chapel of the New York University, New York, on the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st of August, 1855.

The introductory address will be given by Alexander Dallas Bache, LL. D., the retiring President. Addresses will also be given by the following gentlemen during the session of the association: Rt. Rev. Horatio Potter, Albany; Dr. Tappan, President of the University of Michigan; Rev. Charles Brooks, Boston. Prof. Felton, of Harvard University; Rev. T. V. Moore, Richmond, Va.; Rev. Dr. Huntington, Boston, Mass.; Prof. Taylor Lewis, of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.; Lieut. Maury, of Washington; Rev. Dr. Proudfit, of Rutgers College; Prof. Hart, Principal of Philadelphia High School; Rev. E. B. Hunt-

ington, Stamford, Conn.; Prof. F. A. P. Barnard, University of Mississippi; Rev. Gorham D. Abbott, Spingler Institute, New York; Prof. H. J. Anderson, New York.

THE EARTH'S RING.—For ages the Zodiacal Light, as that luminous, cone-like appearance is termed, which may be observed most favorably in March and April, and October and November, in the west just after sunset, and also in the east just before sunrise, has puzzled astronomers and philosophers. From a series of observations, embracing a period of more than two years, made by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Chaplain in the U. S. Navy, while connected with the Japan Expedition, he has come to the conclusion that the Zodiacal Light is a ring around the earth inside of the moon's orbit, and probably in the same plane with that orbit. It is not so dense as the ring of Saturn, apparently, though on that point, as well as on its breadth, thickness, and exact distance from the earth, it is not possible at present to form a reliable opinion.

PRESERVING FRUIT.—Most of fruits decay in so short a time that the season during which we can enjoy them is very limited. Various methods have been resorted to to preserve them, the most common of which is saturating them with sugar. But this practice destroys their healthy properties, and renders their use limited. Our land abounds with berries of all kinds, and fruits and vegetables which, could they be preserved fresh, would furnish a vast amount of wholesome food. Such a desideratum has at length been accomplished in "Spratt's Patent Hermetical Self-sealing Can," manufactured by Messrs. Wells & Provost, No. 321 Pearl Street, New York. By using these cans, and observing the simple directions that accompany them, such fruits as Pears, Peaches, Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, Cherries, Plums, Currants; and such vegetables as Tomatoes, Green Peas, Beans, Green Corn, and Asparagus, may be preserved fresh for years, without salt, sugar, or acid, or any other preservative preparation. The atmosphere is perfectly excluded from the fruits and vegetables preserved with these cans, and they retain their natural shape, color, and flavor.

The price of Spratt's Patent Cans, holding one quart each, is only \$2 50 per dozen. Those holding two quarts \$3 75 per dozen. Funnels and wrenches accompany them; and the whole expense of one dozen half gallon cans, with all the apparatus for use would be less than \$4 00. The same cans can be used year after year. They may be sent by express to any part of the country.

"STRAIN OUT A GNAT."—President Trench, in his latest work on the English Language, points out a curious typographical error in the 24th verse of the 23d chapter of Matthew. The words, "which strain *at* a gnat and swallow a camel," the professor thinks contain a misprint, which having been passed over in the edition of 1611 has held its ground ever since. The translators intended to say, "which strain *out* a gnat and swallow a camel," that being the correct rendering of the original, as appears in Tyndale's and Cranmer's translations, both of which have "strained *out*."

It was the custom of the stricter Jews to strain their wine, vinegar, and other portables through linen or gauze, lest unawares they should drink some little unclean insect, as a gnat, and thus transgress a Levitical law; it was to this custom the Saviour alluded, intending to say that the Scribes and Pharisees, while they strain *out* a gnat from their drink, would swallow a camel at a gulp.

Our Museum.

“ODD PROVISION.—When the regulations of West Boston were drawn up by two famous lawyers, it is said one section was written and accepted thus: “And the said proprietors shall meet *annually* on the *first Tuesday* of June, provided the same does not fall on *Sunday*.”

GREEK MYTHOLOGY looks poorly by the light of science. *Cyclops* were vulgar cannibals; *Unicorn*, the antelope; *Python*, a boa constrictor; *Pigmies*, Bushmen; *Centaurs* were horse-tamers; *Cynocephali*, orang-outangs; *Satyrs*, apes; *Phoenix*, the condor; *Nepenthe of Helen*, green tea; *Trees of Hesperides*, common orange trees

A LITTLE TOO POLITE.—As John Randolph was walking one day, he met a man who walked straight on, remarking, “that he did not turn out for a rascal.” “I do,” quickly rejoined Randolph; and immediately stepping aside he let the ruffian pass.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—Upon a recent examination of one of the pauper schools in England; it was found that none of the boys could point out Egypt on the map or explain what was the graven image. One boy said it was going to school. One of the schoolmistresses was asked the question: “What remarkable event occurred when our Saviour was twelve years old?” She replied, “I believe he was put in the bulrushes.”

PUNCTUATION.—Man is either good or bad;
And which, I wish to know,
May genius, with punctilious hand,
By punctuation show.

He is an old experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of the neighborhood he never rejoices in the prosperity of any of his fellow-creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no exertions to subdue his evil passions he strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid to the support of the gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the evil adversary he pays no attention to good advice he gives great heed to the devil he will never go to *heaven* he must go where he will receive the just recompense of *Reward*.

SPECIMEN OF SPELLING, No. 2.—The following was picked up inside the bar of a court room:

“Now arter settin hear 8 weeks
This Koart is goin to adjourn,
And any won hoo jestis seeks
May cum next Coart & take his turn.”

LARGEST CLOCK IN THE WORLD.—The clock built for the New House of Parliament in London is the largest in the world. The dials are twenty-two feet in diameter; the point of the minute-hand will therefore move nearly fourteen inches every minute. The pendulum is fifteen feet long. The hour bell is eight feet high, and weighs fifteen tons. The hammer weighs four cwt. The clock as a whole, is eight times as large as a full-sized cathedral clock.

SEEING THE LIONS.—Formerly there was a menagerie in the Tower of London, in which lions were kept; it was discontinued about forty years ago. During these times of comparative simplicity, when a stranger visited the metropolis for the first time, it was usual to take him to the Tower and show him the lions as one of the chief sights; and on the stranger's return to the country it was usual to ask him whether he had seen the lions. Nowadays, when a Londoner visits the country for the first time, he is taken by his friends to see the most remarkable objects of the place, which are called "the lions." One constantly hears the expression, "We have been seeing the lions;" but thousands who make use of it are ignorant of its origin.

Literary Notices.

Books noticed in *THE STUDENT* will be sent, on receipt of the prices given, to any post-office in the United States, free of postage, by N. A. CALKINS, 845 Broadway, New York.

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE CHINESE EMPIRE. By M. Huc. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. 12mo; two volumes, 420 pp. each. Price \$2 50, prepaid by mail.

Few persons who have dared to venture into the interior of China have ever been permitted to return. Monsieur Huc, the writer of the volume before us, was singularly favored. He is a Frenchman, and went to China as a liberal priest, and spent fourteen years in the Celestial Empire, living mostly in disguise of his real character, accommodating himself to the rules of Chinese Society, and improving every moment in acquiring a thorough knowledge of the language. At length, having so well succeeded, that even the practiced ear of a Mandarin could not detect a foreign accent in his speech; he set out on a journey through the Central Kingdom. He mingled freely with all ranks; passed through every vicissitude, from prisoner at the bar to judge on the bench; saw every thing that was to be seen, and heard every thing that could interest a stranger to hear. The fruit of that journey is the work now before us, one of the most interesting books of travel we have read for years.

COUNTRY MARGINS AND RAMBLES OF A JOURNALIST. By S. H. Hammond and L. W. Mansfield. Published by J. C. Derby, New York. 12mo; 356 pages. Price \$1.

Another pleasant volume for summer reading, adding fresher interest to country travel

during the warm weather. We need hardly add more than that it is by the author of "Hills, Lakes, and Forest Streams"—Hammond—whose love of such wild scenery has sent him away to revel amid the deep forests of Old Adirondack, once more, this summer.

THE PAPAL CONSPIRACY EXPOSED, and Protestantism Defended, in the Light of Reason, History, and Scripture. By Rev. Edward Beecher, D.D. Published by M. W. Dodd, New York. 432 pp., 12mo, with illustrations. Price \$1 25.

The character and ability of this work are guaranteed by the name of its author, and it needs no assurance from us that it is one of the ablest and most thorough expositions of Papal Conspiracy ever published.

ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY. For Schools and Academies. By John Brooksbury, A.M. Fully illustrated. Published by Farmer, Brace & Co., New York. 12mo; 321 pp. Price \$1 25.

This work is a more complete and thorough treatise on Astronomy than the usual text-books in our schools, and thus supplies a want felt by teachers. The author is a professor in Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. The publishers deserve much credit for the admirable manner in which the work has been published; its paper, illustrations, and printing are of the best quality.



DONALD M'KAY.

FEW, if any, readers of passing events can be found who do not remember that mammoth ship, the largest in the world built for active service, which was burned at one of the piers in New York a few years since, just as she was ready to set sail on her first voyage across the ocean. "*The Great Republic*" was a fitting name for that noble ship, three hundred and twenty-five feet in length, the construction of which required one million five hundred thousand feet of pine, and more than two thousand tons of white oak, three hundred and thirty-six tons of iron, fifty-six tons of copper, besides the sheathing, fifteen thousand six hundred and fifty yards of canvas, and fifty thousand days' work.

This mighty vessel was built by Donald M'Kay, and at his own expense. Regarding, as we do, the genius of such men of more value to the race than that of the soldier, whose deeds of noble daring are proclaimed far and wide, or even of the statesman whose fame becomes party capital, we take pleasure in presenting our readers with a brief biographical sketch of his life.

Donald M'Kay is of Scotch origin, and was born in Shelburne, Nova Scotia, in 1809. His early years were passed on a farm, where his opportunities for acquiring an education were very limited. His mechanical taste led him to seek other employment as the future field of his labors, and accordingly, at the age of nineteen, he engaged with his brother, Laughlin M'Kay, as a ship-carpenter, in the construction of fishing-smacks.

At the age of twenty-two he came to New York and engaged in the employment of Jacob Bell, a veteran ship-builder of this city. Here his extraordinary natural endowments began to develop themselves, and no opportunity was permitted to escape unimproved for making himself a thorough master of every branch of his business. During the administration of General Jackson a threatened collision with France gave an unusual activity to the navy yards. A large number of men were wanted in the Navy Yard in Brooklyn, and a competent person to superintend them as foreman. For this responsible post Donald M'Kay was selected from a thousand workmen, and he discharged his duties most faithfully.

At length he withdrew from this position, and commenced ship-building at Newburyport, Massachusetts, on his own account. The perfect proportions, beautiful models, thorough workmanship, and fleetness of his ships soon brought him into general notice in the mercantile community.

The discovery of gold in California, and the consequent demand for ships for the Pacific, led him to construct vessels for that market which should combine speed and capacity. From his yard leaped forth the *Staghound* for its ocean race. This was soon followed by the *Flying Cloud*, which proved as fleet as the winds that filled her sails. She made the quickest passage then known from New York to San Francisco. She has since exceeded that, making the same passage in eighty-eight days, and having discharged her cargo, again set sail on her ninety-ninth day after leaving New York, for China.

Mr. M'Kay's next achievement was the *Sovereign of the Seas*, at that time the largest, longest, and sharpest merchant ship in the world. It was then considered too large and expensive for any

trade ; but confident in his own calculations, her builder invested all he was worth in this enterprise, loaded her on his own account, and sent her to California under the command of his brother, Captain Laughlin M'Kay. The success of the enterprise fully justified the confidence of the designer in the practicability of his plans.

On her homeward voyage the *Sovereign of the Seas* made the greatest run ever recorded. In twenty-four consecutive hours she ran four hundred and thirty geographical miles ; and in ten successive days she ran three thousand one hundred and forty-four miles. Her next passage was from New York to Liverpool, and, though the circumstances were unfavorable, it was the shortest ever made by a sailing vessel. In eleven months the gross earnings of this vessel was \$200,000. She was then sold to an English house to run from Liverpool to Australia.

Our builder had not yet reached the height of his ambition, and the *Great Republic* was his next achievement ; but that was ingloriously burned, chafing upon her fastenings when ready for sea. Another large ship, second only to the last—*The Champion of the Seas*—has since been launched, a model of American skill, and sent to an English firm, by whom she was ordered. Recently he has launched another noble ship, which he calls *The Defender*, in honor of Daniel Webster.

During the past ten years a fleet of ships, at least forty in number, has issued from the yards of Mr. M'Kay, all of them marked with the genius of their builder, and adding to his fame by every successive trip. It is an interesting fact, that not one of his ships ever put into port in distress, or cost the underwriters any thing for repairs in consequence of any defect in its construction.

Donald M'Kay is still in the prime of manhood, with an abundant capital and a rich experience, and should his life be spared, wonderful advances will yet be secured in the naval art, and wind become a powerful competitor with steam in transportation upon the seas.

THE OLDEST TREE IN THE WORLD.—Perhaps the oldest tree on record is the cypress of Somma, in Lombardy. It is supposed to have been planted in the year of the birth of Christ, and on that account is looked on with reverence by the inhabitants. It is 123 feet high, and 20 feet in circumference at one foot from the ground. Napoleon, when laying down the plan for his great road over the Simplon, diverged from a straight line to avoid injuring this tree.

BATTLE OF THE ANTS.

ONE day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather to my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled, and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking further, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with combatants, that it was not a *duellum* but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black.

The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle-field which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely.

I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board, while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was "Conquer or die."

In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs, whose mother had charged him to return with his shield, or upon it; or, perhaps, he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar, for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red; he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he

sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame.

I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat, even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why, here every ant was a Buttrick—"Fire! for God's sake, fire!"—and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, though not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite.

They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again, the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and their still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them, which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised

the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hotel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if my feelings had been excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage of a human battle before my door.—*Thoreau's Life in the Woods.*

HOME OF CHILDHOOD.

THE home of childhood! What memories waken at the sound of those magic words, memories of other and happier days, when all the world looked bright and fair! Well do I remember the large old farm-house in which my infantile years were passed. Ah! happy was I. That old home, with its rude, brown walls, was a palace to me, and the meadow by which it was surrounded was like fairy-land, in which I delighted to roam, in happy unconsciousness of coming sorrow.

Methinks I can see even now the form of my little sister, with her auburn locks floating in the breeze, as she bounded along by my side in all the exuberance of childish joy. There, too, a gentle mother watched over her little band. With what untiring love and tenderness she guided our wayward footsteps and soothed our childish griefs. But many years have rolled away, and borne with them the joys of "auld lang syne."

Those dear old walls, hallowed by so many pleasing associations, have crumbled to the dust. Never more will they resound with the merry laugh of happy children; never more will the *old kitchen-table* be surrounded by the same smiling faces as in days of yore. Nor has the loved home-circle remained unbroken. Ah! no; our idolized mother and two gentle sisters have left us for climes more sweet, more fair, and now they wait for us on the shores of the River of Life.

Oh, let me say to all who are blessed with a home, Try to make that home happy. Let it ever be surrounded by the atmosphere of affection; exclude from it every thing that will in any way mar its enjoyment, and always remember the divine injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

I DIDN'T THINK.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

A FEW years ago there was a small boy in one of the public schools of New Hampshire who committed some trifling fault, some impropriety, though it was not a disobedience of any of the "rules," for which he received a smart blow with the teacher's "rod." When asked afterward why he did it, his only reply was, "I didn't think."

He was not a bad boy, and did not design to do wrong; and had this occurred at a later day, when more of kindness and love are felt in the school-room than formerly, perhaps the poor boy's back would not have smarted from the sudden application of that "rod," the dread of all evil doers, he might only have been told that his act was improper, and might have avoided it in the future.

He did wrong, however, and simply for the reason he gave—he *did not think*.

Ah, that is the secret cause of most of the evils of the school-room, most of the reprimands and punishments. There is too much play, too much idleness, too much mischief in almost every school-room. There is too little study, too little thinking—*hard thinking*.

When I see a bright-eyed boy or girl in their arithmetic class, with half of their work wrong, I am certain that they have not *thought* enough. When I hear wrong answers in geography, grammar, physiology, etc., I must come to the conclusion that the pupils have not devoted sufficient *thought* to their lessons. They may have *read* the questions and "looked out the answers," but they have been deficient in *thinking*.

It is easier to gaze around the room, watch the teacher, or carelessly to examine the lesson than to *fix the attention* on it, and *toil* until it is all committed and fully understood. It is easier to *read* a lesson than to *study* it *thoughtfully*, but the latter course *only* will secure a proper understanding or make good scholars. *Think, THINK, THINK*, must be the motto of every scholar.

When I see a boy "playing truant," I am convinced that he is thoughtless, that he does not understand that he is cheating himself, that as he grows up to manhood in his ignorance he will be ashamed of his past misconduct. When I see a scholar that has not studied his lesson, stealthily looking at the slate of another or his books behind him, I am convinced that he does but little thinking.

When I see a boy coming to school with a "quid" or a "cigar" in his mouth, I can not believe that he is in possession of wise thoughts. If he supposes that by contracting such *filthy* habits he will become a *man* sooner than his more cleanly companions, older persons, and those wiser than himself, will decide that he is not only *thoughtless*, but is in danger of forming very bad habits. Or when I hear the same boy using profane language—for after forming *one* bad habit another is still more easily learned—I say that such a boy can not *think* that those horrid oaths are distinctly heard by his heavenly Father, who has said: "Thou shalt not swear."

When I see two boys fighting, I am ready to say: "Those boys do not *think* that they are following the example of such brutes as the hyena, bear, and the surly dog."

There is evidently too little *thinking*, even among those who have passed the years of childhood. There is too much of *rushing* thoughtlessly onward, Jehu-like, without stopping to think of the consequences of wrong doing.

LET ME DRINK OF THE STREAMLET.

BY HORACE S. RUMSEY.

LET me drink of the streamlet which flows from the mountain,
And through flow'ry meadows goes singing along,
Of the pure crystal waters that leap from the fountain,
So burdened with gladness, they break forth in song.

The spirit of happiness rests on their bosom—
Here the lark laves his beak, then exultingly soars;
Along their green margin the buds of joy blossom,
And naught but tranquillity dwells on their shores.

Oh, mortals, who quaff of the goblet of sorrow,
Where lurketh for evil the spirit of woe,
To earth dash the wine-cup, and many a morrow
Of joy unalloyed each redeemed one shall know.

To him is the promise of blessedness given,
Who walketh the way by the temperate trod;
He shall have while on earth a sweet foretaste of heaven—
The approvals of conscience and the smiles of his God.

JUDGE NOT TOO HASTILY.

NEVER judge of any matter before you have heard the whole story. If you are listening to a story, do not jump at conclusions, or interrupt the speaker by anticipating the close of it. Such a habit is very disagreeable; besides, it often leads one into a very ridiculous predicament. A good story is related of Lord Avonmore, a famous English judge, and Curran, a celebrated lawyer, showing the folly of too hasty conclusions.

Lord Avonmore was very apt to decide his law cases before they were half-finished, and it was oftentimes very difficult to change these first impressions; for the advocate had to struggle against the real obstacles presented by the case itself, and also with the hasty anticipation of the judge.

Curran, the great lawyer and wit, was one day seriously annoyed by this habit of Lord Avonmore, and he took the following method of correcting it. His design was to irritate his hearer into the vice he was so anxious to eradicate, by a tedious and malicious procrastination. They were to dine together at the house of a common friend after the court was over, and a large party was assembled, many of whom had witnessed the occurrence of the morning. Curran, contrary to all his usual habits, was late for dinner, but he at length arrived, in the most admirably affected agitation.

"Why, Mr. Curran, you have kept us a full hour waiting dinner for you!" grumbled out Lord Avonmore.

"Oh, my good sir, I regret it very much! You must know it is not my custom; but I've just been witness to a most melancholy occurrence. Oh, dear!"

"You seem to be terribly moved by it. Take a glass of wine. What was it? what was it?"

"I will tell you, my lord, as soon as I can collect my feelings a little. You know I was detained at court—the court of chancery; your lordship knows that the chancellor sits late."

"Yes, yes—I do; but go on."

"Well, my lord, I was hurrying here as fast as I could. I did not even wait to change my dress—I hope I shall be excused for coming in these boots."

"Poh, poh! never mind your boots; the story—come at once to the point of the story."

"Well, I will. The chancellor sits late, and—"

"You repeated all that before. Do get on."

"Did I? Well, I think I did; but I am so flustered! I walked here. I did not even wait for a carriage; it would have taken some time, you know."

"Yes, yes; but do go on."

"Well, there is a market exactly in the road by which I had to pass; your lordship may perhaps remember the market near the old—"

"Why, to be sure I do. Go on, Curran, go on with the story."

"I am glad your lordship remembers the market, for I have quite forgotten the name of it. Let me see, the name—"

"What signifies the name of it? It's the Castle Market."

"Your lordship is perfectly right; it is called the Castle Market. Well, I was passing through the very identical Castle Market, when I observed a butcher preparing to kill a calf. He had a huge knife in his hand, as sharp as a razor. The calf was standing by him; he drew the knife to plunge it into the animal. Just as he was in the act of doing so, a little boy, about four years old, his only son, the loveliest boy I ever saw, ran suddenly before his father, and, O, he killed—"

"The child! the child! the child!" cried Lord Avonmore in distress.

"No, no, my lord, the *calf*!" continued Curran, very coolly; "he killed the calf; but your lordship is in such a habit of anticipating."

A shout of laughter was raised against his lordship; and Curran declared often afterward that a first impression was more easily removed from the judge's mind by the recollection of the calf in Castle Market than by the eloquence of the entire profession.

PERSEVERANCE EXEMPLIFIED.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

CHILDREN are often told to *persevere*, when they little understand the meaning of the word. "Perseverance" is a long, difficult word, yet it is the producer of golden results.

"Why are we so often told to persevere when we have any thing difficult to perform?" they ask. I will tell you a story to illustrate

its meaning—of one whose life was a living instance of perseverance.

“A true story?”

Yes, a *true story*.

In one of the Middle States there resided a very large and respectable, though a very poor family. A babe was sent to visit this home, already ringing with child-voices and resounding to the pattering of tiny feet. Could it be that a babe in the house was a blessing? Child-hearts already felt the saddening influences of poverty, and the music of young voices was hushed or changed to the hoarser, coarser tones of age. As we love and cherish a flower in the dawn of lovely spring-time or on winter's verge, so did *they love and cherish* the little stranger. “A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure,” coming to delight us with its winsome ways, and quicken in us a love of the beautiful and true. They little know what a God-send they were cherishing, a God-send to themselves, to the world.

She grew up a hardy child, amid privation and toil, remarkable for nothing except a spirit of perseverance which bade defiance to difficulty. Her “*I'll try*” was a sure precursor of success. The common school, ever open to the children of the poor, gave her the first lessons in learning.

With an alacrity that surprised the teacher she comprehended *all* that was told her. “*Never*,” said the teacher, “was she idle or disobedient. Her whole heart was in whatever she undertook. If a hard lesson was given her, she never wearied until it was learned.”

Her progress was so rapid, that she soon became fitted for a teacher of a district school. Her active mind and large, glowing heart fitted her pre-eminently for a teacher of the young. Well aware of the importance of the trust committed to her keeping, she placed the standard of excellence high, and determined to reach it. Though success crowned her efforts she did not rest satisfied. The limits of a district school could not long satisfy her soaring ambition. Hers was a mind to sway multitudes, and already she felt its impulsive power urging her on—on. The quick eye of genius caught glimpses of its onward destiny, and girded itself for new conflicts and victories.

Perseverance and privation had strengthened and developed the naturally splendid powers of her mind. You could not see her without being impressed with her elevated spirit. Says an acquaintance, “I often felt that she was no associate for me, at least no

equal. I, who might aspire to a higher and truer life, was wasting all my energies in the pursuit of frivolous pleasures. I could not comprehend her. I looked upon her as some superior being, some great mystery. She was not beautiful, in the common acceptation of the term, yet when you observed her countenance carefully you would discover traces of beauty's loftiest style. The holy charm of genius lit up her countenance and looked out from her eyes. Once I did overcome my usual reserve, jesting her rather rudely as she was engaged in some menial employment. 'I am glad to do this for you now,' was her reply, 'but some day you will be glad to do as much for me.' Her words were prophetic."

With trifling assistance from her friends she prepared herself to enter a justly famed Western college. Here her struggling mind found free scope. Where others stumbled or painfully toiled, she passed along with an eagle glance and a bird-like velocity. She conversed with the mighty spirits of the past, drank deep at the Pierian spring, reveling in the joyous consciousness of newly awakened faculties.

Going home on a visit she lost her trunk containing her all. She says, "It was the only time in my life that I felt disheartened. It was but for a moment. Bright angels whispered *Ultra pergere* in my ear, and again I *felt* that for *me* there was no such word as *fail*. Perseverance had ever been the ruling spirit of my life; *could I dream of fail, now?*" Such was she at the commencement of her career. Shall we visit her in the meridian of her glory, and behold the fruit of those rich seeds which she had planted so unsparingly and perseveringly in her youth?

Go with me to an elegant mansion, situated in a busy city of the Empire State. You are charmed with the artistic beauty of the dwelling. There is a harmony of arrangement that affects your mind so pleasantly, filling it with a vision of exquisite beauty, such as has haunted your youthful dreams. Fit dwelling for the residence of her who so gracefully receives you. A model of a woman, in whom the highest intellectual attainments are united with a purity and nobleness seldom found. Woman's keen susceptibilities and delicate taste joined with profound acquirement. Over all there rests a charm of goodness like a blessed presence.

Hers is a high, proud name, heard in every corner of the land. The learned and gifted of this and other lands gather near her, for hallowed and sweet is the communion of gifted spirits. She holds the pen of a "ready writer," sending forth holy strengthening

words to the poor and forgotten of earth, and anon there come the high inspiring words of genius, with a life-giving power to the weary, toiling scholar. With peculiar power and earnestness she addresses her own sex, urging them no longer to linger in the portals of science's temple, but to enter her inner sanctuary, her *sanctum sanctorum*, and enrich their minds with a glorious culture. She reminds them of their blessed mission upon earth as educators of the human race, and presses upon them the importance of possessing highly cultivated intellects, well-stored minds, refined and correct tastes, power of thought and logical reasonings.

She begs them to strive *less* for accomplishments and *more* for acquirement; to rest unsatisfied with gilding, but become the possessor of pure gold, that thus rising herself, she may elevate her race. Discoursing sweet music from the energies of her own soul, she may indeed become a "help-meet" for man, elevating him from the matter-of-fact business and turmoil of busy life, to the higher atmosphere of Christian sympathy and love.

Should I tell you the name of her of whom I speak, you would recognize one familiar to fame; one that has become a household word. But allow me to entreat you, girls, to emulate this noble example of perseverance; to labor earnestly to improve your own mind and heart, that you may no longer be called a flower without perfume.

BESSIE.

BEECHLAND, KY., 1855.

FROGS.

FROGS are called *amphibious* animals, which, we suppose our young readers know, signifies that they live both in water and on land. They are so common that a description would seem useless, yet it may be interesting to give an account of some of their peculiarities.

Common frogs, those well-known frequenters of marshy places and the banks of ponds, are hatched from eggs. Early in spring there may be seen in pools of water transparent, gummy masses, full of little black spots. Such are the eggs of frogs



In about a month after the eggs are deposited in the water they hatch, producing little tadpoles, or "pollywogs." For several weeks the tadpole undergoes but little change, except to increase in size. At length two feet appear near the tail, and soon afterward two more near the head.

Previous to this period the animal lived entirely in the water and breathed by means of gills, similar to those of a fish ; but now it may often be seen at the surface as if anxious to breathe air, that he may become sufficiently accustomed to it before changing his mode of life. By the time that the legs have become fully developed and its tail has disappeared, the animal no longer breathes by means of gills, but with true lungs, hence it is not capable of remaining under water for a great length of time without coming up to the surface to breathe.

While in its tadpole state it subsisted on the tender parts of vegetables ; now it has become a frog, and can live upon land as well as in water, it comes ashore for its food, which consists of flies, insects, worms, slugs. Often such multitudes of these newly-formed frogs come forth from ponds during a shower, that many people suppose that they actually descend from the sky with the drops of rain. The absurdity of such a belief may be at once seen, when it is remembered that clouds are nothing but vapor, like a cloud of steam floating in the air ; and no one would suppose for a moment that such heavy things as frogs, and toads, and lizards, or fish could be sustained in the air by a cloud of vapor. The fact of frogs being so numerous just after a shower is easily accounted for, since they come forth from their hiding places at such times to obtain food, which may then be found in greater abundance.

The little frogs having commenced their new mode of life, grow with rapidity during the remainder of the season ; but large numbers of them are devoured by waterfowls and other animals, so that probably not one in a hundred of those that emerged from the tadpole state ever reaches its winter retreat.

The tongue of the frog is curiously fixed almost at the entrance of the mouth, and, when at rest, points backward down the throat. When the frog comes within reach of a slug or insect, the tongue is darted out with exceeding rapidity, the prey secured, carried to the back of the throat, and swallowed.

Frogs live chiefly on the land, but when cold weather comes they dive down in the mud of marshes and at the bottom of ponds, where they remain in a torpid state until spring returns. Then they come forth and make the night air resound with their voices ; some shrill

and piping, others softer and more pleasing; some hoarse and harsh, and others coarse, deep, and gruff. The bull frogs have been called "Dutch nightingales;" but certainly their music is not soothing to the ear. It is said that in early times these frogs were very numerous in France, and that some rich people ordered their servants to go out in the morning and beat the frogs, and keep them quiet till they could finish their morning nap.

In some countries, and especially in France and the West Indies, frogs are eaten by the inhabitants. The muscles of the hind legs only are used for food, and the flesh is prized highly by those who use it. The green water frogs are those usually eaten. In some of the West India islands a large species is bred for the purpose of food.

The *tree frog* is a peculiar animal. Its feet are so constructed that it can climb trees, traverse the branches, and even hang on the under surface of a leaf. Their color usually somewhat resembles that of their habitation; so that the unwary insect passing by suddenly falls a victim to this watchful frog. Notwithstanding the tree frogs live on trees in summer, they are produced from tadpoles in pools of water in the spring, and bury themselves in mud during winter, like other frogs.

The *bull frog* of America is the largest of the frog family known. It is said to sometimes measure eighteen inches from the end of its nose to the extremities of its hind feet. This frog is very voracious, and feeds upon muscles and young fish. Its powers of leaping are so great, that, having taken two or three hops in advance, a man can not overtake him.

The *Toad* is a kind of cousin to the frog. Like the frog, he seldom walks, but seems fond of jumping. He is a dull and stupid fellow, and often looks more like a lump of dirt than an animal. Like frogs, toads deposit their eggs in the water, but in the form of strings of a gummy substance. From these proceed tadpoles, which live in water until they are metamorphosed into a perfect state like the frog, when they take to land, and remain there without again returning to the watery element from which they sprung.

The toad is a harmless, inoffensive creature, and has been very much slandered. True, he is not good-looking, and possesses no attractions or graceful movements, but then his eye has an expression of mildness and patient endurance which should excite compassion rather than disgust. Besides, he has been wofully slandered and accused by farmers' boys and girls of causing the cows to give

"bloody milk," and also of giving warts to those who chanced to touch them, and that he is poisonous. This is false. It has been ascertained by experiment that the acrimonious fluid which the toad exudes from its warts is harmless and free from any venomous property, as animals have tasted and swallowed it without producing any bad symptoms. But so unpleasant is the taste of that fluid, that a dog which has once bitten a toad can not be induced to touch one the second time ; thus it becomes a means of defense.

This animal, like the frog, becomes torpid in winter ; but instead of returning to the water, it chooses for its retreat some retired and sheltered hole, or a space among large stones. It is endowed with great tenacity of life, and can exist for a long time without food and with a very little air. From this fact many wonderful stories have been told of toads having been found alive completely inclosed in solid rock, or in the heart of trees.

In the latter case a toad may have retired to a cavity in a tree to spend his winter, and in spring found this cavity so far closed up as to prevent his escape. The animal may thus have remained in his imprisonment for years, living on the few insects and the air that found a passage to his cell. In a similar manner the toad becomes imbedded in rocks—first entering a cavity, which afterward is filled with gravel and particles of earth that are gradually turned to stone.

Toads are not merely harmless, but useful animals, on account of their feeding on insects, bugs, caterpillars, worms, flies, etc. It issues forth from its concealment at twilight in search of food, and prefers that which is alive. When about to seize an insect it sits motionless, with its eyes turned directly toward the object, and the head inclined in the same direction. In this attitude it remains until the animal moves or comes within its reach, when, by a stroke like lightning, the tongue is thrown forward upon the victim, which it instantly draws into the mouth and swallows alive. So rapid is this movement that it requires very close observation to distinguish it.

The tongue of the toad is folded back in its mouth like that of the frog, and the under surface is covered with a mucous secretion which adheres to its prey. Like his cousin, the frog, the toad is a long-lived animal. They seldom attain their growth until after the second year, and they live to fifteen or twenty years.

We hope from what has here been said, that those who read this article will not longer despise the frog and toad, but remember that, like all of God's creatures, they are not only useful but interesting.

Youth's Department.

OBEDIENCE REWARDED.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

LUCY ALDEN lived in a pleasant country village. In the same village lived a cousin of hers, whose name was Mary Wilson. The cousins were nearly of an age. They attended the same school, and were often together.

They had an uncle and aunt who lived in a village a few miles from them. They had no children of their own, and they had invited both Lucy and Mary to spend the next vacation with them. The cousins were very much delighted with this invitation, and could talk of little else, when they were together, during the rest of the term. A visit to Uncle William's had always been a treat to them, but they had never been there together before, and they both expected the visit more than usual.

The time for them to go at length arrived. Their uncle and aunt were very kind to them, and they were much delighted with their visit. After they had been there several days, their uncle and aunt left them at home one afternoon while they called upon some friends, who were visiting a family who lived a mile or two out of the village. They desired Lucy and Mary to remain at home while they were absent, and the girls readily promised to comply with their wishes.

About half an hour after Mr. and Mrs. Wilson left home, two girls who lived near called and asked the girls to take a walk with them.

"I should like to go very much," said Lucy, "and if uncle and aunt were at home I think they would give us permission. But they told us not to go out while they were absent, and we promised them that we would not."

"They did not know that the girls were going to call for us," said Mary. "As it is, I do not think there would be any harm in going."

"I think there would," said Lucy. "They told us not to go, and they might have had reasons for telling us so that we do not know of. At all events, we shall be on the safe side if we obey them."

"They would give us permission to go without doubt, if they

were here," replied Mary, "so what great harm can there be in going? Besides, they are not our parents. We are visitors, and as such should have some liberties."

"Our parents have placed us under the care of our uncle and aunt, and I think we are just as much bound to obey them while we are here as we are to obey our parents when at home."

"Then you won't go?"

"No," said Lucy.

"I think I shall," said Mary. "There can be no harm in a short walk with the girls. I shall be back long before uncle and aunt will."

Lucy tried to persuade Mary not to go, but it was of no use. Mary had been gone but a short time when Lucy thought she heard the sound of a carriage approaching the house. She went to the front door and looked out just as a handsome carriage stopped before the gate. A very pleasant-looking lady and a girl about her own age stepped out of the carriage and came up the gravel walk which led to the house. They were strangers to Lucy, but she waited at the door to receive them.

"Is Mrs. Wilson at home, my dear?" asked the lady in a manner so kind and pleasant that it quite won the heart of Lucy.

"No, ma'am," said Lucy, "she rode out with uncle. They have been gone about an hour."

"Then you are her niece, are you, my dear?"

"Yes, ma'am. Will you walk in?"

"I think I will," replied the lady, "for I should like to have you and my little daughter get acquainted."

The lady and her daughter walked into the parlor and remained there about ten minutes. The lady asked Lucy many questions, and was very pleasant and familiar. When she left she told Lucy that she must have a visit from her before she returned home.

"I know your aunt will be quite willing that you should come," she said, "so I shall send my carriage for you next Tuesday. I think you will find enough at our house to entertain you very well for one day. We have books, drawings, and toys in-doors, and out-of-doors fruit and flowers in abundance, and my daughter will be very glad to see you."

Lucy was delighted with the invitation, but she wished very much that her cousin was there to share it with her. She did not dare to speak of Mary, fearing some question might be asked in relation to her absence which she would not like to answer, and she consoled

herself with the hope that her aunt would contrive some way for Mary to share the pleasure of the visit with her.

Soon after Lucy's visitors left, there came up a sudden shower. It rained hard for a short time, and Mary had not yet returned. Lucy feared that her uncle and aunt would be quite displeased when they found that her cousin had been out without permission, and had been caught in such a shower.

Shortly after the shower was over, Mary returned. She had found shelter during the rain, but her shoes and stockings were very wet, as she had been obliged to run through the wet grass in coming home.

"I will run and put on dry shoes and stockings," said Mary, "before uncle and aunt get home. Pray don't tell them, for I fear they will dislike it very much if they find I have been out and wet my feet."

It was late when Mr. and Mrs. Wilson returned, and Lucy thought she would wait until after tea before she told them of her call and the kind invitation which she had received from the strange lady.

They had not been seated at the tea-table long when Mary, chancing to look up, met her uncle's eyes, which were fixed upon her in a way that brought the tell-tale blush to her cheeks. She felt guilty, and it was impossible for her to meet the searching glance of her uncle's eyes without quailing before it. What a timid thing is guilt! There is nothing like it to make cowards of boys and girls—ah! and of men and women too. Mr. Wilson looked earnestly at Lucy also, but she did not blush. There was an uncomfortable silence, which was first broken by their uncle, who said:

"As we were returning home it commenced raining just as we reached the residence of Mrs. Barton, a friend of ours. Her carriage drove up to the gate as we were passing the house. She invited us to call and remain until the shower was over, and we accepted the invitation. She informed us that she had just returned from our house, where she saw a niece of ours, whom she had invited to visit her daughter next Tuesday. We thought it strange that she spoke of our niece and not of our nieces, but we made no remark about it, preferring to seek an explanation from you. We remembered very distinctly telling you that we did not wish either of you to go out during our absence; but if you were both at home, how was it that Mrs. Barton saw only one of you? Can you ex-

plain this, Mary?" asked Mr. Wilson, as he fixed a searching glance upon the face of his blushing niece.

Mary saw that concealment was useless, and she told her uncle where she was when Mrs. Barton called.

"I noticed some signs of a shower before we left," replied her uncle, "and for this reason forbid you going out until we returned. You must have wet your feet and exposed yourself to take cold if you came home through the wet grass after the shower. I am sorry to learn that you have disobeyed us, but your crime has brought its own punishment. You have deprived yourself of the invitation to visit Mrs. Barton and her daughter, which you would have received had you remained at home in obedience to our wishes."

When Tuesday came, Lucy felt sorry for her cousin, and pleaded that she might be permitted to go with her, but her uncle would not listen to this request.

"She has brought the punishment upon herself by her disobedience," he said, "and now she must suffer the consequences. It is well for her to learn that the fruits of obedience are different from those of disobedience."

Lucy enjoyed the day spent with Mrs. Barton and her daughter very much, and she was strengthened in her resolution always to obey her parents and friends.

PLAYING TRUANT.

WE never knew a boy in the habit of playing truant and wasting the golden hours of his youth, to become a great and distinguished man. Most often the idler of early life is the laggard in the world's race. Truly happy is the boy whom paternal or friendly care saves from the alluring danger of youthful days.

The reason why truancy is so serious an evil is not the loss of a day or two at school now and then, or any other direct and immediate consequence of it; it is, because it is the beginning of a long course of sin, it leads to bad company, and to deception, and to vicious habits; it stops the progress of preparation for the duties of life, hardens the heart, and opens the door for every temptation and sin, which, if not closed, must bring the poor victim to ruin. These are what constitute its danger.

Lessons from the Great Book.—No. 2.

MUSQUITOES.

BY ANNIE PARKER.

WHY, Charles, where have you been? I have had a fine search for you. Grandmother began to be very anxious lest you had drowned yourself in the creek, or run into some other kind of danger. Come, give an account of yourself, my boy."

"Pshaw! Grandmother needn't be frightened if I am out of sight five minutes; I guess I am old enough to take care of myself." Charles drew up his slight form with an air of offended dignity that was quite amusing to his brother, who, with a smile that he took some pains to conceal, replied,

"Well, Charles, don't be affronted; grandma wouldn't be so anxious about you if she did not love you so well. Where *have* you been?"

"Only in the woods beyond the meadow, Henry, where I should be now, if I hadn't been afraid I should be eaten up alive."

"Horrible! What threatened to devour you, Charles? There are no wild animals in those woods, are there?"

"No bears nor lions certainly, Henry, but mosquitoes as big as humble-bees."

"Whew! Charles, you must 'tell that to the marines.' I guess you looked at them through a magnifying-glass."

"I looked through nothing but my own two eyes, and if you don't believe, I advise you to go and see for yourself. Only you won't stay long if they attack you as they did me. How they did bite, though! I thought I was going to have a grand good time, the woods looked so cool and shady, so I took my book, and finding a beautiful bed of soft, green moss, I stretched myself upon it, and was very well amused for a time looking up into the sky through the tree tops. It was very pleasant there. The birds were singing and the squirrels hopping about, and only little spots of sunshine found their way through the thick trees.

When I was tired of looking at the sky, I began to read; but by that time the mosquitoes had found me out, and there was soon an end to my reading. Just look at my face and hands, and my feet are almost as bad, for they bit right through my stockings. You say there is something interesting to be known about every living crea-

ture. Now, if there is any thing interesting in the life of a musquito I should like to hear what it is."

"Come into the house first, Charles, and I will ask grandma to give you some ammonia to rub on your face and hands. It is the best remedy for musquito poison. Then we will sit down under the big elm in the yard, and I will tell you all I know about your tormentors."

Charles was glad to hear that there was something that would lessen the burning pain from which he was suffering. By the time his grandmother had applied the ammonia, and given him a saucer of raspberries and cream and a large piece of cake for lunch, he had forgotten his indignation at being watched like a little boy, and thought he had the very best grandmother in the world. I dare say he was right, though the affection little boys feel for their grandmothers is very apt to be in proportion to the amount of cakes and bonbons they receive from them.

Charles soon found himself very comfortable by the side of his brother, under the shade of the big elm, and when Henry showed him the proboscis of a musquito through a magnifying-glass, he was quite beside himself with astonishment and pleasure.

"This is the musquito's sting," said Henry, "and small as it is, it is composed of two parts. That which you see is the sheath; inside of this is the sting or sucker. When the musquito bites, the sucker is plunged into the skin and the sheath is drawn up toward the body, a poisonous fluid is injected, and it is this which causes pain. You can see by the aid of the glass that the proboscis is terminated by two lips which form a little button.

"The female gnat (musquitoes are a species of gnat) lays her eggs on the surface of the water. In the larva or caterpillar state they live on the water during a part of the summer. In any stagnant pool you may see thousands of these little worms or 'wrigglers' plunged head foremost into the water. Their breathing organs are in the back part of the body, and they are provided with small fins.



"After about twenty days they go into a chrysalis state, in which all the limbs of the perfect insect are discernible through the winding-sheet that covers them. After three or four days in this state the insect bursts the shell with his head, and using its newly-found wings for sails, converts its old shell into a boat, in which, if the weather



prove calm he floats about at his ease till his whole body is in a perfect state to try a new element, when he mounts into the air, and is ready to become the tormentor of the first luckless mortal he happens to light upon. But if unfortunately a breeze springs up, these poor little sailors find themselves overtaken by a hurricane, their boats are upset, and their bodies not being yet detached from them, they are inevitably shipwrecked.



"It is said that only the female mosquito stings. In different countries various means are resorted to to guard against their attacks. Sometimes curtains of gauze are placed before the windows and drawn closely around the beds. Some drive them away by means of smoke, and the Laplanders in self-defense anoint their bodies with grease. But there is grandfather waiting for us to ride with him. How do your face and hands feel, now?"

"Much better, thank you, Henry. When mosquitoes sting me again I shall know how to relieve myself from the pain, and they will annoy me less now that I know how curiously they are made. So now hurrah for a ride with grandfather."

PATIENT EFFORT.

BY MRS. L. S.

We ne'er can know until we try
What patient effort may attain;
For idly wishing, though we sigh,
Brings neither knowledge, wit, nor gain.

Well store the mind, if there ye'd look
For means of comfort in old age;
Neglected lessons, slighted book,
Ne'er made philosopher or sage.

We often hear of genius rare,
Of talents bright, of ready wit,
But patient effort had its share
In earning laurels thus to fit.

Life's golden sands that time now casts,
For treasuring future joy or pain,
Improve them, use them to the last,
That after years shall tell their gain.

NANTUCKET, MASS.

THE DESERTERS.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

I TRIED to desert once," said a relative to me one day, as he was narrating the incidents of his first and only whaling voyage; "I became so weary of a life on shipboard that I did not care where I went, provided I was on *terra firma*."

So he went on to relate the way in which he and his companion, a young shipmate, contrived to quiet the suspicions of the officers, and at last were allowed to land on a small, green island far out in the Pacific. There were but few inhabitants there, and they were almost savages.

While the rest of the crew were busily engaged in procuring wood and water for the ship, these young men made their escape.

My relative was then in his teens, and could not be expected to have a superior judgment. But whether wisely or not, the two deserters resolved to hide during the time that the ship remained in port, and then reveal themselves to the natives. They had prepared themselves as well as they could by dressing in two suits of clothes, and taking with them a hatchet, and some biscuit concealed about their persons; they started for the cocoa-nut groves, whose waving palm-crests seemed to beckon them to their refreshing shade. The weather was so warm in that climate that they did not imagine they should need any shelter.

They walked on rapidly toward the central and highest portion of the island, and soon were far up a mountain side, where they could look down upon their former floating home as upon a pigmy craft. In a short time their biscuit was all gone, and they ventured out in search of cocoa-nuts, but without much success. That day they fared indifferently well, the next day still less sumptuously, and the third day, so great was their fear of starvation and real suffering from hunger, that they ventured down toward the sea-side again, hoping to find food themselves, or some friendly natives to procure it for them.

One incident which they met in crossing an open plain quite alarmed them. They walked on, not observing any inequality in the ground, till suddenly they came to a chasm some four or five feet in width, and several rods in length. Its bottom they could not discern, and on throwing down a pebble they could not hear it touch

the bottom, so immense was the depth. In a word, the chasm seemed, to their young imaginations, to be bottomless, and impressed them with the idea that the island was of volcanic origin, and this fissure caused by some earthquake shock. This fact, joined to a hearty desire for food, rendered them willing to return again to their ship, and they quietly pursued their way to the coast, allowing themselves in a short time to be captured by the natives, who had been hired by their captain to hunt for them.

The judicious captain readily forgave their first offense, and they took care never to desert again, as they found the path of duty was the only pleasant path.

NANTUCKET, Mass.

THE WASP AND SPIDER.

THE artifices resorted to by animals in procuring their food are among the most interesting and instructive portions of the naturalist's observations. An interesting incident was recently related of the cunning of a wasp in over-reaching the spider.

A blue wasp, known as the solitary wasp, because it lives alone in its little clay nest, such as we see around buildings in the country where the "mud wasps" abound, was seen to hurl itself upon the strong, wheel-shaped web of a large spider. Here it set up a loud buzzing like that of a fly when accidentally entangled in a similar web. The spider watching at the door of its silken domicile stole cautiously forth. His advance was slow, for he evidently felt that he was approaching no common enemy. The apparently desperate, yet fruitless efforts of the wasp to free himself encouraged the spider and lured him forward. But when within some three inches of his intended victim, the wasp suddenly freed himself from his mock entanglements, and darting upon the poor spider, in a moment pierced him with his deadly sting in a dozen places.

The wasp then bore his ill-gotten spoil to his lonely home. This house is built of clay, thimble-shaped, is about an inch in length, with a cavity of the size of a common pipe-stem, and originally with but one apartment. In the lower part of this *cul-de-sac* the wasp deposits its eggs. Immediately over them it draws a thin glutinous curtain. Upon this curtain it packs away the proceeds of its hunting excursions, such as spiders, flies, and all other insects which it regards as suitable food for its young; consequently, when

the young escape from the ova, they find above them a well-stocked larder, and gradually eat their way through the choice depository, finally appearing to the delighted world in the agreeable form and stature of perfect wasps.

This habit of a wasp common in this country is but an illustration of the countless thousands of curious works of nature but little known or observed, though within our reach every day; and yet persons will travel thousands of miles to see things not half as wonderful.

THE TWO STUDENTS.

THE GOOD STUDENT.

SOME twenty years ago there was a school of high character, where the pupils had the privilege of working on a farm and paying part of their expenses. I saw there a stout, healthy young man, the son of a farmer, who came there to labor and fit himself for college. He was dignified and modest. His talents were of a high order, and he was at once a leader among his fellow-students. It would be interesting to trace the career of this young man in detail. Suffice it to say, that by studious and industrious habits, by a moral and religious life, he became an eminent teacher, and is now president of a college, with hundreds of youths under his care.

THE CARELESS STUDENT.

At the same institution where the farmer's son was a student, was another, whose sad career I shall always think of with sorrow. I knew him and his little brother in their innocent childhood. They were the only children of pious parents, who were, indeed, among the "excellent of the earth."

One of the little brothers died, and was taken away in his innocence "from the evil to come." The other grew up, and became a good scholar, for he had every advantage that a kind father and money could bestow. He went to college, and broke loose from all parental and religious restraint. He became profane, extravagant, and dissipated. He neglected his studies. When he got through college, he plunged into gay life and worldly folly, and lived but a few years. He wasted his time, talents, and money, and went down, in early life, to the darkness of the tomb.

Let my young readers take warning, and learn a lesson from the example of the two students.—*S. S. Advocate.*

LITTLE KATIE.

BY LEONORA.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye," sounded from a little group of children that stood upon the greensward in front of Farmer Morton's cottage; and, from a carriage that slowly moved away from the door, faintly came the answering word, "Good-bye." And Katie Brown was gone. Little Katie, only eight years old, and an orphan, was gone to dwell among strangers, where many long weeks must pass away and no familiar face greet her eye or gladden her heart by its sympathetic smile.

A few months ago, as she stood sobbing by her mother's new-made grave, the thought of her loneliness and poverty touched the heart of Mr. Morton, and he took her to his home, where the kindness of Mrs. Morton and the winning ways of the little ones soon caused her, in a measure, to forget her great sorrow. But good Mr. Morton's means were limited, he had many little ones of his own, and Katie could not remain there; another home was sought for her, and so one day came the stranger lady and took her away.

Far away, in a retired street of a crowded city, stands a large and handsome building. It is the noontide hour, and the murmuring voices, joyous laughter, and happy faces of a crowd of young people issuing from its door, and passing along the streets leading to it, quickly announce the use to which it is dedicated.

It is a pleasant picture; but the heart is pained by the sight of one little girl, who, meanly clad and unaccompanied by sister or friend, steals along, looking timidly about her, and crouching nearer to the wall as she passes, as if to escape the too keen gaze of her companions. In that pale and sorrowful little face we recognize our old friend Katie. And has she no friend among all those happy ones? Will no one spring to her side, as the tear dims her eye, and speak to her words of sympathy and encouragement? Has no one moral courage sufficient to befriend the desolate orphan? Nay, some are proud, some indifferent, others doubtful and timid, and so the poor child reaches her lonely chamber and weeps out her grief, by all around unheeded.

How happy was Katie when one day Mrs. Nelson told her she should go to school! Visions of a pleasant school-room, through whose open windows was wafted the scent of the locust and apple blossoms, of the clover and sweet-brier, and of the merry and warm-

hearted companions there assembled, of their pleasant studies and joyous sports, came before her mind, and made the intervening hours pass quickly away; and when her work was done, though her feet were weary, she ran away to school with more of gladness in her heart and brightness in her eye than it had known for many a lingering day.

With no thought of her coarse and unfashionable attire, with no suspicion that it rendered her less worthy of companionship and affection, she entered the school-room; but, alas! for poor Katie; the curious gaze, the whispered word, the thoughtless laugh, soon revealed to her the sad truth, that though surrounded by those of her own age, she could not hope for their sympathy; she was as much alone as ever.

And so she went no more to school; for timid and sensitive and shrinking, she could not be induced again to expose herself to ridicule and contempt.

Oh, children, be kind to the orphan and the poor; remembering that beneath their scanty garb beat hearts by sorrow and suffering rendered more acutely sensitive, oftentimes, than your own; and that by a single word or act you may add greatly to their happiness, or crush entirely the hopes that may be newly awakened in their breasts.—*New England Farmer*.

THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR.

THE high mountains of California are frequented by a species of condor which, although somewhat inferior in size to the condor of the Andes, is probably the largest bird to be found within the confines of the "Golden State." A full-grown California condor measures upward of thirteen feet from tip to tip of the wings, and when in its favorite element, the air, is as graceful and majestic as any bird in the world.

They make their homes upon the ledges of lofty rocks, or in the old, deserted nests of hawks and eagles, upon the upper branches of lofty trees. Their eggs are each about twelve ounces in weight, and are said to be excellent eating. The barrels of the wing-feathers of the condor are about four inches long and three eighths of an inch in diameter, and are used by the inhabitants of Northern Mexico to keep their gold dust.

Children's Department.

LITTLE CHARLIE.

ABOUT sixty years ago a little boy who lived in England had a large dog which was very fond of the water, and in warm weather he used to swim across the river near where Charlie lived.

One day the thought struck him that it would be fine fun to make the dog carry him across the river, so he tied a string to the dog's collar, and ran down with him to the water's edge, where he took off all his clothes; and then, holding hard by the dog's neck and the bit of string, he went into the water, and the dog pulled him across.

After playing about on the other side for some time, they returned in the way they went; but when Charlie looked for his clothes he could find nothing but his shoes! The wind had blown all the rest into the water. The dog saw what had happened, and making his little master let go of the string, by making believe to bite him, he dashed in the river, and brought out first his coat, and then all the rest in succession.

Charlie dressed and went home in his wet clothes, and told his mother what fun he and the dog had had.

His mother told him that he did very wrong in going across the river as he had done, and that he should thank God for making the dog take him over and back again safely; for if the dog had made him let go in the river he would most likely have sunk and been drowned.

Little Charlie said, "Shall I thank God now, mamma?" and he knelt down at his mother's knee and thanked God; then getting up again, he threw his arm around his dog's neck, saying, "I thank you, too, dear doggie, for not letting go."

Little Charlie is now Admiral Sir Charles Napier, of England.

Little Songs for Little Folks.—No. 6.

THE BUMBLE-BEE.

BY UNCLE GEORGE.

"Bum! bum!" here he has come,
 With a melancholy music
 Like a little base drum!
 Yellow-coated drummer-boy
 Looking rather *glum*.
 Little winged drummer-boy,
 Finding all his summer joy
 In a hollow hum,
 "Bum! bum! bum!"

Room! room! give him the bloom
 Of the daisy and the clover,
 And the lily's perfume:
 Surly-mooded bumble-bee,
 Muttering of doom!
 Solemn-hearted bumble-bee,
 "Humble-bee," or *grumble-bee*,
 Animated gloom!
 Boom, boom, boom.

"Bum, bum," solemn and *grum*,
 With his military uniform
 He thinks he is *some*;
 Imitating Bonaparte
 Like a Tommy Thumb,
 Or the living Bonaparte,
 With a *coup d'état** as hearty,
 Pirating a home!
 "Bum, bum, bum."

Come! come! you old humdrum!
 You're welcome to my hollyhocks,
 Peach-gum, and plum.
 Swing among the lily-bells,
 Humming till you're dumb;
 Sipping from my lily-bells
 Honey-dew to fill your cells,
 You needn't be so *glum*,
 "Bum, bum, bum!"

WHY DO YOU GO TO SCHOOL?

WHY do children go to school? Is it to benefit their parents, their teacher, or themselves? I sometimes think that children make a mistake in this matter, and fancy that they go to school just because their parents tell them to, and not because it is important that they should learn to read, and spell, and write.

Parents love their children and desire their happiness, and therefore desire them to be taught at school. Some parents are so anxious that their children should be well educated, that, although they are poor, they will toil very hard to get the means of sending them to school.

* Pronounced *oo da-tah*, "a stroke of state," that is, a trick of daring state policy. The bumble-bee builds no nest, but drives out the mouse, meadow-mole, or squirrel, and takes possession, according to the same law by which the present French Emperor holds his place.

Children should therefore remember that it is for their own sake they are sent to school and required to learn their lessons. It is to make them wise and better, and to qualify them for the business of life when they become older.

Parents and teachers know best what it is good for children to do, and all little boys and girls should cheerfully obey and try to please them.



SOLILOQUY OF A POOR BOY.

I THINK it is too cruel that I can not go by Thomas Silver's house without being called poor. His father is rich, but it shows a precious mean disposition in his son to taunt me of my poverty. I know I am poor; but what of that? I can still be honest.

My teacher tells me, if I get wisdom and knowledge I shall be richer than if I had millions of gold. Yes, I am poor; but I would not steal, I would not tell a lie, I would not break the Sabbath, I would not willingly hurt the feelings of one of my companions, for a great deal of money.

What if I am poor? Poor boys often become great men. Ben. Franklin was a poor boy. He went into the great city of Philadelphia with a pack on his back; a strange lad, and no home to go to. George Washington was poor. Henry Clay, the "Mill-Boy of the Slashes," was poor. And yet they all made some figure in the world.

What if I am poor? My Redeemer was poor. He "had not where to lay his head." He dwelt among the poor, and he loved them. Ah! let me blush than I can for a moment regret my poverty! I will sing the beautiful verse my mother loves so well:

"He that is down need fear no fall;
He that is poor no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide."

I do not see, after all, but I can sing as heartily as if I had thousands of dollars. Money does not make light hearts. There is the squire—he is rich; but I never heard

him sing or whistle in my life. His cheek is paler than mine, and his arm is thinner; and I am sure he can not sleep sounder than I do.

No; I am not poor, either. This fine summer morning I feel quite rich. These beautiful flowers are mine; the red clouds yonder, where the sun is going to burst forth—they are mine. All these singing birds—the robins, the thrushes, the larks—are mine. I never was sick a day in my life, and I always manage to get a crust of bread somehow. What blessings could money buy for me greater than these! I thought I was poor; but I am rich!

The birds have no purse or pocket-book; neither have I. They have no pains nor headaches; neither have I. They have food and drink; so have I. They are cheerful; so am I. They are taken care of by God; so am I.

Ah! this is the secret of human happiness, after all. I will think less about the things I do not have, and more about those I have got. I will always remember that a crust with contentment is sweet; and if I endeavor to do what is right, God will never leave me without one.—*Playmate.*

MOTHER'S ADVICE.

WHAT do you like best, my little reader? Pies, cake, pears, plums, peaches, apples, custards? Ah, you like all these. Well, I hope you like books, too. But there is one thing of great value which you should prize highly, and I am glad to know that many of you do. Shall I tell you what it is? It is—*your mother's advice.*

Your mother's advice and counsel is of the utmost importance, and you ought ever to heed it. But I am sorry to know that some children care little about it; nay, they often dislike it, and refuse to follow it. Why is this so, my little reader? Are such children good and happy?

Editor's Table.

PRINCIPLES OF INSTRUCTION.

IN the *School and Schoolmaster*, a new educational journal published at Providence, R. I., we find some valuable thoughts on the principles which should be the guide of all teachers in imparting instruction to those under their charge. These principles of instruction are deduced from observation and experience, and should never be forgotten. They may be stated as follows:

FIRST.—Whatever we are teaching, the attention should be aroused and fixed, the faculties of the mind occupied, and as many of them as possible brought into action.

SECOND.—Divide and subdivide a difficult process, until the steps are so short that the pupil can easily take them. This is what we call aptness to teach.

THIRD.—Whatever is learned let it be made familiar by repetition, until it is deeply and permanently fixed in the mind. The faithful application of this principle makes thorough teaching, the best kind of teaching, certainly.

FOURTH.—Insist upon every lesson being learned so perfectly that it shall be repeated, as every thing in a large school should be done, without the least hesitation. This can not, however, be applied in the case of very young scholars.

FIFTH.—Present the practical bearings and uses of the thing taught, so that the hope of an actual acquaintance and the desire of preparation for the future may be brought to act as motives. This principle is too important to be so often neglected.

SIXTH.—Follow the order of Nature in teaching whenever it can be discovered.

SEVENTH.—When difficulties present themselves to the learner, diminish and shorten rather than remove them; lead him, by questions, to overcome them himself. It is not what you do for the child so much as what you lead him to do for himself, which is valuable to him.

EIGHTH.—Teach the subject rather than the book. The book is but an aid in acquiring a knowledge of the subject.

NINTH.—Teach one thing at a time. Advance step by step, make sure of the ground you stand on before a new step is taken.

SUBTRACTION—BORROWING TEN.—In a recent communication to us, Mr. E. S. Zevely, of Cumberland, Md., claims to have formed a "universal rule" for all questions in subtraction. It seems from his article that he, also, "borrows" in subtraction, but does not believe in the practice of returning to Paul what was borrowed from Peter. He says: "When you take or borrow one ten, for instance, from *five* tens, of course that leaves one less, or *four* tens, and is to be so considered by 'my *one*, short and simple, *universal* rule,' and not most senselessly still call it *five*, and proceed to 'carry one' to the next figure in the

subtrahend, calling that one more than it actually is, merely because by so doing it will have the same effect! Prodigious!! As well might we adopt any other senseless operation in place of a common sense and sensible one; merely because it will bring about the same result."

Our correspondent may have a valuable rule for subtraction, but from any thing to be learned from his communication to us we can but regard his nice distinctions about as dissimilar as half-a-dozen and six.

PIANOS IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.—Ten years ago it was a very rare thing to see a piano in the school-room. Now they are quite common, particularly in cities and large towns; and we regard their introduction with favor, as the singing can be conducted in a manner more interesting to the pupils, and all schools should have singing. Good music in school is conducive to good order, good behavior, and good scholarship.

We learn from the *Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.), that public school No. 14 of that city has been furnished with one of Boardman and Gray's pianos, which was selected by a committee chosen for the purpose of examining several to determine their relative merits.

TELEGRAPH TO EUROPE.—That achievement will soon be realized. Companies have been formed here and in England to carry out the enterprise. The American company is to construct the line as far as Newfoundland, and the European company to extend the wires across the Atlantic. That portion of the line from New York to St. John's, Newfoundland, is nearly completed. The cable of wire which is to be stretched across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from the island of Breton, has been received from London, and Prof. Morse, Peter Cooper, Cyrus W. Field, and others, have gone on from New York to superintend the putting of it down.

This cable is seventy miles in length. It consists of three isolated wires covered with gutta percha, placed around a tarred rope, then covered with strands of tarred hemp, and the whole bound together with a strong wire, a quarter of an inch thick, wound spirally around the cable. It is anticipated that the line will be ready for the transmission of messages from St. John's to New York early in September. Then the steamers to and from Liverpool will touch there to receive and deliver messages. By this arrangement news may be obtained from Europe in from six to eight days, instead of from nine to twelve days, as at present.

PLANETS VISIBLE.—*Venus* can now be seen about noon with the naked eye, if the atmosphere is very clear. It is on the meridian about half-past two o'clock, P. M. and may be seen for about two hours after sunset in the west. It will reach its greatest brilliancy about the 25th inst. *Jupiter* is now the most conspicuous glory of the night, and may be seen in the southeast. He passes the meridian about midnight. *Saturn* is visible toward morning. It rises about one o'clock A. M.

"ROMPING."—Let the children play, the harder the better, at seasonable hours, but teach them to be quiet, also, at proper times. Never punish a girl for being a romp, but be thankful, rather, that she has health to be one. It is better, a thousand times, than a distorted spine or a hectic cheek. Better let your girls romp than to pay doctor's bills for them. A better time is coming.

for the girls, when they will be permitted to take more physical exercise and inhale more fresh air.

Parents will learn, by-and-by, and many have already found it out, that a plenty of exercise is as necessary to the health of their girls as it is for the boys. Our schools, too, are having gymnasiums fitted up, and we shall see them more common ere long. Parents and teachers, bring out the ropes, put up the swings, fix the bars, and get the weights; these improvements must be made, and the sooner they are attended to the better it will be for your children and pupils.

Our Museum.

CZAR, from *Cæsar*, a title of honor assumed by the sovereigns of Russia. Ivan Basilowitz, after having achieved great triumphs over the Tartars about the middle of the sixteenth century, on returning home took the title of *Tzar*, or *Czar*, signifying Great King.

A GRAMMARIAN'S FANCY.—Dr. Willis, an old grammarian, who wrote upward of a hundred years ago, in noticing the significant roots of the English language gives various examples. Thus, words formed upon *st*, always denote firmness and strength, as *stand*, *stay*, *staff*, *stop*, *stout*, *steady*, *stake*, *stamp*, *stately*, etc. Words beginning with *str* intimate violent force and energy, as *strive*, *strength*, *strike*, *stripe*, *stress*, *struggle*, *stride*, *stretch*, *strip*, etc. *Thr* implies forcible motion, as *throw*, *throb*, *thrust*, *through*, *threaten*, *thralldom*, etc. *Wr*, obliquity or distortion, as *wry*, *wrest*, *wreath*, *wrestle*, *wring*, *wrong*, *wrangle*, *wrath*, etc. *Sw*, silent agitation or lateral motion, as *sway*, *swerve*, *sweep*, *swing*, *swim*, etc. *Sl*, a gentle fall or less observable motion, as *sly*, *slip*, *slit*, *slide*, *slow*, *slack*, etc. *Sp*, dissipation or expansion, as *spread*, *sprout*, *sprinkle*, *split*, *spill*, *spring*, etc. Terminations in *ash* indicate something acting nimbly and sharply, as *crash*, *dash*, *gash*, *rash*, *flash*, *lash*, *slash*, etc. Terminations in *ush*, something acting more obtusely and dully, as *crush*, *brush*, *bush*, *gush*, *blush*, etc.

Doubtless the analogies of sound have had some influence in the formation of words.

TEACHING THE MEANING.—The importance of teaching children the meaning of words as well as their pronunciation is forcibly illustrated in the following anecdote: A boy was one day reading to his mother something about the *patriarchs*. He at first hesitated at the hard word, but finally called it *partridges*. His mother corrected the pronunciation, but did not tell him the meaning of the word. Thus left he associated the idea of a bird with the word *patriarch*. The next time he came to the word, having forgotten the pronunciation, he went to his mother for assistance, exclaiming, "Here, mamma, here are those *queer fowls* again." When this boy had become a man, he said that he had never been able to get rid of the association which he then formed.

WESTERN PROVINCIALISMS.—One day a gentleman said to a boy who resided at the West, "Boy, is there any game where you live?" "Yes," said the lad, "there is a *power* of turkeys, a *heap* of squirrels, and a *right smart* sprinkle of deer.

COR'-PORAL vs. COR-PO'-RE-AL.—The Irish are noted for wit, yet it generally is of that kind which consists chiefly in blunders. The following instance happily illustrates this point, where an Irishman confounded *cor'-po-ral*, a military officer, with *cor-po'-re-al*, something pertaining to the material body. A soldier told his Irish comrade, one day, that a corporal was to be drummed out of the regiment. "By my faith," said the Irish soldier, "I hope it's the corporal that is so troublesome to our company." "Pray, what is his name?" inquired the soldier. "Why, *Corporal Punishment*, to be sure," said Pat.

VANITY.—Creaking of carriage-wheels wanting the oil of humility.

ADVERSITY.—A dark lantern, by the aid of which we discover our friends.

DEBT.—The fire into which a man jumps out of the frying-pan of need.

RARE BIRTH-DAY.—A person recently died at the age of 74 who has had but eighteen returns of his birth-day. He was born on the 29th day of February, 1780.

THE STUDENT AND THE SHOEMAKER.—A college student was recently joking a young man of his acquaintance for learning the shoemaker's trade, telling him his "*works were always trampled under foot*," when the young shoemaker replied—"And yet we are the sole promoters and protectors of your understanding."

Literary Notices.

BOOKS noticed in *THE STUDENT* will be sent, on receipt of the prices given, to any post-office in the United States, free of postage, by N. A. CALKINS, 249 Broadway, New York.

THE WATCHMAN. By J. A. M. Published by H. Long & Brother, New York. 12mo; 460 pages. Price \$1 25.

This story is one of humble life in New York, and the hero was a watchman well known here. The work was, doubtless, suggested by "The Lamplighter;" and though its aims are to inculcate a love of truth and benevolence, yet in ability it does not equal that popular volume. "The Watchman" has met with a large sale.

FEMALE LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS; a narrative of many years' personal experience. Published by J. C. Derby, New York. 12mo; 449 pages. Price \$1 25.

A gloomy and revolting picture is given of Mormon Life and Doctrines in this volume. It purports to have been written by a wife of a Mormon elder; but it smacks too much of the "novel," and has too many mistakes in historical incidents. The work contains many exposures of the Mormon delusion which are well authenticated by other reliable sources.

A JOURNAL OF SUMMER TIME IN THE COUNTRY. By Rev. Robert A. Willmott. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price 60 cents.

This volume, though in the form of a journal, contains little in description of the scenes of

the country; it chiefly treats of suggestions and reflections awakened by those scenes. Its style is fragmentary, yet contains interesting anecdotes, incidents, and reflections.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE has increased in interest much during the late numbers. It is deservedly popular, and the magazine for the million.

WHICH: THE RIGHT OR THE LEFT? Published by Garrett & Co., New York. 12mo; 586 pages. Price \$1 25.

The object of this novel seems to be an attack upon fashionable religion. It speaks of the professors of religion who belong to the "Church of Society," and of those who belong to the "Church of Christ," aiming to show the hollow-heartedness of the one and the reality of the other. But while it makes a gloomy picture of the one, the author appears to be so much a stranger to the other, that the real Christian is often disgusted with his attempts at a portrayal of that with which he evidently has no genuine knowledge. As for the story, aside from repetition, in some instances of nearly half pages *verbalism*, it has a fascination which would lead those who commenced it to read to its close. Its perusal will evidently cause thought, and it may do some good.

THE UNKNOWN X.

BY E. W. HOBBS.

THIS brings vividly to mind those mystical equations of Algebra, where the unknown quantity, radical, plus or minus, zero and infinity is so variously, and sometimes so intricately involved as to defy solution.

I have often been lost in wonder at the sublime demonstrations of mathematics. The axioms, self-evident,—the general principles easily understood, being made the immutable foundation of the temple which rises higher into infinite space than the founders of Babel ever dreamed of building; the inductive reasoner ascends the magnificent stairway, feeling at every step that he is standing on the eternal foundation, until he measures the size, weight, distance and revolutions of other worlds; or enters into analytical demonstrations, where mind is freed, as it were, from earth-shackles, and spirit contemplates ideal yet rigid and exact proportions, and swells with the untold rapture of immaterial harmony.

But there is a limit to these developments. The *unknown x* may be so involved as to defy solution. It may unyieldingly refuse to unravel its mystic combinations.

Now let us generalize. The world is, or has been enveloped in mystery. Many have been the mathematical solutions of nature's hidden laws by the children of science. Man has analyzed and resolved many beautiful and harmonious principles which enter into the combinations of matter. But however cultivated may be his mind, and however acute his perception, the mysterious form of the unknown x rises like a cliff of adamant before him and effectually bars his inquisitive progress.

Suppose he tries to comprehend the mysteries of material existence, and analyze the law of being. He looks abroad and beholds the universe; the earth, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," and the expanse of ether around it spangled with orbs of light. By the aid of philosophy, mathematics and mechanics, he discovers that some of the nearer stars, or planets, as he terms them, move around a central point. But beyond this system are other brilliant orbs, which he supposes from analogy to be similar systems or similar central suns. But for what purpose are they

set out in space? If they are worlds, are they the abodes of life? Do they, and our system, revolve around another point? and if so, where is it? and what is it? and where does this infinity of material existence end?

In all these the unknown x rises before his appalled imagination and reason recoils from it. But suppose he confines his investigations to our world. By chemical analyses he endeavors to trace the elements of various combinations to their primal forms, the material to its ultimate atoms. From the state of cohesion in which he finds them, they may be resolved into their integral and constituent particles, but these molecules he finds to be indivisible and indestructible. He would find the inherent properties in them that cause their attraction and affinity to each other to form the different bodies; but here the unknown x in his proposition is insolvable. He is forced to acknowledge his discomfiture.

He turns to the atoms again and endeavors to reach the source of causation itself. But here is an inseparable barrier to his progress. Nature refuses to admit him into her arcana. She has permitted him to walk wondering along the aisles of her temple, to hear the tides of unwritten music rolling in choral harmonies through its wondrous recesses, but when the world looks presumptuously into the adytum, her secret shrine, the unknown x rises like the Dragon of Hesperia and bids him stay his unhallowed feet and pry no further into the mysteries of *material existence*.

He turns to the world of life. He sees it around him in myriad forms. The moss grown rock; the ivy mantled wall; "the beauteous sisterhood of flowers;" the fruit bearing plant; the mighty forest trees, all speak of a living principle. All possess a vitality which springs from the embryo germ, flourishes, propagates its kind, withers and dies. Nor these alone. Every stone upturned reveals some insect wonder, and every part of nature teems with life. From the molusca which cling without mobility to the flinty rock, to the highest type of animal life;—from the animacula that swarm in a drop of water or live on the petals of a flower, to man himself, is a regular chain of gradation—a great stairway of life.

Man would comprehend and demonstrate every part of this intricate problem as he does a proposition of Euclid. He would

go into the chambers of the heart and see the vital principle that moves the delicate machinery, but it all stops forever at his rude touch. Even the living principle that builds the tissues of vegetation is as utterly incomprehensible. He readily analyzes the elements of which it is composed, and discovers their properties and proportions, but with those all supplied to his hand after numberless experiments he can not cause to exist the lowest type of vitality.

Philosophers have grown gray in the attempt and handed their crucibles and retorts to others, who have lived over them all their days endeavoring to evolve, or at least discover, this vital principle. But their labors are vain. The unknown x guards as reluctantly the mysteries of life as those of material existence.

Foiled in these researches, man turns at last to himself. Surely he can comprehend his own frame, his own mind. Ah! no. Here is the mystic union of matter and spirit. Here is inner, as well as outer life. Mind wanders and dwells in the past eternity, in the present immensity, in the coming time. It acts, feels, and thinks; it is capable of giving and receiving impressions; and if mind be spirit, it can live when dissevered from the body, yea, even more unrestrainedly, for here he feels it struggling in the gyves of this clay prison-house.

Yet what is it? What its strange and wondrous relationship with the body? whence came it, and why is it here, and what is its destiny? In all these the ever-present x is seen and poor human reason is at fault. The mysterious problem of spirit remains inexplicable. He can not even explain the phenomena of mind. Can he tell how the frenzied madman, in the ravings of mania, can resist the united energies of a dozen men, and break fetters beyond the power of the strongest man? 'Tis not the strength of blood and muscle alone. Can he tell how mind influences mind and the stronger *will* can bind the weaker, and this influence passing through an unperceivable medium? And yet it is true beyond dispute. Can he tell how memory preserves the images of the past? Can he explain the boding dread of coming events that sometimes settles upon the spirit, a premonition of things that afterward come to pass? Can he satisfy the ceaseless cravings of the immortal spirit for a higher good; or fill its capacity for knowledge; or satiate its desire for the beautiful, the true, the good?

The dark spirit of mystery hovers around us always; every where his shadow darkens the chambers of the soul and his ebon plumes overshadow all existent things! We walk as it were, through a world of darkness bearing a glimmering lamp with which we vainly endeavor to explore the temple of *The Unknown*; and as we walk through its cathedral aisles, with just light enough to make "darkness visible," and stand, wondering before its mighty columns, we instinctively join the "*Te Deum laudamus*" that echoes through its lofty arches, or bend in worship before its mystic shrine,—and here is the crowning mystery, *religion*.

And here man is not left to struggle altogether in darkness. The light of inspiration has come to his aid, and removed the cloud, enough for him to see the object and purpose of worship, of life, and of existence. Then why should we murmur if mystery part enfolds our sublime religion? The wonder would be if it had no mystery, since mystery so darkly broods in the confines of science, and limits the knowledge of man.

"*Omnia exeunt in mysterium*" is as true now as in the days of the schoolmen. "Neither God, nor his providence and ways, nor man in his nature and destiny, are much better understood now than in the days of the Hebrew prophets and Greek sages," is a true remark of a late reviewer of Hume.

This mysterious x will never be evolved in all its combinations, vast and complicated, minute and delicate, till we are unfettered from the material and can comprehend the Spiritual.

FORMAL INVITATIONS.

THE frequent habit of extending mere formal invitations, is happily and justly rebuked in the following story of Vivier, a celebrated and witty French artist.

Vivier recently passed some time in Paris, on his return from his summer travels. He had but just arrived when he was invited to dine with Monsieur X——, the musical amateur and rich capitalist. After the repast, the master and mistress of the house said to their agreeable guest, "We hope that we shall have you often to dine with us; your plate will always be ready."

"Always?" said Vivier, "that is, in the fashionable sense."

"By no means. We are not persons of such hollow politeness. You know how much we love artists, and you in particular. Our home is yours. Come and dine with us whenever you please. We should be glad if it were every day."

"In earnest?"

"Certainly, we should be delighted."

"Ah, well! since you are so cordial, I promise you I will do my best to be agreeable."

"We shall depend upon seeing you."

The next day, at six o'clock, Vivier presented himself.

"You see," said he, "that I have taken your invitation literally. I have come to dine."

"Ah, it is very kind of you!—it is very charming," said his hosts, to whom his arrival appeared very *piquant* and quite original.

The dinner was very gay, and the artist, on taking leave, received many compliments.

The next day, as they were about to sit down at the table, Vivier again appeared.

"Here I am, exact, punctual and faithful to my promise. But it is singular," he continued, fixing a penetrating and quizzical look upon the faces of his hosts; "it is singular!—you appear surprised; did you not expect me?"

"O certainly, you give us much pleasure," Monsieur and his wife replied, with a forced smile.

"So much the better."

Vivier sat down, was in the happiest vein, played the agreeable to all the family, and seemed unconscious that he had all the burden of the entertaining, and that except a few monosyllables, the conversation was reduced to a mere monologue.

On the fourth day, at 6 o'clock precisely, the obstinate guest once more presented himself. This time the cold and constraint were very perceptible, and Vivier spoke of it.

The mistress of the house replied, stiffly, "It is only because we feared you would not fare well, we have so poor a dinner to day."

"I thought you expected me, but it is of no consequence. I am not difficult. I wish only the pleasure of your society."

He seated himself with perfect composure, ate heartily, then turning to madame, with a complimentary air, he said,

"What could you mean? This dinner is quite as good as the others. Excellent fare, upon my word. I should desire nothing better."

The next day—it was the fifth—Vivier arrived as usual. The porter met him at the door—"Mons. X—— is not at home. He dines down town to day." * * *

"Your porter is a simpleton," said Vivier, gaily. "He pretended that you had gone out.—I knew that he was mistaken. But what long faces? What a somber and melancholy air! Has any thing happened? Any accident, any misfortune? Tell me, that I may offer my sympathies."

At dinner time the witty artist continued and redoubled his entreaties that the supposed misfortune might be confided to him. He complained of their reserve, and indulged himself in all sorts of conjectures and questions.

"Have you lost money in speculations—missed an inheritance—heard bad music—received a visit from a troublesome bore—have you been wounded in your affections—in your fortune—in your Ambition?"

Then, at the dessert, bursting into a fit of laughter, he said; "I know what is the matter, and what troubles you. It is your invitation, so cordially made and so literally accepted. I thought that I would make the trial, suspecting that you would not endure me long. To-day, you shut the door against me, and to-morrow, if I should return, you would throw me out of the window. But you will not catch me here. I wish you good evening."—*Musical World*.

ALWAYS BEGIN RIGHT.

ANONYMOUS.

WE once knew an old Friend, who had but one piece of advice to new beginners; it was, "if thee'll only begin right, all will go well." We have often thought that there was more in the recommendation than ever the good quaker saw, for there is scarcely any thing to be done in life to which the adage "begin right," will not apply. Success is but a synonym for being right.

The great bulk of enterprises that fail, owe their ruin to not having begun right. A business is undertaken without sufficient capital, connection, or knowledge. It ends unfavorably. Why? Because it is not begun right! A young professional man, whose probationary period of study has been spent in pleasure rather than hard reading, complains that he can not succeed. Why, again? Because he has not begun right! A stock company breaks up. Still why? Ten to one, the means employed were not adequate to the end, or else it was started with inefficient officers, and in either case it was not begun right. Two young house-keepers break up their gay establishment, the lady going home, perhaps, to her father's, taking her husband with her. Why? They did not begin right, for they commenced on too large a scale, forgetting that the expenses of a family increase every year, and that in no event is it safe for a man to live up to his income. An inventor starts a manufactory, into which his machinery is brought into play; but after a while he finds himself insolvent; his factory is sold; another reaps what he has sown. Why? Alas! like too many others, he has undertaken more than he has means to carry through; he did not begin right, and ruin was the consequence.

But above all things, life should be begun right. Young men rarely know how much their conduct, during their first few years, affects their subsequent success. It is not only that other persons, in the same business, form their opinion of them at this time, but that every beginner acquires, during these years, habits for good or ill, which color his whole future career.

We have seen some of the ablest young men, with every advantage of fortune and friends, sow the seeds of ruin and early death by indulging too freely in the first years of manhood. We have seen others, with far less capacity, and without any backing but industry and energy, rise gradually to fortune and influence. Franklin is a familiar illustration of what a man can do who begins right. If he had been too proud to eat rolls in the street when he was a poor boy, he would never have been Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France.

Always begin right; survey the whole ground before you commence an undertaking, and you will then be prepared to go forward successfully. Neglect this, however, and you are always

sure to fail. In other words, begin right. A good commencement is half the battle. A false step is almost certain defeat. BEGIN RIGHT.

NATURE THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE

ANONYMOUS.

WE sometimes feel that the innumerable facts continually presented to the mind of the observer by nature, are too lightly regarded. The calm indifference with which men, familiar to the external features of nature, are accustomed to regard facts, seems almost a species of stoical blasphemy. The law of like is by far the most marvelous in natural science, and especially in that department where, from the minuteness of form, study has hitherto been very limited. We allude to entomology. A little observation in this department will unfold to the student a series of wonders unsurpassed by the gigantic exhibition of phenomena presented in Niagara and Vesuvius.

Not the least astonishing among these facts, is the extraordinary multiplicity of species—the innumerable diversity of forms connected with animate nature. The larger forms of animals such as are daily presented to us, seem comparatively limited, and we easily comprehend the reason; if they were very numerous, so must be their means of subsistence. But as only a certain amount of subsistence can be gleaned from a square mile, under the most favorable conditions, and that amount is not large, the existence of the larger forms comprises extremely limited numbers. But when we descend to Entomology and Conchology, we are confused with the almost innumerable diversity of species and variety. Of the beetle, alone, there has been ascertained to be no less than thirty thousand branches of this one family. When surveying these apparently disgusting insects, what an idea of creative power might we gather from knowledge of this? The study of every branch of the insect creation presents the same fruitful reflection.

Lyonet, a French naturalist, spent several years in examining a single insect, and left the work unfinished, thus showing the exceeding delicateness of the structure. In the body of an insect,

about an inch in length, M. Strauss has enumerated three hundred and six plates, composing the structure of the outer envelope, four hundred and ninety-four muscles, for putting these plates in motion, twenty-four pairs of nerves to animate them, and forty-eight pairs of trachea or breathing organs, equally ramified and divided, to convey the air and sustenance to this complicated tissue.

We regard the common house-fly as a contemptible insect, but how important an object of study its structure may be, can be learned from the fact that its eye is one of the most singular and curiously constructed mirrors that science has yet invented, or study discovered. The number of lenses in its eyes is numbered at six or seven thousand, in the eye of a dragon-fly, seventeen thousand. The house-fly's wing has a power of six hundred strokes in a second, which can propel it thirty-five feet, while the speed of a swift race horse is but ninety feet per second—more than a mile a minute.

The beauty of the butterfly is proverbial, but how much more intense should be our admiration when we learn that it is a thing of 34,000 eyes, and that on a single wing there have been found 100,000 scales. The wings of many insects are of such extreme tenuity, that 50,000 of them placed over each other, would not compose the thickness of a quarter of an inch; and yet thin as they are, each is double, so that the actual lamina here would be 100,000.

We often see in pools of water small bits of elongated straw and wood, seemingly having the power of motion. With what interest has science invested these, when we find that each elongated tube is the home of a caddis worm, which is ultimately to become an insect or fly, such as the Ephemeron fly, some of whose peculiar characteristics we have before noticed. These worms are exposed to the ravages of birds and fishes, and hence they glue together small bits of wood and straw to make a house for shelter, and when the frail castle is too buoyant, they add a piece of gravel to preserve the balance, in order that the castle shall not be burdensome nor too buoyant.

We regard the web of the common spider as the trifling ex-crescence of a disgusting insect, but it is an object of intense curiosity, when we reflect that each thread is composed of 4,000

threads, and that 4,000,000 of these small threads would not make a cord thicker than a single hair of a man's head !



There is one species of spider that lives on the water, in a house of air, like a diving bell ; this house is usually attached to a floating leaf, or some similar object, as seen in the accompanying engraving ; another builds a house in the ground, with a door upon elastic hinges, which keeps it constantly shut.

In Conchology (study of shells) are many facts of an interesting character. The variety of forms, color and construction are such as to strike the observer with astonishment. These forms vary from a simple hollow tube to the most complicated convolutions, embodying the shapes of boxes, cups, cones, spires, turbans, &c. The Athenians used a shell to write a note upon, hence the term Testament and Attestation, which are derived from *testado*, a shell. The shell animals exude from their bodies a viscid moisture with which the shell is increased in dimensions, or repaired when broken.

Some of the clam-shell species have shells weighing over 50 pounds. Some of the smaller shell-fish will penetrate by boring into the hardest rock, they being prepared with a phosphorescent liquor which they discharge against the rock, thus decomposing it, and enabling them by means of a broad fleshy tongue, to build a home in the hardest ledge. The pearl shell-fish are well known,

but the erroneous value once attached to the pearl can scarcely be believed. Julius Cæsar presented Servilla, the mother of Brutus, with a pearl for which he paid over \$20,000!

The study of these wonderful facts, and the elevating emotions they produce in the mind of the student of nature, are wholesome antidotes to the baneful influences of a continuous selfish struggle, in an age of sordid and mercenary strife.

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

WE have often heard the remark, "I am too old to learn now," made by those who had not attained the prime of life. Such notions are too common with young women and young men while near the close of their "teens." Man is never too old to learn; and this is shown by the following well authenticated facts:

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learnt to play on musical instruments, for the purpose of resisting the wear of old age.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language. Many of our young men at thirty and forty have forgotten even the alphabet of a language, the knowledge of which was necessary to enter college, and which was made a daily exercise through college.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of the Latin. Many of our young lawyers, not thirty years of age, if told that a knowledge of the Latin would make them appear a little more respectable in their professions, would reply that they are *too old* to think of learning Latin.

Boccacio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature. Yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect; Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than Boccacio, who are dying of *ennui*, and regret that they were not educated to a taste for literature, but now they are *too old*.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became the most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Our young men begin to think of laying

their seniors on the shelf when they have reached sixty years of age. How different the present estimate put upon experience from that which characterized a certain period of the Grecian republic, when a man was not allowed to open his mouth in political meetings, who was under forty years of age !

Colbert, the famous French minister, at sixty years of age, returned to his Latin and law studies. How many of our college graduates have ever looked into their classics since their graduation ?

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death, which took place at the age of eighty-one. Most of our merchants and lawyers of twenty-five, thirty, and forty years of age, are obliged to apply to a teacher to translate a business letter written in the French language, which might be learnt in a tenth part of the time required for the study of the Dutch ; and all because they are *too old to learn*.

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times.

Ogilley, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. How many among us of thirty, forty, and fifty, who read nothing but newspapers for the want of a taste for natural philosophy ? But they are *too old to learn !*

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad ; and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that indeed he began it late, but he should therefore master it the sooner. Healthy old age gives a man the power of accomplishing a difficult study in much less time than would be necessary to one of half his years.

We could go on citing hundreds of examples of men who commenced a new study and struck out into an entirely new pursuit ; either for livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent need ever say, *I am too old to learn*.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

BY ANNA DARLING.

AN oak tree stood in its leafy pride,
And abroad its branches cast ;
In the firm dark soil by the river's side
Was the giant rooted fast.
'Twas a lonely spot, and oft have I seen
'Neath its shade, in the summer's day,
The child, the youth, the man of care,
And the aged pilgrim gay.

And the boy that played with the acorn cup,
On the mossy bank beneath,
Long since, a ripe sheaf, was garnered up
By that stern old reaper, death—
It withstood the shock of the whirlwind's might,
And baffled the storm-king's power,
Unchanged through a century's circling flight,
'Till in an evil hour,

The woodman, with unerring stroke,
Made the forest echo round,
With a boding knell for the brave old oak
That was falling to the ground.
The spot is lone on the hill-side, now,
And the rock is bare and grey,
For the leafy tree, like the stern old man,
Has passed from the earth away.

NUTMEG PLANTATIONS AT SINGAPORE.

THE following account of a nutmeg plantation in the East Indies is given by a correspondent of the *Rochester Union*, who writes from Singapore :

The nutmeg plantation I visited belongs to a Chinaman by the name of Wampoa, and is situated four miles from the city. It is one of the most beautiful and thoroughly tropical places I have ever seen. The place is surrounded by hedge-rows of bamboo, neatly cut, and within are large fields, in which are planted cocoa-nut, beetlenut, mangosteen and nutmeg. The latter field embraces nearly fifty acres, and like the others, the trees are in regular rows, crossing each other at right angles, and about thirty feet

apart. Some are of very large size, and not less than thirty feet in height.

Like coffee, the nutmeg trees require great attention, thorough manuring and irrigation, and the ground must be kept free from grass or weeds. They are moved from the nursery the second year, and for two years after must be kept covered from the burning sun by mats, which are spread over them by means of four supports set in the ground. The roots are also mulched with coarse litter. They commence bearing four or five years from the planting; but the tree does not produce its full crop until it is eighteen years old. The produce of a tree is then worth five or six dollars a year. One nutmeg per day from each tree is regarded as a profitable yield.

Upon the tree, before the husk opens, the fruit does not look unlike the hickory nut before the shell drops. They are fit to pick when the outer shell opens, so as to disclose the mace which covers the inner shell that encloses the fruit; and the trees are examined every morning throughout the year, to see if any of the fruit is fit to pick. When it is ready to gather, the mace is a most brilliant crimson, and exceedingly pretty. After it is plucked, the outer shell is thrown away, then the mace is carefully taken off, flattened with the hand, and spread on wooden trays to dry. It is occasionally turned over, and the rain kept from it until thoroughly dry, when it is put in bags for market.

The nut is also placed on wooden or metal pans, and kept in the sun until the nut within will rattle about in the shell, when the shell is broken off, and the nut is ready to be sacked and sent to market. If the shell which covers the nutmeg is broken before the fruit is dry, it is ruined; and great care is exercised, therefore, in this process of drying. Besides the nutmeg, my Chinese entertainer derives quite a revenue from his cocoanut, beetle-nut, and mangosteen orchard.

The mangosteen is held in the highest repute of any fruit in the tropics, and is grown in greater perfection at Singapore and Penang than elsewhere. I must confess to what, in the opinion of my fellow traveler, was regarded wanting in a just appreciation of its qualities, when I declared it quite inferior to the better variety of our peaches—or, indeed, to the Tekelor white Doyenne peach.

Youth's Department.

CHOOSING COMPANIONS.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

BY CATHERINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

HAVE you become acquainted with your new schoolmate?" inquired Mr. Gibson of his son Henry.

"I suppose you mean Frederick Mason," replied Henry. "I have not seen much of him, and have hardly made up my mind whether I shall like him or not. He seems to be a pleasant boy, and is full of life and spirits. Some of the boys are very intimate with him already."

"I should be sorry to have you treat him rudely," replied Mr. Gibson, "but I hope you will not be intimate with him, as you say some of the boys are."

"Why, father—do you know any thing against him?"

"I chanced to overhear a part of his conversation with another boy, as I passed them this afternoon. He was trying to persuade this boy to go to a certain place with him, though the reason he gave for not going was, that he did not think his father would like to have him. Now I should be sorry to have my son choose for a friend or companion, one who would try to persuade him to do what he knew to be wrong; such a companion is a very unsafe one."

Henry Gibson was a boy who gave attention to the advice he received from his parents, and did not, like some boys, set himself up to be wiser than they. He remembered what his father said to him about Frederick Mason, and the result of it was, that he determined not to become very familiar with him, until he had learned more of his character. It was not long before he began to see the wisdom of his father's caution, for he observed that the boys who had grown most intimate with Frederick were frequently getting into some difficulty.

One fine evening, some weeks after Henry had received this

caution from his father, Frederick Mason, with two of his companions, was passing Mr. Gibson's house.

"Let us call for Henry," said George Lyman.

"O no! we had better not stop for him to-night," said Frederick Mason.

"Yes, yes," said the third boy, whose name was James Spencer, "let us stop. The old saying is, 'the more the merrier,' and I vote to call for Henry."

Frederick had his own private reasons for not wishing to call for Henry, but as he did not choose to state these reasons, he made no further opposition to the proposal.

Henry stood in the door, and George called out to him to come to the gate, and as he approached them, James said,—

"Come, Henry, take a walk with us this pleasant evening."

"Wait a moment, and I will step in and ask father," said Henry.

"Nonsense!" said Fred. "Don't stop for that. Can't you walk a dozen rods this pleasant evening, without going to your father about it?"

"I think he will have no objection," replied Henry, "but when I can ask his consent so easily, I do not think it would be right to go without it."

Henry ran back to the house, and into the parlor, to state the case to his father. "Father," said he, "there are some boys waiting for me at the gate, who wish me to take a short walk with them. May I go?"

"Who are they?" asked his father.

"George Lyman, James Spencer, and Fred Mason."

When Henry's father heard Fred Mason's name mentioned, he took out his watch, and seeing that it was growing late, he thought to himself, that if Henry was going out so late in the evening, he would rather not have Fred Mason one of the party; so he turned toward his son, and said, "I had rather you would not go, Henry. It is growing late—besides this, I have other reasons."

The habit of prompt obedience was so firmly established with Henry, that, without pausing to think much about it, he ran toward the gate, and called out to the boys that he could not go, then returned, and seated himself upon the door-step.

But after the boys were gone, he began to feel disappointed, that he could not go with them, and was almost ready to think his father was unreasonable not to permit him to go.

As to Frederick Mason, he was heartily glad when Henry told them that he could not go. The truth was, that he had a scheme in his head, which he had not yet made known even to James and George, and he was well aware that a boy who had too much moral principle to take a walk without his father's permission, was not the boy to assist in carrying out this scheme.

"Where shall we go?" said James, after they had left Mr. Gibson's.

"Let us go down to the river, past old Mr. Watson's house," said Fred Mason.

The other boys agreed to this, for they did not much care where they went. As they were returning from the river, just before they came to Mr. Watson's house, Frederick said to them, "Boys, can you keep a secret? If you can, I have one for you."

"What is it? Let us have it," said both the boys.

"Well, then, over in that garden are some as nice watermelons as any one need wish to see. Now the old man and woman must be in bed and asleep before this time, for it is past nine; so if we want some of these melons, we can have them, without so much as saying, 'by your leave, sir.' What do you say to it, boys?"

"Are you sure we shall not be seen?" asked James.

"Who do you think will see us, I should like to know? I tell you the old man and his wife are fast asleep by this time, and their neighbors won't keep awake to watch their melons for them, I dare say. If they can keep their own, they may be contented. Come, boys, let's go over."

"No," said George Lyman, "if this is the sort of business you are going into, I will make the best of my way home."

"Go along, then," said Frederick, who saw that George was decided. "But stop one moment—if you expose us, we will give it to you some of these days: mark that!"

George returned home; while Frederick and James carried out the plan proposed by the former.

The next morning, when Mr. Watson went into his garden, to look at his bed of melons, he found that the finest of them had been taken during the night. His anger was aroused, and, returning to the house, he said, "I will tell you what it is, wife, I will find out who took those melons, if there is any such thing."

Just at this moment, Mrs. C., their nearest neighbor came in, and Mr. Watson said to her,—“Do you think, Mrs. C. that all our best melons were stolen last night!”

“Were they! that is too bad, I know of few things more provoking than to have one’s fruit taken in this way.”

“I only wish I knew who took them,” said Mr. Watson, “I would teach them to leave my melons alone another time.”

“Now I think of it, I can help you to find out who took them, if I am not greatly mistaken; I think it must have been those boys I saw getting over your garden wall last night, between nine and ten o’clock.”

“Did you know them?”

“Yes, when I first saw them, they were passing our house on their return from the river, I suppose. They were Frederick Mason, James Spencer, and George Lyman. When they came opposite your garden wall, they stopped, and talked awhile, and then they all got over the wall. I did not think much about it at the time, for I supposed they were going home through your garden and orchard. You know it saves quite a walk to go that way.”

“They took my melons, without any doubt,” said Mr. Watson. “But they will hear from it; I can tell them that.”

Now Mrs. C. had told all she saw, and one thing which she did not see, but only took for granted. She saw the three boys pass her house, but she saw only *two* of them get over the garden wall. She supposed, as the three passed her house together, that they *all* got over the wall, and stating her supposition for fact—as too many do—she involved the innocent with the guilty. When we state facts, we can not be too careful to state them exactly as they are; if Mrs. C. had done so, it would have been much better, than the course which she did take.

As Mr. Watson felt quite sure he had ascertained who took his melons, he started off for the school which these boys at

tended. He came in very much excited, and demanded of the teacher, if he permitted the boys of his school to be around the streets at night, stealing their neighbors' fruit.

The teacher replied that he should be very sorry to think any of his boys were guilty of such things, and he hoped they were not.

Mr. Watson then told the whole story of his melons, and related what his neighbor, Mrs. C., had told him.

The teacher, after saying a few words to the three boys about confessing it, if they did take the melons, turned to George, and said,—“Did you have any thing to do with taking those melons, George?”

“No sir, I did not,” replied George.

The teacher then put the same question to Frederick and James, and received the same answer. Turning again to George, he asked,—“Do you know any thing about the matter, George?”

George now looked confused, and did not answer his teacher.

“I see that you know something about it,” said his teacher, “now tell me all you do know. Did you pass Mrs. C.'s house with Frederick and James last night?”

“Yes sir.”

“Did you get over the wall with them?”

“No sir, I did not get over.”

“Did they get over?”

“Yes sir.”

“Where did you go?”

“I came home in the road.”

“You say that Frederick and James got over into the garden. Did you hear them say any thing about the melons?”

“Yes sir.”

“How is this,” said the teacher, turning to Frederick. “How came you and James in the garden?”

Now while the teacher had been questioning George, Frederick had made up in his own mind, the story he intended to tell, and I am very sorry to say that long practice had enabled him to tell a falsehood so coolly, and with such an innocent air, that it appeared very much as if he was telling the truth. The story he told his teacher was this:—“When we came to Mr.

Watson's garden," said he, "James and I wanted to get over the wall, and go home through his garden and orchard, because it was the nearest way, and it was getting late, but George was determined to go around by the road; and so we separated. George never heard us say any thing about the melons, and he only says so, because he is angry with us for not going home with him. We did not even know that Mr. Watson had any melons in his garden."

The teacher was perplexed, and hardly knew what to think. He had always placed much confidence in George's word, but if Mrs. C.'s statement was correct, he could not have told the truth this time, as he denied getting over the wall at all. He was not a hasty man, and he determined to investigate the matter further, before deciding that any of them were guilty. After closing his school at noon, he went down to call upon Mrs. C.

"Are you sure," he asked, "that you saw the *three* boys get over the wall?"

"I saw only *two* get over," Mrs. C. replied, "but as they were all in company when they passed my house, I took it for granted that *all* got over."

This statement altered the case very much, and the teacher resolved to push his inquiries still further, before he came to a decision of the question.

At noon, George fell in with Henry Gibson. "It was well for you, Henry," said he, "that you did not go with us last evening. I had nothing to do with taking those melons last night, but I don't see how I am going to prove it."

Henry felt sorry for George, for he believed that he had spoken the truth, and when he reached home, he told his father the story.

"You see, my son," said Mr. Gibson, "the truth of what I told you a few weeks since, when speaking of Fred Mason. It is not safe to be the companion of those who will tempt us to sin. I am sorry, however; for your friend George, and I think I can help him out of his difficulty. I watched, last night, to see the boys return, and I saw George going home alone; so that I think he could not have been with Frederick and James, when they took the melons. I will go directly to your teacher, and inform him of the fact."

A few moments after Mr. Gibson left the school room another gentleman called, saying he had been informed that the teacher wished to ascertain which of his boys had taken Mr. Watson's melons the night before, and he had called to state that he saw Fred Mason and James Spencer pass the rear of his house, after ten o'clock the evening before, with some large water-melons under their arms.

Before the scholars assembled in the afternoon, the teacher had possession of all the facts in the case. Frederick and James received the punishment they merited for their double crime of theft and falsehood, and George was taught a lesson of the danger of evil companions, which was never forgotten by him.

JACK FROST'S RETURN.

BY DAVID N. JOHNSON.

JACK FROST came along one night in September,
And laid his cold finger on herbage and flower ;
Said Jack—" I guess I will make 'em remember
The time when I reigned in the pride of my power.

" Ever since I've been gone, my spies have been busy
To hear what was said while I wandered afar ;
What John said, what Jane said, what said blue-eyed Lizzy,
Of me, the stern monarch, who drives the frost-car.

" I packed up in haste, on my journey departed,
To spend a few months on a bit of a ' tramp ;'
But not one lone tear from a single eye started,
And some even called me a cold-hearted scamp.

" And scarce had I got out of sight or of hearing,
Before every green blade popped up its young head—
Too verdant to know that on my re-appearing
I'd kill every upstart that sprung from his bed.

" For I often return without giving warning,
And the wheels of my chariot with death strew the plain,
And Sol, my old foe, getting up in the morning,
Is crimson with rage as he looks on the slain.

" My spies have informed me that birds have been singing
Among the green branches, all, all the day long ;
That forest and mountain and vale have been ringing
With music ascending from nature's glad throng.

"That off to the greenwood the young maidens bounded,
And danced round the May-pole in praises of spring.
But not one faint note to my memory resounded,
Except that they called me the dreaded 'frost king.'

"Few, few are the voices that now greet my coming,
Though millions stand ready to bid me adieu;
The chorus of summer, the bees' busy humming,
Say plainly—'Jack Frost, we've no welcome for you.'

"The poor mark my footsteps with hearts full of sadness,
For want's haggard train follows close on my track,
Whose dim spectral forms rob the future of gladness,
While hope, man's good angel, dejected, shrinks back.

"The chilling reception which everywhere meets me,
I answer with looks and with hand quite as cold;
And the laugh of the thoughtless young school-boy, who greets me
As winter's forerunner, but makes me more bold.

"I walk into garden, and if there still lingers
An apple, a pear, or a peach within sight,
I leave on its cheeks the deep print of my fingers;
And quickly the news flies—'Jack Frost came last night.'

"And now, young and old, earth's pleasures pursuing,
Attend to my counsel and heed what I say:
Help the poor and the friendless, and thus humbly doing,
The blessings of thousands will cheer life's dark way."—*Selected.*

ODORS OF PLANTS.

BY L. P. C.

ONE pleasant evening in July, John and Laura Nelson went out to gather flowers in their little garden. The dew was sparkling on the leaves and the air was loaded with mingled odors.

"I would like to know," said Laura, "why the flowers are so much more fragrant in the evening than they were at noon day."

"Our teacher," answered John, "explained that to me last summer, and perhaps I can now tell you. I will first explain what odors are. The perfumes of plants are secreted, or separated from the sap by glands, as our tears and various other substances are separated from the blood. Glands are collections

of little cells, and when the blood flows to these, they take from it the materials necessary and form what is wanted. So in plants there are glands to secrete from the sap poisonous and medicinal substances, oils, etc. When you press a geranium leaf with the fingers, the oil, which contains the odor, is squeezed from the glands, or, when by any means these oils escape from plants, the perfumes become sensible."

"I understand," said Laura, "that odors are caused by oils floating in the air; But why are they so much stronger at one time than another?"

"During the day," answered John, "when the heat is greatest, the oils are evaporated or so widely scattered that the odors are not strongly perceptible. But the cooler air of evening condenses them, or brings the particles nearer together, so as to give the perfumes we so much enjoy."

"Is not the perfumery of the shops obtained from the oils?" inquired Laura.

"It is, and the collecting of the oil, called Attar of Roses, is the sole business of some of the people of India. The roses are raised by them in fields, and the large quantity taken to make a little of the oil, and the greatest care required in the manufacture, cause this perfume to come at a very high price. One hundred pounds of rose petals will scarcely make half an ounce of oil.

JUNE ISLE.

THE KATYDID'S LESSON.

ON the brow of a gentle eminence which slopes toward the setting sun, terminating in a beautiful valley with a brook glancing and dancing through it, and faced by another hill whose echo sends back the sounds of its many voices, stands a venerable mansion, which, though low-roofed and unpretending, wears yet an air of dignity and elegance. And well may it do so, for under its kindly shelter have been nurtured some of Rhode Island's noblest men, and gentlest women.

More than twenty years since, two little girls enjoyed the unwonted luxury of sitting up in a summer evening. They stood at the low window of the old-fashioned dining-room, watched the

leaves flickering in the moonbeams, and listened to the sweet voices of nature, and felt very happy. Suddenly the youngest, an impulsive little creature, distinguished one voice, and then another, as if of persons speaking.

"O, mother," she said, as a door opened behind her, "just listen; what is that?"

Her mother seated herself and listened a moment, then exclaimed, "Why, that's the katydid, dear; I've heard it almost all my life."

"But what is it, mother?" asked the eldest, a remarkably sedate child, "a person, a bird, or an insect?"

"It is an insect, dear, which lives in these trees before the house during the summer. I'll tell you a story about them."

"O, yes, mother, do," cried both in a breath.

"Well, when I was a little girl, my parents called me Katy, though your father prefers my name of Catharine. One morning my mother fitted me nicely for school, with my dinner, that I might stay all day, for it was very warm; and as a protection from the sun, she tied a little white cape, called in those days a vandyke, around my neck. I ran off very happily, and spent the day in the usual manner; but alas, in returning home across the fields, for it was half a mile by the road, I lost my vandyke.

"I was equally-afraid to tell my mother of my loss, or to go back to look for it, as she would ask what detained me; so I tried to quiet my conscience by thinking it was my own, and I could do without it, and it need be of no consequence to any one else.

"As I sat after tea on the smooth old step before the front door, suddenly I heard a voice saying, 'Katy did!' and another seemed to answer, 'Katy didn't!' and so the conversation went on. I had never observed these voices before, but now I thought, the little birds saw me drop my vandyke, and they are thinking what a naughty girl I am not to tell mamma all about it. So, after a few moments, to gain courage, I went to tell my mother the whole story of the lost cape, and the mysterious voices. She kissed me and forgave my fault; but said she hoped I would remember the lesson the katydids had taught me."

Thus ended the lady's story, but not its influence; for as her daughters grew to womanhood, far from the home of their infancy—as they became conscious of daily offending a higher and

holier being, with the memory of their first moonlight evening and the katydids, would come the sweet thought, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us."—*Child's Paper*.

Sea-Shore Rambles—No. 2.

OCEAN FLOWERS.

BY UNCLE GEORGE.



AS we walk on the margin of the sea, where the ebbing tide has left a path, we are often interrupted by heaps of wet, slimy, decaying sea-weed, heaved up in heavy masses by the waves, and left by the falling tide.

The farmers value it highly for their fields, where, spread to enrich the land, it makes fine grain-fields, that wave like another sea. But the pleasure-seeker is rather disgusted than pleased at the unsightly masses, unless here and there, he sees the long, graceful ruffles of "ribbon-weed," which seem as if they might be the fluttering streamers of a mermaid's head-dress.

Yet the lovers of beauty have a claim there, too, in that black and sweltering heap, which is all beautiful in its native element, and is full of graceful and delicate forms that have a permanent beauty, if rightly preserved.

Climb down on the ragged rocks, where the sea is calm and clear, and look below; you would say that it was scarcely four or five feet to those many-colored gardens—*flower-gardens* in full bloom they seem to be—but drop this lead and line, and you will be surprised to find the coil run out one, two, and even three fathoms, showing twelve or eighteen feet of depth, where yet the minutest leaf seemed clearly visible.

This is partly because the water is now so pure and transparent, and chiefly that by refraction, which school boys will understand, images in the water are made to appear much above their

actual position. People forgetful of this have ventured beyond their depth, and been drowned, where it seemed easy to stand on the bottom, and keep the head above water.

There is no color in the land flowers that has not its counterpart in the algæ or sea-weeds, which for their beauty we will call flowers, not weeds; and many shades which it seems scarcely possible to find in the gardens of earth, are seen adorning the gardens of the sea. Beautiful pink, red, orange, purple, lilac, green, black, white, and even drab abound in these submarine fields.

You would suppose, from a careless examination, that the sea-flora was coarser and ruder, but the fault is in careless eyes, not in the nurturing ocean. Nothing above water can be compared with the extreme delicacy of hundreds of marine plants, which, from the perfectly microscopic fan-palms and willows, to the feathery types of oak and pine, give the complete tracery of a miniature forest.

Take that little spot of reddish slime which the wave just left at your feet, hold it carefully in your palm, and sink your hand in the clear still water. Ha! do you not see how deceitful are appearances? Buoyed up by the water the little tree unfolds all its multitude of branches, a rich, ethereal, perfect thing of beauty, its fine tracery and delicate rose-color, come out so fully against the whiteness of your hand, that you are gladdened with a great surprise.

Now take a clean enamelled card, and place it under the plant, holding its stem to the card with your thumb, raise it gently, and flat wise, that the water may escape on all sides alike, and the plant will be left spread clearly and flatly on the surface of the card, a *pictured* tree with all its colors and tracery, done with a perfection which your pencil could not rival. Lay it by, in a still nook, where the wind will not disturb it, and when so dry as not to be endangered, put it between two smooth surfaces and press it, and you have a beautiful object, which shall retain its beauty forever, by proper care.

There are hundreds of varieties of shape and hue, among the sea mosses, which can be so treated, forming a rare and rich portfolio of natural beauties; or, should one prefer, he can take them on bristol board, or stiff drawing paper, and bind his collection in a volume of original illustrations of natural science.

Most of the plants adhere to the paper by their own glutinous properties, and many which may be so dried, can be taken off and formed into boquets, wreaths, and other fanciful forms, by fastening their stems to a card with gum, and letting the rich and many-colored branches flow free, like a vase of dried grasses. The extreme delicacy of outline, and rich variety of colors, make them much finer ornaments than any thing the sun nurses on the firm earth.

NEW READINGS.

BY J. C. MCCORD.

NOT long ago, I took a fancy to engage myself as a teacher in a part of Pennsylvania where the German and English are equally vernacular. I had a little previous knowledge of the state of education in these localities, and I soon got new light on the subject. I found in my desk a new pair of leather spectacles, which had been used by my worthy predecessor. What useful articles in school! How clear they made the vision; how bright the dark places in science became! Why, put leather spectacles on a dull boy, and will he not get his lesson in half the time, and a great deal better, too? I have seen the thing-tried. I know something about it, indeed, from my own experience when a boy.

On finding that my scholars had received the benefit of such a useful contrivance, I concluded at once that they had made good progress in their studies. Nor did I make a mistake at all. I found, it is true, that several of them had not learned, even with the aid of the leather spectacles, to distinguish between *b* and *d*, and *p* and *q*.

In spelling, too, they had not been used to pronounce a single syllable till they got to the end of a word; and, then to save time, they pronounced the syllables all at once. Yet they were remarkable scholars, for all that. I have never seen their match as readers. They would go ahead with the greatest speed, putting in a little word here, and leaving out one there, and sometimes cutting off the end of words that were too long to be convenient. The pauses gave them no trouble at all. They went on right over them, as long as their breath held out; just as a

carriage in full motion dashes over every block and stone that may chance to lie in its course.

One remarkable fact was, the expeditious manner in which they would turn one word into another, so as to give a passage a new and striking sense. You would like to see, perhaps, some of these ingenious improvements. I will make a selection from my memorandum.

"Eat, drink, and be merry." This was amended by a scholar so as to read, "Eat, drink, and be *merciful*." One read, "Peter, *Jerusalem*, and John," for "Peter, James, and John." Another said, "In the world ye shall have *trouble-ation*." The question, "How big was Alexander, Pa?" became with another, "How big was *Alexander's paw*?" "A horse having groaned," was made out of, "A hoarse, heavy groan." "Why does the bubble break," was read, "Why does the *bumble-bee*." I have been apt to admit, with the rest of the world, that "words make *sentences*;" but a genius of mine brought a new meaning out of this. He declared, "Words make *sums*." Sometimes words make sums, said I. He then read, "Words make *ten cents*." He was too deep for me.

I will string together a few more specimens of the same sort. The words in *italic* are the improved readings, those inclosed in parentheses are the original words of the text; "There was a *window* (widow) in that city." "David saith in the book of *Possum* (Psalms)." "Such a wreath is more precious than a monarch's *corn* (crown)." "Killed the fatted *calif* (calf)." "When they had kindled a fire in the *hill* (hall)." "Ornamented with *smells*, (shells,) beads, and feathers." "Canst thou bore his jaw through with a *horn* (thorn)?" "Along the *shirt* (skirt) of a wood." "The grand *feathers* (features) of nature remained." "They *scorched* (scourged) him." "Take thy bill, and sit down quickly, and write *fast* (fifty)." "The leaves are of a *bull* (dull) green color."

My scholars, you perceive, have a keen eye to the sense of what they read. I will illustrate this a little further. The word *cataract* occurred in a sentence a boy was reading. What is a cataract? I inquired. "*A man's tracks*," was the sensible answer. On another occasion, I asked one of the most intelligent boys in his class, What is a guinea?" "It is a *chicken*," said he.

"You wonder, perhaps, what the fellow was thinking about. Why, about a *guinea-hen*, to be sure.

O, ye girls and boys! Why are you so heedless? How much unnecessary trouble and labor you cause your teacher. Why, open your eyes, and take a fair view of every word you read; and, if necessary, study them before hand. Get a good pair of leather spectacles, if that would be of any use to you. Pray, what do you go to school for? Is it to spend your time in idleness, in leaning on your elbows, throwing chips at each other, and cutting up all manner of tricks behind the teacher's back? Is it to see how near you can wear out your teachers patience? Is it not rather that you may learn to "read, write, and cipher"—to cultivate your minds and store them with knowledge, so that you may fill some honorable place in future life?—*Youth's Cabinet*.

EARLY RISING.

BUFFON, the celebrated naturalist, rose always with the sun, and he used often to tell by what means he had accustomed himself to get out of bed so early.

"In my youth," said he, "I was very fond of sleep; it robbed me of a great deal of my time; but my poor Joseph (his domestic) was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time he could make me get up at six.

"The next morning he did not fail to awake and torment me; but he received only abuse. The day after he did the same, with no better success, and I was obliged, at noon, to confess that I had lost my time. I told him that he did not know how to manage his business; that he ought to think of my promise, and not of my threats.

"The day following he employed force; I begged for indulgence; I bade him begone; I stormed, but Joseph persisted. I was, therefore, obliged to comply, and he was rewarded every day for the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I awoke, by thanks, accompanied with a crown. Yes, I am indeed indebted to poor Joseph or ten for a dozen volumes of my work."

Children's Department.

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

ANONYMOUS.

[NEVER will play with Charley Mason again, mother.
"He is a naughty boy, and I don't love him."

"What is the matter now, my son? I thought you and Charley were friends."

"Why, mother, he's got my new india-rubber ball, which sister Anne gave me; and he says he will keep it. But I say he shan't—shall he?"

And saying this, little George Hammond burst into tears. His mother spoke gently to him and said, "How came Charley to run away with your ball?"

"Why, mother, he wanted to play with it, and so did I. I let him look at it, and then took it again, because it was my ball, you know; and by and by, when I was playing bounce, it rolled away, I ran after it, and so did he; and he got it before I could, and carried it home."

"Well, George, it was wrong for him to carry it away in such a manner, but let me ask you, my son, if Charley had a nice ball, and you had none, don't you think you should like to play with it?"

"O, yes, indeed."

"And do you think Charley would let you?"

"O, I guess he would, for he's a nice boy sometimes."

"Well, George, do you remember what papa told Fanny yesterday—to do as she would be done by? You would very much like to play with Charley's ball, and yet were not willing to let him play with yours. This was not right. You did not do as you would be done by. You did wrong and so did he. If you had let him play bounce with you, then you would both have been happy little boys, and now you have

been both wrong, and both angry. I admit that Charley did wrong but you did wrong first."

"Well, mother,—but Charley has my ball."

"Charley will not keep it long, my dear. He only took it to trouble you a little; he will give it to you, again."

"But Charley did not do as he would be done by, when he ran home with it."

"No, I suppose he did not think any thing about it, any more than you did in not letting him play with you. Don't you remember how kind Charley was, a little while ago, when he had his new balloon? Did not you play with it?"

"Yes, mother; and don't you know how I let it blow away into a big tree, and Patrick could not get it down again?"

"And did Charley cry about it?"

"I guess not; but he was very sorry, and so was I. I took the money uncle gave me, and bought some paper; and sister Anne made him another balloon."

"And did you not feel happy, when you carried it to him? and was not Charley very glad to have it?"

"Yes, indeed; and he's got it now, and we play with it sometimes."

"That was doing as you would be done by. You lost his balloon, and gave him another to replace it, which was just."

"Mother, if Charley loses my ball, do you think he will be just too, and bring me another?"

"Certainly, if he does what is right. But I think I hear Charley's voice in the hall—Go and see if it is he."

"Yes, mother, 'tis Charley," said George, as he ran into the hall to meet him.

"I've brought home your ball, George," said Charles. "Mother said I was a naughty boy to run away with it, and she told me to come and bring it right back. I'm sorry I plagued you, and I won't do it any more."

"And I am very sorry I refused to let you play with the ball," said George, "for I know it was that which made you think of running off with it."

George's mother was glad to see how well her son understood his error, and the way to atone for it.

WHO DID THE BEST WITH HIS PEACH?

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

ON returning from the city, one day, a gentleman took home with him five of the finest peaches he could procure. He divided them among his four children, retaining one for their mother. The children rejoiced over them exceedingly.

In the evening, before the children retired to their chamber, the father questioned them by asking, "How did you like the soft, rosy apples?"

"Very much indeed, dear father," said the eldest boy; "it is a beautiful fruit—so soft and nice to the taste; I have preserved the stone, that I may cultivate a tree."

"Right, and bravely done," said the father; "that speaks well for regarding the future with care, and is becoming a young husbandman."

"I have eaten mine and thrown the stone away," said the youngest, "besides mother gave me half of hers. Oh! it tasted so sweet, and so melting in my mouth."

"Indeed," answered the father; "thou hast not been prudent. However, it was very natural and childlike, and displays wisdom enough for your years."

"I have picked up the stone," said the second son, "which my brother threw away, cracked it, and eaten the kernel, it was as sweet as a nut to the taste; but my peach I have sold for so much money, that when I go to the city I can buy twelve of them."

The parent shook his head reproachingly, saying, "Beware, my boy, of avarice. Prudence is all very well, but such conduct as yours is unchildlike and unnatural. Heaven guard thee, my child, from the fate of a miser."

"And you, Edmund?" asked the father, turning to his third son, who frankly and openly replied, "I have given my peach to the son of our neighbor—the sick George, who has had the fever. He would not take it, so I left it on his bed, and I have just come away."

"Now," said the father, "who has done the best with his peach?"

"Brother Edmund!" the three exclaimed aloud; "Brother Edmund!" Edmund was still and silent, and the mother kissed him with tears of joy in her eyes.



SOWING A NAME.

SEE here! mamma, here is my name in the flower bed," exclaimed little George, as his mother led him into the garden, one day. Many a child has thus been surprised and delighted on discovering its name written in the green of the young plant, the seed of which had been sown in that form by a fond father or mother.

There is a useful lesson that we desire to teach you from this. By and by, dear children, you will see your name or character, as it has been planted by yourself, springing up in the opinion people entertain concerning you, and it will be exactly as you have sown it. Be careful, then, how you sow. Do not spoil your name by sowing foolishly or wrongly. Remember, every word and action is a seed put in, which will surely spring up and constitute your name in the world.

Editor's Table.

"DON'T SPELL IT, BUT WRITE IT."

THERE is far more sense than most persons would at first suppose, in the remark of an Irish servant to her young mistress, whom she had employed to write a letter to her aunt Judy in Ireland. Matters went on very well, in the preparation of the letter, until the superscription was to be put on it, when some doubts arose in the mind of the amanuensis as to the spelling of the name of the town to which it was to be sent. "*Don't spell it at all, but write it, just,*" exclaimed Bridget.

It would be well if teachers would more frequently say to their pupils, "Don't spell it, but write it." As spelling is usually taught in schools, where the oral method alone is practiced, "learning to spell" is vastly different from learning to write the words; hence it occurs that a pupil may be able to spell orally nine-tenths of all the words that are pronounced to him from the ordinary lessons, yet when called upon to *write* those words, in sentences, he will misspell one half of them. If you are a teacher, and have doubts on this subject, try the experiment with your own pupils, and you may soon satisfy yourself that spelling by sound does not make good practical spellers.

We learn to spell that we may write words correctly, not to utter the letters and syllables orally; and to do this we need to train the eye more than the ear. How then should spelling be taught? In various ways; but chiefly by writing, as that is the manner in which spelling is used in the business of life; and thus may the eye be trained to guide the hand in the formation of words.

LIGHT UNDER WATER.—Electricity, besides carrying our messages, now promises to give us the means of exploring the great deep. An application of the electric light has been made in Europe, by which the diver can carry a light with him under the water. A lens is hermetically sealed in a glass cylinder, with the requisite appliances, and of sufficient strength to bear the pressure at a depth of 200 feet. It can be carried in the hand, and is lighted by turning a screw, which brings the coke points near each other; they immediately become incandescent, and give out for two hours, a steady light, powerful enough to illuminate a circle of forty feet radius. By one of these lights, fixed thirty feet above the water, a swimmer can be seen ten feet below the surface.

"THE SCHOOL IS YOUR FATHER."—Coleridge, in his table-talk, alludes to the Spartan discipline which prevailed when he attended school. Speaking of his own experience when a small boy, and just commencing attending school, he says, "I remember the teacher saying to me once, when I was crying, 'Boy, the school is your father. Boy, the school is your mother. Boy, the school is your brother; the school is your sister; the school is your first cousin; and

your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations. Let us have no more crying.”

THE TELEGRAPH TO NEW FOUNDLAND.—It seems that the wire cable for the telegraph across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to New Foundland, met with an accident when about one half of it, or forty miles in length, had been laid down, in consequence of a storm which rendered it necessary to cut the cable in order to save the vessel employed to transport the wire. This will delay the work, perhaps until next spring.

Our Museum.

NATIONAL TRAITS.—It is said that a dispute once arose between three noblemen—one Irish, one Scotch, and the other English—as to the respective traits of their countrymen. It was respectively claimed that the Irish were the most witty, the Scotch the most cunning, and the English the most Frank. The three agreed to decide the matter by walking out in the streets of London, and asking the first one met, of each nation, what he would take to stand watch all night in the tower of St. Paul's Church. The first one who came along was Johnny Bull, and he was accosted thus :

“What will you take to stand all night in the tower of St. Paul's?”

“I should not want to do it short of a guinea,” was his frank reply.

The next one thus accosted was a Scotchman. He replied with his native cunning,—“And what will you give?”

Lastly came along Patrick, and when asked what he would take to stand all night in the tower of St. Paul's, he wittily answered,—

“An sure, an I think I should tak a cowl.”

A GOOD TOAST.—Woman—the morning star of our youth ; the day star of our manhood ; the evening star of our old age. God bless our stars !

YANKEE SCHOOL MASTER IN NEW JERSEY.—A few weeks since a Jerseyman remarked to us that he did not like the “Yankee Schoolmasters ;” “for,” he continued, “one came into my neighborhood several years since, and after keeping school awhile he married a dutch girl and settled among us. And now that Yankee Schoolmaster is *Town clerk, Justice of the Peace, and Pound Master* ; and he has even proposed to take all the offices in our town by contract.”

SPECIMENS OF SPELLING—No. 3.—We have just received from Kentucky, the following letter, which we are informed was written by a man who, when a boy, had good opportunities to obtain an education, but who neglected them, preferring his own will to the advice of the school master :

— *Fleming co ky th 30 1854*

MR — Sir i rite to you to know Whether you Will lend Mea to hundred dollars and if you Will lend it to Mea for Wone year i Will give you amorge on the property i have to hundred dollars My Self and i Wont to By to akers of land and ahos if you Will lend it to Mea for one year if you Will it Will Be a Grate Comidashion to Mea if you please



rite to Mea By the last of the Weak if you pleas and let Mea no Whether you Will lend it to Mea

"*Notis of a Scool Meeting.*"—The following 'notis', calling a school meeting at a private house, was found posted on a school-house, in Maine, which appeared as if the 'Schoolmaster had been abroad' a long time. The "Notis" read thus :—

"To sea if the destrict will agre to have a school next winter, ware thay will hav it Keep.

"2. to sea if Thay will agre to repara the scool hous or to bild a new wun.

"3. To sea if thay will agre to sel the scool hous or what thay will agre to do with it."

RULE FOR CRITICISM.—The cardinal de Retz asked Menage, one day, to give him some idea of poetry, that he might be able to form a sort of judgment of the mass that was brought to him. "Sir," said Menage, "this is a matter that would occupy more time than you could spare; but I'll tell you what you may do. Whenever they read any of their poems to you, say, at a venture, 'That's very bad'—you'll seldom be wrong."

Literary Notices.

BOOKS noticed in THE STUDENT will be sent, on receipt of the prices given, to any post-office in the United States, free of postage, by N. A. CALKINS, 348 BROADWAY, New York.

THE IROQUOIS; or, the Bright Side of Indian Character. By MINNIE MYRTLE. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. 12mo; 317 pages. Price \$1.

This interesting volume is devoted to the Indians of the State of New York; and the materials for it have been collected from a variety of sources, including personal experience and observation. The writer aims to bring to view the noble traits of the Indian, and to show her readers the bright side of their natures, instead of instigating hatred and enmity toward them by exaggerating their crimes and vices. Her volume is an interesting tribute to that race of noble red men who are so rapidly disappearing before the progress of the white man.

THE HIDDEN PATH. By MARION HARLAND. Published by J. C. Derby, New York. 12mo; 434 pages. Price \$1 25.

The heroine of this story is the daughter of a Virginian planter, who loses her father at an early age, and subsequently is defrauded of her property and thrown upon her own resources to gain a livelihood. She then teaches school, displaying amid her trials, serene fortitude, and womanly courage.

MY BONDAGE AND MY FREEDOM. Life as a Slave—Life as a Freeman. By FREDERICK DOUGLASS. PUBLISHED by Miller, Orton & Mulligan, New York, and Auburn. 12mo; 464 pages. Price \$1 25.

We have been much disappointed in the perusal of this book. It gives credit wherever due, is free from animosity, milder and more logical in its tone than we anticipated, coming from the pen of one who has seen, and suffered all that the author claims to have experienced. It is written in an able, concise and entertaining style, and is really a deeply interesting narrative.

PEN PICTURES OF THE BIBLE. David and his Throne. By REV. CHARLES BRECHER. Published by J. C. Derby, New York. 18mo; 315 pages. Price 62 cents.

The design of this volume is to interest young readers in the study of the Old Testament. Though its story of "David and His Throne is that of the Bible, yet it is so woven together that the young at once become deeply interested and comprehend its teachings. It is a volume which should be in the hands of the children of every family; and many who are not children will read it if once they open its pages.

INTELLECT.

BY MARY MAY.

"A high Intellect is a gift from God, a pure heart His dwelling-place."

INTELLECT! A glorious heritage in very deed is it; a gift worthy a God; a scintillation struck off from the great central orb that illumines the Universe; a brilliant set to the seal of Immortality. It elicits intensest admiration, claims a reverent homage as its own rightful prerogative, sweeps away as with the lightest breath, the gilded titles of rank and power, and with the mien of a sovereign asserts its own imperial sway.

Regal Intellect! ah! it wears a proud tiara, a coronal glittering with gems of priceless value, and inlaid with pearls of rarest beauty. We are awed as we contemplate the vastness of its mighty achievements. Now perchance predicting the wild career of the fiery comet, or again tracing the path of wheeling worlds. Now shivering the sunbeams, or reducing to atoms the sparkling dew-drops. Anon taming the fiery elements, making them at its behest its ministering servants, or again searching the pearly caves of Ocean in quest of some new hidden treasure.

Turn from these gigantic revelations to the tomes of literature. A new world opens up before us. Monuments of Genius are there that tower to Heaven, and with a wild, delirious, intoxicating admiration, we bow at the shrine of glorious Intellect and acknowledge its exaltation, its sublimity, its divinity.

But soon the mind grows weary, thought is weakened, and "the pure Heart, God's beautiful dwelling-place," we feel that *this*, after all, is the only true measure of infinitude. *The pure Heart!* Oh! what words may shadow forth its surpassing excellence! what words tint the bloom of its deathless beauty! No wonder that God dwells here, for, out of Heaven, there is naught like it.

Intellect, of itself, is cold and defiant. It builds its home among the stars, and dwells apart, wrapped in the vesture of a haughty and a selfish pride. But the *pure Heart*, with its argosy of rich affections, with its quivering tide of deepest, holiest sympathies, with its high aims and loving purposes, this it is, that is nestled next the great heart of God, this, the beautiful Temple wherein He loves to dwell.

Enthroned the Intellect, and though amid the splendors of the Universe, the spirit were still a mourner and a wanderer. The effulgency of its light may dazzle, but it lacks the genial warmth and sunny glow that makes Life's waste places bloom in gladness.

Reverent thanks to the Good Father for *all* His gifts, for the exalted one of Intellect. But let us remember over, that a pure Heart, a heart filled with love to Himself, to His creatures, is more sacred than all things else, is even the presence chamber of the most High.

OBERLIN, O.

PHYSIOLOGY NEGATIVELY TREATED.

ANONYMOUS.

IF you want to have a thoroughly unhealthy bed-room, take the following precautions. Fasten a chimney-board against the fire-place, so as to prevent foul air from escaping in the night; and, of course, in the night season, never have a door or a window open. Use no perforated zinc in panneling; especially avoid it in small bed-rooms; so you will get a room full of bad air. But in the same room there is bad, worse, and worst; and your object is to have the worst air possible. Suffocating machines are made by every upholsterer; attach one to your bed; it is an apparatus of poles, rings and curtains. By drawing your curtains around you before you sleep, you insure to yourself a condensed body of foul air over your person. This poison vapor bath you will find to be most efficient when it is made of any thick material.

There being transpiration through the skin, it would not be a bad idea to see whether this can not be, in some way, hindered. The popular method will do very well; smother the flesh as much as possible in feathers.

A wandering princess, in some fairy tale, came to a king's house. The king's wife, with the curiosity and acuteness proper to her sex, wishing to ascertain whether their guest was truly born a princess, put three peas on the young lady's mattress, and over them a large feather bed, and then another, then another,—in all, fifteen feather beds. Next morning the princess looked

pale, and in answer to inquiries how she had passed the night, said that she had been unable to sleep at all, because the bed had lumps in it. The king's wife knew then that their guest was well bred.

Take this high-born lady for a model. The feathers retain all heat about your body, and stifle the skin so effectually that you awake in the morning pervaded by a sense of languor, which must be very agreeable to a person who has it in his mind to be unhealthy.

In order to keep a check upon exhalation about your head, which otherwise might have too much the appearance of nature, put on a stout, closely-woven nightcap. People who are at the height of cleverness in this respect, sleep with their heads under the bed-clothes. Take no rest on a hair mattress; it is elastic and pleasant, certainly, but it does not encase the body; and therefore, you run a risk of not awaking languid.

Never wash when you go to bed; you are not going to see any body, and, therefore, there is no use in washing. In the morning wet no more skin than you absolutely must, that is to say, no more than your neighbors will see during the day,—the face and hands. So much you may do with a tolerably good will, since it is the other part of the surface of the body, more covered and more impeded in the full discharge of its functions, which has rather the more need of ablution. It is, therefore, fortunate that you can leave that other part unwashed. Five minutes of sponging and rubbing over the whole body in the morning would tend to invigorate the system, and would send you with a cheerful glow to the day's business or pleasure. Avoid it by all means, if you desire to be unhealthy.

Do not forget that although you must, unfortunately, apply water to your face, you can find warrant, in custom, to excuse you from annoying it with soap; and for the water, again, you are at liberty to obtain compensation damages out of that part of the head which the hair covers. Never wash it; clog it with oil or lard,—either of which will answer your purpose, as either will keep out air as well as water, and promote the growth of a thick morion of scurf. Lard in the bed-room is called bear's grease.

In connexion with its virtues in promoting growth of hair,

there is a tale, which I believe to be no fiction, like that of the old and profane jest of the man who rubbed a pine box with it over night, and found a hair trunk in the morning. It is said that the first adventurer who advertised bear's grease for sale appended to the laudation of its efficacy a *nota bene*, that gentlemen, after applying it, should wash the palms of their hands, otherwise the hair would sprout thence also. I admire that speculator,—grinily satiric at the expense both of himself and of his customers: He jeasted at his own pretensions, and declared, by an oblique hint, that he did not look for friends among the scrupulously clean!

Of course, as you do not cleanse your body daily, so you will not show favor to your feet. Keep up a due distinction between the upper and lower members. When Lady Wortley Montague was told confidently that she had dirty hands, she replied, with the liveliness of conscious triumph, "Ah, do you call that dirty? You should see my toes!" Some people wash them once in every month,—that will do very well; or once a year, it matters little which. In what washing you find yourself unable to omit, use only the finest towels, those which inflict the least friction.

Having made these arrangements for yourself, take care that they are adhered to, so far as may be convenient, throughout your household. Here and there put numerous sleepers into a single room; this is a good thing for children, when you wish to blanch them, and render them delicate; but you must not carry this too far, otherwise you will make them resemble factory operatives. By all means let a baby have foul air, not only by the use of suffocating apparatus, but by causing it to sleep where there are four or five others, in a well-closed room. So much is due to the maintenance of our orthodox rate of infant mortality.

WHAT IS SALERATUS?

THERE is scarcely any person living in the country who has not seen the process of procuring ley from wood ashes, and of converting that ley into potash, by boiling it until it assumes a solid form. Potash is changed into pearlash, or carbonate of potash, by being heated red hot, by which means its carbonaceous impurities are burned away.

Bicarbonate of potash is prepared by transmitting a current of carbonic acid gas through a solution of the carbonate. This salt is in common use in making bread, biscuit, etc., under the name of *saleratus*. It is far milder, both to the touch and taste, than carbonate of potash, or pearlash.

Carbonic acid has but a slight affinity for its base, the carbonate of potash, and when any other acid is brought in contact with the *saleratus*, the carbonic acid is set free. In making biscuit, sour milk is generally used, and the lactic acid, or acid of milk unites with the potash and sets the carbonic acid free. In its efforts to escape from the dough it forms bubbles or sponge-like holes in the bread. The heat of baking increases the action of the carbonic acid gas, and at length it is fixed by baking, thus rendering the bread "light," as it is termed.

Sometimes, when the good house-wife hath not been over careful in pulverizing her *saleratus*, yellow portions of lactate of potash are found, making bitter the morsel containing it. *Saleratus*, then, is a bicarbonate of potash, and made from the ley of wood-ashes. It is a "foaming salt."

VALUE OF CHARACTER.

ANONYMOUS.

SOME time since a trial took place in a city, in which an individual was charged with a serious fraud. The testimony against him was strong, but it was not conclusive; and the fact that he had, up to that time, borne an irreproachable CHARACTER, exercised so much influence upon the minds of the jury, that a verdict of acquittal was rendered. The decision, as it seems to us, was right under the circumstances. Unsullied character, in such a case, should exercise due influence. It should protect against unjust suspicion, and constitute a palladium and a safeguard in the hour of difficulty and danger.

During the existence of a monetary crisis, a citizen of New York waited upon one of the banks, and asked assistance. The times were "tight," in the language of the day, and hence hesitation was manifested. But the case was pressing, and in reply to some remark, the applicant said that he "had been forty years

engaged in business, had never yet been charged with a dishonorable transaction, and had never failed to make his obligations good."

The bank officer paused a moment longer, acknowledged the truth of what had been said, and then conceded that such a plea was irresistible. The loan was secured, business affairs brightened soon after, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." In this case, as in the former, character was depended upon as a last resort, and it did not fail in the hour of emergency. Doubtless there are many readers who could cite similar instances, and hence, as a general rule, the priceless value of character.

On the other hand, how numerous are the cases in which the mercenary, the plausible and the unprincipled, find that they have lived but to little purpose; that the guile and hypocrisy which they supposed had fully concealed their principles from the world, were seen through as a hollow mask, and all the deformity beneath was made distinct and apparent. How often, in the hour of adversity, do the base by nature, the selfish in disposition, and the niggardly in spirit, discover that they are without character, and that falsehood and evil will not serve their purpose in the time of peril.

An instance of this kind recently passed under the observation of the writer. An individual who had accumulated considerable property by trick and management, who was regarded as "*smart*" in business affairs, who cared but little for the *means*, so that the *end* was accomplished, and who thus was distrusted as well as despised, suddenly discovered that he had ventured too far in the field of speculation, and that, unless assisted, he must be destroyed. He called first upon one acquaintance and then upon another, tried one expedient and then another, resorted to every device in his power, but all in vain. The fact was, he had impaired his character, and no one would trust him. He had been guilty of dishonorable practices, had violated his word repeatedly before, and the penalty was doubt, discredit, and in the end utter bankruptcy. He, in fact, had overreached himself. His little schemes of villany had succeeded, and such success only tempted him on from step to step, until at last he found himself beyond his depth, and then deserted, because no one could or would rely upon him.

We have somewhere read a story of a young man, who was arrested and tried for murder, and against whom the circumstantial evidence was very strong, but who was saved at last by the testimony of his schoolmaster. He had been a good boy, ever truthful, trust-worthy and reliable, and the jury could not believe that one whose early years were so bright and unsullied, could so soon after attaining the age of manhood, sink into guilt and crime.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," is an adage full of practical wisdom. The importance of character in every relation of life, can scarcely be conceived by the hasty and the inconsiderate. Nothing should be guarded with more care, or watched with more unsleeping vigilance. The young can not become too earnestly impressed with these truths. Let them start in life with an unsullied name, and an irreproachable character, and the prospect before them will be full of promise. But let them pursue another course, and at the beginning pollute their lips with falsehood, and darken their fair fame with dishonor, and they will thereafter toil on with difficulty, for the ghost of their earnings will track them step by step, and whisper bitter and mocking memories of their early career. In the hour of trial, too, there will be few to stand by them, for he who recklessly and wantonly sports with his own character, strikes at and destroys his best friend.

THE SEAL.

ANIMALS as well as human beings have other attractions than those of appearance, merely. The seal is far from being attractive at first sight, yet it is a most curious and interesting creature. He has been called the connecting link between the fish and the beast. He is said to be more intelligent than any animal except the dog. His life appears to be one of constant happiness. He is ever at play, tumbling about on the ice, treading water, with his body peering five feet out of the sea, and looking about with a seemingly intelligent expression of countenance.

The first act of the seal after emerging from the water, is a

careful survey of his limited horizon. For this purpose he rises on his fore flippers, and stretches his neck in a manner almost dog-like. This maneuver, even during apparently complete silence, is repeated every few minutes. He next commences with his hind



flippers and tail a most singular movement, allied to sweeping, and brushing, as if either to rub something from himself, or from beneath him. Then comes a complete series of attitudes, stretching, collapseing, curling, wagging; then a luxurious basking rest, with his face toward the sun, and his tail toward his hole.

Presently he waddles off about twice his own awkward length from his retreat, and begins to roll over and over, pawing, in the

most ludicrous manner, into the empty air, stretching and rubbing his glossy hide like a horse. He then recommences his vigil, basking in the sun with uneasy alertness for hours. At the slightest advance of the hunter, up goes the prying head. One searching glance, and, wheeling on his tail, as on a pivot, he is at his hole and descends headforemost.

The common seal is found along the coast of the northern part of America, and of Europe. In its native regions, seal-hunting is a favorite amusement of the inhabitants. The young seals are taken by stretching nets across the narrow straits which they frequent, but the older and stronger animals are shot, or harpooned, or knocked down with clubs when they attempt to scramble into the sea. A blow on the nose instantly disables them.

The fore-feet of the seal are used as fins, and the two hinder-feet almost as the tail of a fish, to assist and direct its course. On land the movements of this animal are very clumsy; it shuffles along by means of its fore-feet, or rather paddles, and drags its hinder-feet after it.

The seal, when taken young, is easily tamed. Edmonston gives an amusing account of a seal named Linna, which he kept for six months. "We had her carried down daily, in a hand-barrow, to the sea-side, where an old excavation admitting the salt-water was abundantly roomy and deep for her recreation and our observation. After sporting and diving for some time, she would come ashore, and seemed perfectly to understand the use of the barrow. Often she tried to waddle from the house to the water, or from the water to her apartment; but finding this fatiguing, and seeing preparations by her chairman, she would of her own accord mount her palanquin, and thus be carried as composedly as any Hindoo Princess." This interesting animal, after living in the house for about six months, at last was decoyed away by some wild seals and did not return again.

Another young seal was tamed by some soldiers on a small island in the Firth of Forth, near Edinburgh, Scotland. It seemed to consider itself of the party, and would accompany their boat across the water; and when the vessel was made fast, it used to take its station inside, and watch until the owners returned. It had the playful manners of a water-dog, and would snatch a stick from its master's hand and dash into the water with it, where it

would toss and tumble about, sometimes approaching close to the shore, and swimming off again when its master attempted to grasp the stick, but it invariably brought back whatever it had taken. It would also bring fish out of the water and give them to its owners.

The seal is chiefly hunted for its oil and skins; the latter are much used for the manufacture of the common seal-skin caps, with which boys in the country are familiar. An animal so watchful as the seal is not easy to catch or kill. But the Esquimaux is a match for him in cunning, and more than a match for him in skill and patience.



WATCHING A SEAL HOLE.

Behind a screen of snow or canvas, within darting distance of a seal-hole in the ice, the shaggy Esquimaux hunter takes his seat, and waits, and waits. With the mercury at twenty-five degrees below zero, an Esquimaux will remain motionless in the open air for six hours, his eyes fixed upon the aperture, and his lance ready. A seal emerges at length, and is at once transfix-
ed

ORIGIN OF THE IGNIS FATUUS.

THE water of the marsh is ferruginous, and covered with an iridescent crust. During the day, bubbles of air were seen rising from it; and in the night, blue flames were seen shooting from and playing over its surface. As I suspected that there was some connection between these flames and the bubbles of air, I marked, in the daytime, the place where the latter rose up most abundantly, and repaired thither during the night. To my great joy, I actually observed bluish purple flames, and did not hesitate to approach them. On reaching the spot they retired, and I pursued them in vain.

On another day, in the twilight, I went again to the place, where I awaited the approach of night; the flames became gradually visible, but redder than formerly, thus showing that they burned also during the day. I used a narrow slip of paper, and enjoyed the pleasure of seeing it take fire. The gas was evidently inflammable, and not a phosphorescent luminous one, as some have maintained.

But how do these lights originate? After some reflection, I resolved to make the experiment of extinguishing them. I followed the flame; I brought it so far from the marsh, that probably the thread of connection, if I may so express myself, was broken, and it was extinguished. But scarcely a few minutes had elapsed when it was again renewed at its source—the air-bubbles—without my being able to observe any transition from the neighboring flames, many of which were burning in the valley.

On the following evening I went to the spot, and kindled a fire, in order to have an opportunity of igniting the gas. As on the evening before, I first extinguished the flame, and then hastened with a torch to the spot from which the gas bubbled up, when instantaneously a kind of explosion was heard, and a red light was seen over eight or nine square feet of the marsh, which diminished to a small blue flame about two and a half or three feet in height, that continued to burn with an unsteady motion.

It is, therefore, no longer doubtful, that the *ignis fatuus* is caused by the burning of inflammable gas emitted from the marsh.

—*Gallery of Nature.*

A DAY AND NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE.

THE first day after landing at Houston, Texas, I purchased a horse, fitted myself out for traveling, and started into the country. To me every thing was new and interesting; and, as I galloped away into the prairie, my happiness seemed almost complete. I thought of nothing in the world that I wanted. Every now and then there started up large flocks of wild geese, wild turkies, and prairie hens; but what most interested me was the herds of deer feeding on the grass.

I thought it would be sport to see them run, so, on getting near a herd, I gave a shrill whistle, and they ran off at such speed as to soon get out of sight, although I could see for miles across the prairie.

Soon afterward I saw another sight which interested me more than the deer. It was one on which I had often dwelt in youthful imagination, and one that I longed to behold,—a prairie on fire! When I first beheld it, the fire was several miles from the road, or path along which I was riding; but, desiring a better view, I turned my horse and galloped across the pathless prairie toward the burning grass.

I had not gone far before a new thought occurred to me. As the wind was blowing from me toward the fire, I decided on having a fire of my own. Accordingly, I alighted at a place where the dry grass was very tall, and, by a match from my pocket, the flames were soon spreading and bounding before the wind, leaving behind them a broad and black swath. I gazed on the scene with astonishment and delight; and as I rode on, for miles the roar of the distant flames sounded on my ear.

My wanderings in pursuit of the fire had prevented my making much headway toward the place of my destination. I had been informed that I should reach a house on the prairie, about night, where I must remain until morning. About sunset I chanced to meet a lone traveler, who told me that I was twelve miles from any house. Ah! thought I, a fine time shall I have, sleeping out in the prairie,—for the road was so bad that I could not ride after dark.

When it became too dark for me to proceed longer with safety,

I selected a dry place, unsaddled my horse, tied his fore-legs together, to prevent him from straying, and then turned him loose to feed. Then I gathered a large pile of dried grass, to prepare myself with a comfortable nest. My position was not rendered any the more comfortable from the fact that the man whom I met about sunset, informed me that the wolves were sometimes dangerous to travelers who were obliged to camp out at night on the prairie.

For some time I heard nothing but the screaming and fluttering of wild fowls. About eight o'clock, however, I heard a wolf at a distance. Every time he howled, he was nearer,—until he seemed to be coming toward me. His cry was far from pleasant, aside from the apprehensions for safety that is awakened, for it sounded somewhat like that of a person in distress. However, I remained quiet in my nest of dried grass, and the wolf passed within a hundred rods of me, but did not discover me. Several others passed near me during the night, howling, in their search for prey, but none of them molested me.

At the first appearance of day I saddled my horse and started on my journey, feeling as light-hearted and happy as if I had slept at home. Although it was hardly light, birds began their warbles, and the ants had commenced their day's labors on their hillocks, carrying up dirt as busily as any company of railroad laborers. These hillocks form a singular feature in the prairies of Texas. They are very large, and each hillock has a circular path surrounding it, which is entirely destitute of grass. Thus passed my first day and night in a prairie

THE NOBLE BARON.

ANONYMOUS.

IN that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which as you travel on the western bank of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees as old as itself.

About forty years ago there lived in that castle a noble baron. He had an only son, who was a comfort to his father and a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

It happened on a certain occasion that this young man being

from home, there came a French gentleman to see the castle, who began to talk of his Heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood; on which the old man reproved him, saying—"Are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?"

The gentleman said he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen him. The Baron did not appear to notice what he had said at the time, but the next morning he took him about the castle grounds, and took occasion to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall. The gentleman admired the picture very much and said "whoever drew this picture knows very well how to use the pencil."

"My son drew the picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a clever man," replied the gentleman.

The Baron then went with his visiter into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and a plantation of forest trees.

"Who has the ordering of this garden?" asked the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron; "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The baron then took him into the village and showed him a small, neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense. The children in the house looked so innocent and happy that the gentleman was very well pleased, and when he returned to his castle, he said to the Baron,

"What a happy man you are to have so good a son!"

"How do you know that I have so good a son?"

"Because I have seen his work, and I know he must be good and clever, if he has done all you have showed me."

"But you have never seen him."

"No, but I know him very well,—I judge of him by his works."

"True," replied the Baron, "and in this way I judge of the character of our Heavenly Father. I know Him by his works."

The scoffer was silenced. He had answered his own wickedness and folly by his own words, and could say no more. It is not the wisest who scoff at religion and piety; for true wisdom begins in the fear of the Lord.

THE VOICE OF AUTUMN.

BY W. C. BRYANT.*

THERE comes, from yonder height,
A soft, repining sound,
Where forest leaves are bright,
And fall, like flakes of light,
To the ground.

It is the autumn breeze,
That, lightly floating on,
Just skims the weedy leas,
Just stirs the glowing trees.
And is gone.

No bower where maidens dwell
Can win a moment's stay,
Nor fair untrodden dell;
He sweeps the upland swell,
And away.

He moans by sedgy brook,
And visits, with a sigh,
The last pale flowers that look
From out their sunny nook
At the sky.

Mourn'st thou thy homeless state?
Oh soft, repining wind!
That early seek'st and late
The rest it is thy fate
Not to find.

O'er shouting children flies
That light October wind,
And, kissing cheeks and eyes,
He leaves their merry ories
Far behind

Not on the mountain's breast,
Not on the ocean's shore,
In all the East and West:—
The wind that stops to rest
Is no more.

And wanders on to make
That soft uneasy sound
By distant wood and lake,
Where distant fountains break
From the ground.

By valleys, woods, and springs,
No wonder thou shouldst grieve
For all the glorious things
Thou touchest with thy wings
And must leave.

BEAUTIFUL.—One pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend around the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all time, and even extend its consequences into eternity. Though done in the first flush of youth, it may gild the last hours of a long life, and form the only bright spot in it.

* From his collection of Poems, published by D. Appleton & Co.

Youth's Department.

SUSIE AND HER BIRDS.

BY GENEVA.

SUSIE was a cheerful, black-eyed, light-hearted little girl of nine years of age. Her home was a plain farm-house, down in a quiet valley, far removed from the confusion and display of city life, but it was neither a sad nor a lonely home. Susie had a kind, warm-hearted mother and a loving father to care for her, and make her life pass happily along. And more than these, she had two dear chubby baby sisters, to play with, and a tall noble-looking brother, four years older than herself, who made play things for her and the two little ones. He gave them all rides in his nice little wagon, and cared for her tenderly when she went to school; helping her carefully across the noisy brook in the dell, and over the high stone walls, and dragging her in winter to and from school upon his sled. So Susie's home was a pleasant and happy one, and she herself was as gay and joyous hearted as any good little girl could well be.

Susie and her brother Robert took much delight in listening to the feathered warblers that dwelt in their native valley. They often found nests of young birds in the trees and bushes, which they might easily have stolen away to rear up at home, but their mother had early taught them the cruelty of separating the tiny, helpless things from their poor parents, and shutting them up far from the free air and verdant shelter of their wildwood homes.

So Susie gave up with a sigh the hope of having little pet birdies; though she did so wish that she could find some poor young, parentless robin, with nothing in the world to protect it. She would tend it so carefully, and make it love her as well as if she had been its father or mother Red-breast.

One pleasant June morning, Susie strolled down in the meadows, gathering flowers, and busy with her childish thoughts, when lo! in the hollow trunk of a decayed tree, almost hidden

by a thick cluster of bushes that sprung from its roots, she espied a nest of half-grown robins. Overjoyed at the discovery, she pushed aside the bushes and gazed into the nest, chattering away merrily to the young birds, which, in answer to her playful words, stretched up their long necks and opened wide their mouths as if asking for food.

Susie had no food to give them, but presently a bright thought seemed to flash upon her eager mind, and she went on soliloquizing aloud, "If I could only catch the *old bird*! *That* would'n't be separating them from their mother. I'm sure they'd be just as happy if they were all together, and I would take *such good* care of them. But I must not let papa nor mamma, nor brother Robert know it till I get them all tamed and make them love me, and *then, and then—*" and Susie laughed and crowed in her exuberant joy at the lucky thought.

To catch the old bird was the next thing. Susie made a slip noose, fixed it nicely on the edge of the nest where she thought the robin would get her feet entangled in it; and seated herself on a stone near by to await the mother bird's return. Soon the sound of carriage wheels met her ear, and, looking up she saw her uncle James drive up to her father's door. "Uncle James has come, and aunt Mary, and cousin Johnny, too—" she cried, and, jumping up from her seat, forgetting alike the slip noose and the robins, she hastened home.

The visit was a short one. Uncle James went away with his family in a few hours, and Susie finally bethought her of her birds. She hastened down into the meadow, ran eagerly to the nest, pulled aside the bushes and found—the old bird hung by its neck—dead!

Poor Susie! How carefully she released it from the fatal noose; how vainly she tried to bring it to life! how biterly she wept when she found all her efforts useless! and how heartily she wished she had never once harbored the thought of capturing and taming the poor bird.

But night was fast approaching, and Susie finally arousing herself from her excess of grief, began to think of some way to provide for the orphan family, thus thrown upon her inexperienced hands. She could not hover them through all the long damp night, *that* was certain, and in her sorrow it did not occur to her

that the other parent bird might do so. *He* had been altogether left out of her calculations. She dared not carry them home, for she could not bear to expose the mischief she had wrought.

There was but one resource. She knew of a ground sparrow's nest hidden away among homely mullen leaves in a neighboring field. To this friendly retreat she would convey her young charge and let the motherly sparrow hover them all. She did so. True, the nest was exceedingly crowded, but she could do no better, and secretly determining to find a better home for them on the morrow, she left them.

The morrow came. Susie hastened early away to the field to look after the welfare of her birds. But what was her dismay on reaching the nest at finding it overflowed with water, and all the young ones, both robins and sparrows, drowned. A heavy rain had fallen in the night, and the poor mother sparrow being unable to shelter so many birdies, the drenching rain had destroyed them.

I need not tell my little readers that Susie never again attempted to catch any birds. She *did*, however, try to *tame* some robins that built their nest in a tree close by the house, not by depriving them of their freedom, but by feeding them daily, and so far did she succeed that the "pretty bobbies" would come at her call, and sing her many a grateful song while they snatched up the crumbs that she scattered at her feet.

Lessons from the Great Book.—No. 3.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

BY ANNIE PARKER.

WHAT have you there, Charles?" said Henry, as his brother came slowly toward the house, holding something very carefully in his hand.

"The dearest little humming-bird that ever you did see, Henry. It is hurt somewhere, I am afraid its leg is broken."

"Where did you find it?"

By the Cedar-Hedge, near the great gate. Thomas Henley and Edward Wilson found it tangled in a thistle. They took it out as carefully as they could, and were going to carry it home,

but uncle Joseph told them to put it in a safe place, and perhaps it would get better and be able to fly home to its nest. I begged him to let me bring it into the house, and try if we couldn't nurse it up and cure it. It must be badly hurt, only see how it pants."

"May it not be more frightened than hurt? Humming birds are delicate little creatures and not used to boys' rough handling. Very likely it thinks you are some monstrous giant about to devour it. I don't wonder its little heart goes pit-a-pat."

"Ha! ha! Henry. A humming bird *think!* Funny little thoughts they must be that get into such a wee head. But if you think it is frightened I won't hold it any longer, I wouldn't hurt the beautiful little creature for the world. But where shall I put it? Ah! now I have it. In the hedge close by that plum tree yonder there is a bird's nest, I saw it there this morning. It is a last year's nest, but it will make a nice-bed for the poor little fellow. Please fetch it for me, Henry, and I will hold it as carefully as I can."

Henry brought the nest, and Charles put the sick humming bird into it very gently and placed it on the window sill in the parlor.

"Bring it to this window, Charles," said Henry. "The sun shines here, and it will be likely to revive more quickly. Humming birds are very fond of sunshine; they soon droop and die when deprived of it. Their delicate little bodies can not bear the cold."

"Where do they spend the winter, Henry?" said Charles, removing the nest very carefully to the sunny window. "If they can not bear the cold they can not of course stay here at the North; and I shouldn't think such tiny wings could carry them very far south."

"Oh, yes, Charles, they spend the winter in Florida. They start upon their journey in September, and in November they arrive at their winter quarters. As their flight is very rapid, it is probable they stop to pay some visits by the way."

"Don't it look amusing, Henry, sitting on the nest, opening and shutting its beautiful bright black eyes?"

"She seems more at ease than when you held her in your hand. But the nest is a world too wide for her tiny body. Her own

nest is not more than an inch in diameter, scarcely bigger than a thimble. Outside it is covered with lichen, and lined within with down procured from vegetables. It begins to build its nest early in May, on the upper side of a horizontal branch about ten feet from the ground. In it the female bird lays two little white eggs. This is the mother bird, and I dare say her little heart is throbbing with pain at being held a prisoner in this strange place, far away from her fairy home and little ones. The male bird is much handsomer than the female. His plumage is far more brilliant, particularly that about the throat, which changes in the light from deep black to the richest orange and crimson."

"What kind of food do they like best?"

"They eat insects, but are especially fond of honey, which they extract from the blossoms of the honeysuckle, trumpet vine, and other tubular flowers."

"I mean to get some honey-suckle flowers, and see if the little mother-bird will not eat her dinner here."

Charles went into the garden, and speedily returned with his hands full of honeysuckle and jessamine; carefully holding a tube to the long delicate bill of the little bird, he was delighted to see it move, as if grateful for his courtesy she really tried to extract the hidden honey. Charles was in ecstasy. "Oh Henry, Henry," he exclaimed, "she is eating, she will live!" And whether the little creature gathered strength from the honey, or the kindness and gentleness of her captor had at length quieted her fears, certain it is that Charles's prophecy was hardly uttered before she stretched her tiny wings, and darting through the open window, quicker than thought she was out of sight. For one moment an expression of disappointment rested on Charles's speaking features. But it was only for a moment. He was too noble and generous to wish to keep his beautiful little captive, after she was able to fly.

"She's gone! Oh, I am so glad!" he exclaimed, "I guess she wasn't much hurt after all. I wish she could have been contented to stay a little longer, though. I should have liked to examine her feathers a little more, and to see her bright eyes sparkle. I wonder what she will tell her family when she gets home. Do humming birds sing, Henry?"

"They have one note only, and that is a sort of chirp, scarcely

louder than a cricket makes. The humming noise, from which they take their name, is produced by the motion of their wings, as they remain poised in the air while dipping their bills into the honey cells of plants. I am sorry to tell you that these beautiful little creatures are far from good-tempered, in fact that they are very quarrelsome. Two males seldom meet without fighting, and they will often contend fiercely with the bumble-bee for the possession of a favorite flower. Sometimes, too, they are bold enough to attack much larger birds, as wrens."

"What a pity they are not more peaceable. I should hate to see their beautiful plumage all disordered and bloody after a fight."

"It would certainly not be a pleasant sight, and I hope you will remember, my dear brother, that that which is unlovely in a humming bird, is still more unlovely in a boy to whom God has given reason instead of instinct, and a face which reflects every emotion of his soul, instead of beautiful, bright-colored plumage. Such a face, darkened and distorted by ill temper, is a far more disagreeable object to look upon than the ruffled feathers of an angry humming bird."

"Charles blushed and dropped his eyes for a moment, for his temper was hot and hasty; then looking in his brother's face he said frankly, "I will not forget, dear Henry, the lesson I have learned to day from the Great Book."

MISS LILLY AND HER PUPIL.

BY L. P. C.

MY father was a farmer, a practical man, who always had as good crops and stock as the county produced. He wished his children to be educated well, so far as the stone school house of the district afforded facilities. It pleased him to see them stand at the head of the spelling class, and to hear that they wrote the best hand in school. He was one of the trustees of the district, and was very particular in selecting teachers, so much so that it came to be understood, if Capt. Humphreys was pleased, this was at once a passport to the favor of the whole district. A man was employed to teach the school in winter, when large

boys and girls were in attendance, and a woman filled the post in summer. To the former four dollars a week were paid without a murmur, but to the latter one dollar was considered ample compensation. My father was usually a just and benevolent man, but like many others, he had never thought of the injustice done to woman in the small compensation allowed her.

When I was in my tenth year, full of fun and frolic, a perfect hater of fractions and syntax, and at enmity with teachers in general, there came to teach our summer school a delicate looking girl who could not have numbered more than seventeen years. Her fair face, deep blue eyes, and clustering auburn curls, her soft manners and graceful movements, at once won the admiration of the little girls, who treated her with the most gentle affection.

The older heads of the district were shaken in doubt, that one so youthful and gentle could control and teach the band of mischief-loving children that thronged the school house.

Miss Carey, or Miss Lilly, as she wished to be called, was soon so firmly enthroned in the hearts of all, both old and young, that their doubts gave place to earnest efforts for her success. A disobedient urchin soon found himself so unpopular that he was glad to pay his way back into favor by becoming a pattern of propriety.

I saw all this, yet I could not consent to yield my independence, as I thought, for I considered myself too much of a man to be longer under petticoat government. I assumed a lawless air, and amused myself by playing various tricks upon my more obedient neighbors. Miss Lilly reproved me gently, but I was not willing to acknowledge the power of kindness.

One day, in class, the word *patch* was given me to spell. In rapid succession I spelled patch, patched, patched dress, pointing at the same time to her well worn garment, which had been neatly darned in various places. Instead of the laugh which I expected to raise, a feeling of horror, like an electric shock, pervaded every member of the school. Little faces, pale with anger and grief, and eyes flashing indignation, were turned upon me from all sides.

Miss Lilly first blushed to her eyes, then pale and trembling sank to her chair, while she forced back the tears that gathered in her eyes. Suddenly all that little band gathered around her,

twining their arms about her neck, kissing her face and hands, and showing every kindness that little sympathizing hearts could devise. It being the hour for dismissing the evening school, Miss Lilly sent all away with a kind kiss, until I alone remained ; she then said gently, " Albert, you may be dismissed." I was completely subdued ; and quietly leaving the house seated myself under a tree by which she must pass.

When she came, with tears trickling down my cheeks I begged pardon, for my misdeeds. She wiped the tears from my eyes, and, seating me by her side, talked to me as I never before had heard a woman talk. In that hour I felt myself a changed being ; an ambition was born to become good and great and rich, that I might help such women as Miss Lilly. •

She told me of her infirm father, of her mother's labors to support her little ones, and of the efforts she had made to give her, the eldest child, sufficient education to teach. She told me of her own efforts to assist her mother by sending her nearly all her little wages, and of her nightly studies to prepare herself for teaching a higher school.

I went home that night with my head full of grave reflections and good resolutions, some of which I strictly kept. Ever after I was ready to fight any boy who showed the least disrespect to a female teacher.

In after years, when wealth and opportunity were mine, I carried an open hand, heart and purse, for women striving against difficulties to gain honorable positions. Miss Lilly lived to earn wealth and fame, and a rich store of love from all with whom she mingled.

JUNE ISLE.

HOARDING AND ENJOYING.

AN old man was toiling through the burden and heat of the day in cultivating his field with his own hand, and depositing the promising seed into the fruitful lap of the yielding earth.

Suddenly there stood before him under the shade of a huge linden tree, a divine vision. The old man was struck with amazement.

"I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a friendly voice.
 "What are you doing here, old man?"

"If you are Solomon," replied the venerable laborer, "how can you ask this? In my youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious and to gather. What I then learned I have followed out to this hour."

"You have only learned half your lesson," resumed the spirit.
 "Go again to the ant, and learn from that insect to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."—
German Allegory.

EVE TIME'S WHISPERS.

BY CYNTHIA.

EVE TIME's beauty gently steals
 Sweetly round us everywhere,
 And the soul a rapture feels,
 Free from clouds of sad despair

Ever beareth it to me
 Voices more than stream or breeze,
 More in its sweet minstrelsy
 Than the murmur of the trees.

Softly through the waving pines
 Cooling zephyrs lightly pass,
 Length'ning shadows soft recline
 On the rustling, dewy grass.

In these hours of twilight fair
 Voices of the loved I hear,
 Floating on the fragrant air—
 How the heart ye inly cheer!

List ye, to the streamlet's tone;
 Hear ye not the song it sings?
 And the pine, with gentle moan
 Its Eolian music brings.

Evening folds her curtain round,
 Deeper lines the shadows cast,
 Soft and hushed is every sound,
 See, the light of day hath passed.

List ye, to the murmur low,
 Like a strain from fairy lyres,
 With its sweet, harmonious flow,
 Wins the ear it never tires.

Dearest of the circling hours,
 When the day with evening blends,
 With its closing, dew-gemm'd flowers,
 With its tho'ts of home and friends.

And the music, as it swells,
 Wakens mem'ries loved and dear;
 Pleasant tales of home it tells,
 Many absent brings it near.

Cherish'd e'er by weary souls
 Are the stilly hours of even,
 Breathing of our dearest goals,
 Whispering of home and Heaven.

A BOAT'S CREW IN MID-OCEAN.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

GOOD morning!" said a gentleman to me this morning as I opened the front door of my residence and looked out upon the street. I returned the salutation, and he passed on. I looked after him with a sigh, for I thought how sad his memory of the past must be, marred as it is by one incident which illustrates with fearful distinctness the horrors of shipwreck and the sad vicissitudes of ocean-life.

He was once the master of a noble ship. His hair was not then silvered o'er with age, and he needed no cane then to steady his faltering steps. In health and apparent safety he and his brave crew trod the decks of the good ship *Essex*, till one day, while the ship was in the midst of a school of whales, she was violently struck by a large sperm whale, and so shattered that she sank in a few hours.

The crew took from her all the provisions they could, and a few nautical instruments, and thus poorly equipped started in hope of reaching some hospitable shore. The nearest land was a thousand miles to the windward of them; and as this was Tahiti, at that time without missionaries, and consequent civilization, they did not venture to trust themselves with her savage inhabitants, but steered for the coast of South America, about two thousand miles distant. They tried to keep together, but in the darkness of one stormy night they were separated, and one boat's crew probably found a watery grave.

The captain and his boat's crew found themselves alone in mid-ocean, with starvation before them. They were reduced to the sad alternative of eating the flesh of their comrades who died, and, worse still, to cast lots, and kill some of their number to sustain the lives of the rest. The horrors of that season will never be forgotten by the captain, and one other man, a native of this island, who were the only survivors of the dreadful scene.

In a book which now lies before me containing an account of the shipwreck, purporting to be from the captain, he says, after mentioning the fact of their forced cannibalism, "I can tell you no more—my head is on fire at the recollection; I hardly know what I say." And this very afternoon, though thirty-five years have passed since those unhappy hours, when I sent to his wife to inquire in reference

to those scenes, that I might present a true picture to the readers of *THE STUDENT*, I received as an answer the assurance that Captain T—— had no record of these events in the house, and his wife even did not speak to him on the subject, so vivid is the sad impression which those horrible scenes left upon his mind.

One of his boat's crew upon whom the lot fell to become food for his companions was the captain's nephew, and no doubt his heart was rent with anguish at the thought of returning home without him, and relating his terrible fate to those who would forever mourn his loss.

No wonder that his hair is streaked with silver, and his cheeks are deeply furrowed. The wonder is, that he yet lives to brood in secret over the sufferings of that mournful voyage. I pity him, and I warn my boy-readers against leaving the comforts of home, and the pleasant school-room, for "a life on the ocean-wave," however romantic it may seem, unless stern necessity impels, or the voice of duty calls them to "dare the dangerous wave."

NANTUCKET, MASS.

DR. WATTS WHEN A BOY.

WHEN Dr. Watts was very young, and before he could speak plainly, he would say to his mother when any money was given him, "A book, book, buy me a book."

He began to learn Latin at four years of age. When about eight years old, his mother desired him to write her some lines, as was the custom with the other boys, after the school hours were over, for which she used to reward them with a farthing. Isaac obeyed, and presented her with the following couplet:

"I write not for a farthing, but to try
If I your farthing writers can outvie."

It is said that it was so natural for him to speak in rhyme when a child, that often at the very time he wished to avoid it he could not. His father was displeased with this propensity, and at one time he even threatened to punish him if he did not leave off making verses.

One day when his father was about to put this threat into execution, Isaac burst into tears and said,

"Pray, father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make."

PLAYING FISH.

THE other day, as I was going to the post office in my village, I saw a rosy little fellow, not more than six years old, standing at least ankle deep in a puddle. He had a long switch in his hand, to the end of which a string was attached with a stone, and this he kept busily moving in the water. Supposing he had lost something and was trying to recover it, I asked him what he had lost.

"Nothing," said he, with a smile and a leer, "*I'm only playing fish.*"

I passed on, but the answer of the boy did not pass out of my mind. "Playing fish," thought I, what a comment upon education is contained in this reply! The little fellow has left the comforts of home, the dry land, and the company of his fellows, to play fish, to find pleasure in imitating what at best is a cruel exercise of power and skill. How much better would it be for him and for the world, if, instead of playing fish, he could be taught to play kindness to animals, and benevolence to man!

When I reached the post office, I learned that there was to be a great gathering of troops in a neighboring field, and that a sham-fight was to take place in honor of a distinguished patriot, whose birth-day was to be celebrated. I could already hear the drums, and many boys and men, expecting great pleasure from the show, were constantly arriving. Among the rest, as eager as any one to enjoy the sham-fight, whom should I see, forcing his way through his elders, at the risk of being trampled under their feet, whom should I see, but my little fisherman. Ah! thought I, here is another lesson in the same school, his elders are "playing fish," and are training themselves to become "fishers of men!"

"How are you, again, my little fisherman?" said I. "Did you catch any thing in the puddle?"

"No sir, not exactly," said he, "but I mean to fish in the brook, next summer."

"You have come to see the soldiers," said I.

"Yes, sir," said he, "they are going to have a splendid sham-fight, presently."

"What is a sham-fight?" said I, merely to hear his answer.

"O!" said he, swelling at the idea of his superior knowledge, "Why, don't you know what a sham-fight is! I never *see* one, but they tell me the soldiers have sides, and make believe kill each other."

"Well, my boy," said I, "don't you think this is like playing fish in the puddle?"

"Not exactly," said he, closing his right eye, and throwing his head on his left shoulder; "for they never catch fish in puddles, and the sham-fighters do sometimes kill one another."

"What will you take to go home now, and not stay to see the fight?" said I.

"O! I don't know," said he, "that would be too bad."

"Have you a little kitten?" said I.

"No, sir," said he; "I had one once, but my brother *set* a dog on it, and he killed it."

"Have you any chickens?"

"No, I had a little one once, and my brother killed it by trying how near he could throw a stone without hitting it; but he did hit it, though, and it died."

"Well, my little fellow, if you will go home with me, now, I will give you a little kitten and two little chickens."

"For my own!" exclaimed the little fisherman.

"Yes, for your own."

"I'll go right away," said he; "and if my brother touches these, as he did the others, I'll pay him for it."

"I will give him some too," said I, "and then he will help take care of yours. Come, get into my wagon, and let us be gone!"

On the way, I conversed with the child, and found that his disposition was naturally kind and benevolent, and my hope is, that, by giving him some little animals on which he may exercise his affections, I may create in him a tender feeling toward the lower creation, and thus lay the foundation for a character that will prefer to play "benefit others," rather than to "play fish" in the puddle or on the battle-field.—*Anonymous.*

Change, is the essence of the world.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE OF PERSEVERANCE.

ONE of the most extraordinary examples of perseverance is related of a little girl in Lowell, Mass. We hope its perusal may stimulate many of our young readers to greater perseverance and fortitude in their studies, as well as in obedience, and kindness to their parents. A little girl of nine years of age attended the Franklin Grammar School in that city, *four years* lacking two months, under the following circumstances.

She lived nearly a mile from school, and the whole distance lay through cross streets and by ways, with no side walks, and often, in winter, with not so much as a path broken through the deep snows. She always went home at noon, and it so happened that for a long time she was the last of over one hundred girls to leave the school room.

At length she was observed to *run* on leaving the door, and it was also noticed that her naturally pale face was often glowing with unusual heat on her return in the afternoon. Perspiration stood in large drops upon her forehead; and not unfrequently her blue eyes were moistened with tears as she sank exhausted into her seat and commenced her allotted task.

Upon inquiry it was ascertained that during the hour and a half at noon in winter, and the two hours in summer, she walked home, carried a dinner to her father, who worked over a mile from home, ate her own, and returned to school! From that time she was allowed to leave when the signal was given to lay ~~aside the books~~, thus giving her five minutes more in which to perform a journey of three and a half miles and eat a dinner.

But the half is not yet told. For several weeks during the last term of her constant attendance, she was afflicted with one of the most painful diseases that "flesh (or bone), is heir to"—*a felon on her finger*. Day after day she kept up with her class, while that throbbing finger, which was swollen to the size of three, was pressed upon the bench or held in the other hand, with the vain hope of relieving the intensity of the pain. Three times it was laid open to the bone, and at last a large piece of the latter came out.

"Many a time," said her mother, "would Elizabeth come home.

throw herself upon the bed and lie there till morning in a high fever, without tasting food, and with but little rest; but nothing could keep her from school the next day." And she went, fair or foul, sick or well, for nearly four years, was never locked out, and never dismissed! What an example of fortitude, of patience and perseverance, and what a rebuke to the hundreds of girls who plead a little mud or a black cloud, as an excuse to stay away from school!

Never will the writer forget the mingled expression of anxiety and surprise depicted on the countenances of many pupils, when the clock struck and the door was locked, on the day that the above time expired. Looking about for the cause, a dozen fingers pointed to the seat of this little girl. It was vacant for the first time in *eleven* terms. It seems she reached the steps almost faint with running, just as the key was turned, and, being heard, the door was opened, and she urged to go in; but the conscientious girl said, "No, she was not in her seat, not in the *house*, even, when the clock struck, and she ought not to be marked present."

Who can imagine her feelings as she turned away from the door, after running in a broiling sun at mid-day, till she was ready to sink to the earth with fatigue? Such an example of perseverance, on the part of a delicate child, would do credit to an older head and a stronger frame.

and

REDEEMING TIME.—Dean Swift, when he claimed, at the usual time, the degree of A. B., was so deficient as to obtain it only by "special favor," a term used to denote want of merit. Of this disgrace he was so ashamed that he resolved from that time to study eight hours a day, and continued his industry for seven years, with what improvement is sufficiently known. This part of his history deserves to be remembered. It may afford useful admonition to young men, whose abilities have been made, for a time, useless by their passions or pleasures, and who, having lost one part of life in idleness, are tempted to throw away the remainder in despair.

Editor's Table.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.

WITH the number for this month closes the eleventh volume of *THE STUDENT*. The objects of our work are rapidly gaining favor, and every month introduces it into new schools as a Reader. We have just completed arrangements which will enable us to carry out the plans of our magazine more completely than heretofore.

For years we have labored earnestly, and how faithfully our readers know, to disseminate the idea of periodical readers for the schoolroom. That idea was no theoretical one, but the product of a long felt want as a teacher.—When proposed to other teachers it met with favor, and several were found ready at once to adopt it. Thus encouraged, and with the hope that multitudes of others would be equally ready to aid us in carrying out this idea, we commenced the publication of our present periodical. Since then it has been our favorite, yet with all the improvements which years of experience have led us to introduce into it, we have never been able to make it all that we could desire it, and our ideal is still before us.

Four years ago there was started in this city a monthly periodical, called *THE SCHOOLMATE*, of about the size of *THE STUDENT*, having for its object the same idea which originated our own periodical—that of supplying schools with new, interesting, and instructive reading every month. That magazine, while its plans and aims were the same as our own, introduced some features which we had not taken up, one of which was the selection of speeches for declamation, with marks for emphasis, inflection, and gestures; also, original dialogues, arranged for speaking in schools and at exhibitions. That work became popular, obtained a wide circulation, and in many instances both magazines were introduced into the same schools.

The editors and publishers of the two, seeing that these magazines harmonized so completely, have concluded to unite them in one, retaining the most interesting and valuable features of both, and thus make out of two popular works, one more deserving of universal patronage than either could make alone. With such aims before us, we shall issue the first number of *THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE* on the first of November. The new work will be of the present size of *THE STUDENT*, but printed on better paper, and issued *promptly* on the first of each month. Sample numbers will be sent to all of our present subscribers, and we hope each one will immediately inform us whether he desires us to continue sending the work to him during the year.

The terms for the new magazine will be the same as those of *THE STUDENT*,



and the united work will be sent to our old subscribers who have paid in advance the same as if THE STUDENT had remained distinct.

Liberal arrangements will be made with Teachers for introducing the improved work into their schools, and we earnestly invite their cordial co-operation in this matter, believing that its use as a reader will prove to be of great value to the pupils.

Our Museum.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?—A butterfly that roves from flower to flower, in the vast garden of existence, and which is eagerly pursued by the multitude in the vain hope of obtaining the prize; yet it continually eludes the grasp.

POINTED SERMONS.—Many years ago there graduated at Harvard University a man by the name of Rawson, who settled in the ministry at Yarmouth, on Cape Cod. He used to preach very pointed sermons. Having heard that some of his parishioners were in the habit of making him the subject of their mirth at a grog shop, he one Sabbath preached a discourse from the text, "And I was the song of the drunkard." His remarks were of a very moving character, as many of his hearers rose and left the house. A short time afterward he delivered a discourse still more pointed from this text; "And they being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one." On this occasion no one ventured to retire from the assembly, but the guilty ones listened in silence to the lash of their pastor.

JUST 400 YEARS AGO.—The first book ever printed with a date appeared in 1455, just four centuries ago this very year. Nine years after, the Koran began to be publicly read at Constantinople, and at the same time the Bible was sent forth on the wings of the press.

A MODEL SIGN-BOARD.—The following was put up on the door of a house occupied by a father and son. The former was a blacksmith and publican, and the latter a barber.

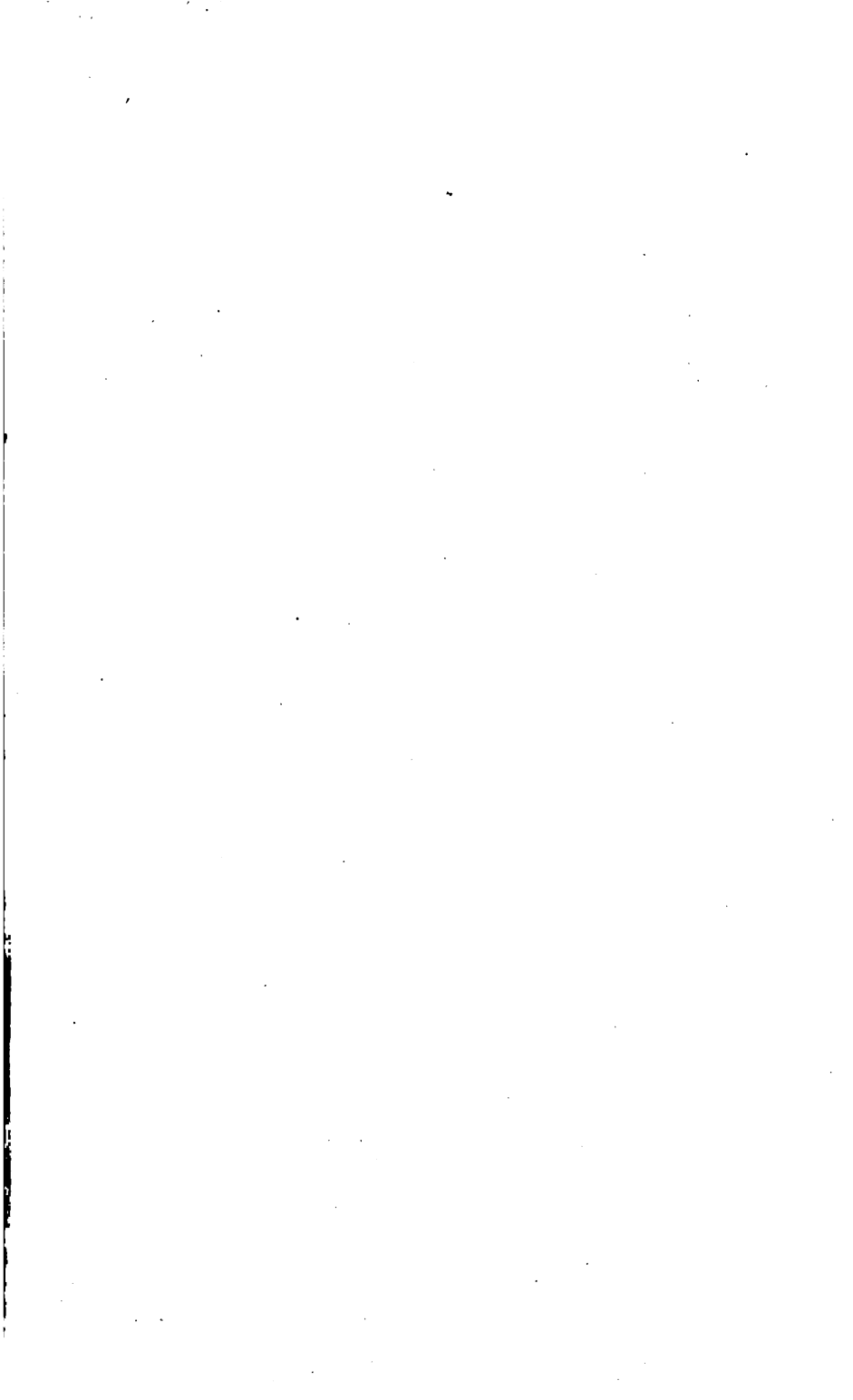
"Barnes and sun blacksmith and barber work done here horseshoeing and shaving and shaving and hare curled bleeding teeth drawing and farriery work, all sorts of spirituous lickers akording to the late comical treaty.

"Take notice my wife keeps school and also teches reeding and riting all others learned langwetches and has ossistates if required to teach history sowin and mathematic and other fashionable divus-shuna."

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—Class in the Catechism attend. "Where was John Rogers burnt?" No answer, till Jake, at the foot of the class, sings out, "I know, sir." "Well, where was John Rogers burnt?" Jake, throwing up his chin to get an extra breath of wind, sings out in a double octave fortissimo, "In the fire!"

SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—One of the scholars, directed a letter to Eunice Brown, as follows: "You Ness broughtn." Didn't that puzzle the Postmaster?

Mr J 5
um



**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

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